

TURDAY, MARCH 24, 1901.

# The Times

## The Housekeeper Friend

Gas is the housekeeper friend that they cannot do without.

For cooking you cannot equal. For baking, broiling it is perfection. It is quickly you will find it ever cooked without it.

Meats cooked by gas are nicer, as they cook more quickly and the flavor is not lost.

As to ironing, ironing is best quicker, hold less clothes took much time, then a finer finish.

**Gas Range**

Sold at **Absolutely** Instalments of \$1.00 if preferred.

**LOS ANGELES LIGHT**  
Gas is the Cheapest

**THE FOX & WING**  
903 S. Olive St., Los Angeles



CALL FOR MEDICAL Diagnosis and Examination. Almost from 9 a.m. Friday to 12 m.

**BRING YOUR SHOES**

Debut The Wonder Wizard Rag Time Opera Co.

**TONIGHT** New Music Electric Fountain & Fairyland

Sweet and Fine

Chocolates Eastern and Oceanside (Cannon Ball). Free

**GERMANY SEED AND**

**\$3.00** Well-tended Shoes

**At L. W. O'Dell**

137 South Spring Street

**DR. KING & CO.**

**SPECIALISTS**

For all kinds of diseases of MEN; new friends in their new business.

Call or write

130 South Spring St., LOS ANGELES

**TENTS AND**

**PRICES TO**

**J. H. MARTIN, LTD.**

**WEAK MEN AND WOMEN**

**Will be sold at Auction at**

**837 Burlingame**

**ANTA CATALINA ISLAND**

**Tuesday, Mar.**

**Crystal Waters and Submarine Gardens**

**AVE YOU TRIED THE DOLLAR TRIP?**

To the seashore, including a Tally-Ho ride through the residence port of Pasadena?

**Does Every Tuesday and Thursday at 9 a.m.**

The most delightful trip in California for the money. Step two hours of Long Beach and Terminal Island for gazing, sea shells, boating, bathing and fishing.

Information and Tickets 237 South Spring Street. Tel. Main 960 and 251.

**Los Angeles Terminal Railway.**

**AN FLANCISCO** by the "Fast Line" - 24 Hours.

**RHOADES AUCTION**

438 and 440 S.

**AUCTION**

**AWAI, SAMOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA**

**THE OCEANIC S.S. CO.** now 6000-ton twin-screw steamer **PIERRE SONOMA** or **VENTURA** will leave S. F. every 2 weeks, calling at **HONOLULU** and **SAMOA**; **PIERRE SONOMA** (for **HONOLULU** only) between these. Direct steamer service to **NEW YORK** every 10 days. **HUGH D. NICE**, Agt. 25 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 921.

**G. M. STEWART**

11TH YEAR.

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—  
For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part II.

**STRICH FARM—South Pasadena—**



**Breed of Ten Baby Ostriches Just Hatched.**

**THE WONDERFUL SOLAR MOTOR IN DAILY OPERATION.**

What the Eastern Press says of this unique sight:

**NEW YORK HERALD** (March 10, 1901)—"The best known and most visited attraction in Southern California is Cawston's Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena."

**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** (March 16, 1901)—"The ostrich feathers raised by Cawson at South Pasadena are fully up to the South African standard."

**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**—"The Solar Motor—an automatic 10 H.P. steam engine running by the heat of the sun—has attracted thousands to the Cawson Farm at South Pasadena."

**Don't Leave California without Visiting this Farm and Purchasing Some Ostrich Feathers as presents for Your Eastern Friends.**

The Most Acceptable and Appropriate Souvenirs of California.

**WASHINGTON GARDENS**—J. G. TALMAGE, Pres.

A. L. ELIOT, V. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Shooting the Chutes—Now Open.

New Features—Week of Sunday March 24—New Features

Debut The Wonder Wizard Rag Time Opera Co.

**TONIGHT** New Music Electric Fountain & Fairyland

Sweet and Fine

Chocolates Eastern and Oceanside (Cannon Ball). Free

Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents.

**LANDWARD HALL**—Tonight, 8 p.m.—**COL. H. S. OL'COTT**,

25 cent admission free.

**At L. W. O'Dell**

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## FLOOD OF ORANGES.

Poor Fruit Gluts the Market.

Growing Demand for the Better Grades.

Florida and Jamaica Crops are About Cleared Up.

Decided Turn for the Better During the Past Week in New York.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**NEW YORK**, March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The New York Commercial is Monday will say:

"For two weeks or more the market has been literally flooded with inferior California oranges. As many as 180 cars were offered in a week, an unprecedented number, and a quantity calculated to injure the trade, even if the market had not been glutted. While it is considered that only a comparatively small proportion of it was sufficient to sell at profitable prices, the utter demoralization which exists can be partially appreciated. Only those who have been directly engaged in trying to dispose of the surplus have some way for something can understand the difficulties.

"Fortunately for everyone connected with the industry, from growers to consumers, the worst is over and the improvement is beginning. In the last sale there was considerable improvement on fancy navels and other varieties showed some better prices. It is only a question of clearing out the poor stock which is on the market to get things moving again in the proper way. The market will take several days to settle, but after there has been a slight change the rest will come easier."

GOOD FRUIT IN DEMAND.

"Taking all things into consideration, the course of the market during the past two weeks is not as discouraging

as it might be. The poor stock and not a small quantity has been sent to the dump, but it will be admitted by the most exacting critic of California stock that good oranges have brought uniformly high prices.

This proves beyond controversy that

the difficulty has been with the quality and not the buyers of the fruit. Consumers will take good oranges and pay

high prices for them.

Nothing is said for nothing. This proposition has been repeated repeatedly in this market. It ought to be understood in California by this time.

"Another point will assist materially

in improving fruit and thereby the market. Those which come along new are not, or a good proportion are

not good, and buyers will not

pay for them.

"Monday, March 19.—Eight car California oranges are wasty. Choice navels, large, 30¢; choice navels,

small, 25¢; choice seedlings, 20¢.

"Tuesday, March 20.—Five car California oranges, all wasty. Choice navels, large, 25¢; choice seedlings, 20¢.

"Wednesday, March 21.—Five car California oranges, all wasty. Choice navels, large, 25¢; choice seedlings, 20¢.

"Thursday, March 22.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Friday, March 23.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Saturday, March 24.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Sunday, March 25.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Monday, March 26.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Tuesday, March 27.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Wednesday, March 28.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Thursday, March 29.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Friday, March 30.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Saturday, March 31.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Sunday, April 1.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Monday, April 2.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Tuesday, April 3.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Wednesday, April 4.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Thursday, April 5.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Friday, April 6.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Saturday, April 7.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Sunday, April 8.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Monday, April 9.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Tuesday, April 10.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Wednesday, April 11.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Thursday, April 12.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Friday, April 13.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

"Saturday, April 14.—Five car California oranges. Fancy navels, regular, 25¢; fancy seedlings, 20¢.

## ENGLAND. YANKEE PUSH BEING FELT.

Americans Looked to For Money.

Britain and Germany Looking for Loans.

King Intervenes in Divorce Suits—Promoter Hooley Broke.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. LONDON, March 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Bank of England is securing as much gold as possible in view of the necessity for financing the government loan of £25,000,000 at the end of next month. The elaborate arrangement has not been completed by ordering a German loan of £15,000,000 early in April, when full advantage can be taken of the easy money market. That American bankers will take part in both these loans is taken for granted by the "Street," with comfortable optimism, and large shipments of gold from New York are predicted with confidence.

British faith in the inexhaustible financial resources of America is unshaken. American capitalists are now expected to help in floating every foreign loan, and to work out the best experiments in electric transit in London, after financing every possible industrial combination at home. Every investment of American capital has been accomplished, but the prospect of American industrial competition causes irritation and despondency. Complaint is heard from the provinces that American commercial travellers are hustling about every port and displaying a rapid energy. Handicrafts are popular in London without the appearance of a fresh batch of American engineers, capitalists and mercantile agents brimming over with energy. American enterprise was never so great as at present, and it harasses and worries a community which likes to get on comfortably in a slow-going way.

KING STIFLES SCANDALS. The King's intervention is reported to have proved successful in stopping a sensational divorce suit, in which a young wife and three other military noblemen engaged in the South African war were named as respondents. The suit, still working to keep out of court the other military suit brought by Capt. Barclay. The stifling of the ducal suit deprives English society of one of the most spicy scandals it has ever enjoyed, and the chagrin is correspondingly great, although it is recognized that the King's action was dictated from the point of view of public morals.

There is another interesting aristocratic suit coming on after Easter. Sir Reginald Beauchamp, a neighbor of the King, at Sandringham, sues for a divorce from his wife, a half-breed daughter of the Earl of Rodes, with whom she claims he insisted upon an undue share of the benefits of the existing social system.

Afterward the Vice-President of the Royal Naval Association Club, given in honor of Gov. Odell, who entered the club he was received with cheers. When he was called upon for a speech, he said: "I refuse myself from having a chance to baffle my pay tribute of respect and admiration to the Governor of no party, a favorite of the Queen, of all citizens and the Governor of the whole State, and he has bent all the energies that lie in him to move the State onward and upward."

RYAN SEES NO EXCUSE.

Says Nebraska Democrats Will Not Vote for a Republican Senator Unless Bought—Meekley Will Stay.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M. LINCOLN (Neb.) March 23.—In connection with a report that a number of fusionists were considering the advisability of voting for Republicans in the United States Senate, or abstaining from voting, the Governor of the State, and the Governor of the whole State, and he has bent all the energies that lie in him to move the State onward and upward."

COTTON TRADE TROUBLES.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M. LONDON, March 23.—The Speaker says today there are unmistakable signs of more trouble between the masters and the operatives in the cotton trade. A period of action has been followed by a period of quiet, but the high price of raw cotton and other materials, a poor demand from India and an almost complete stoppage of buying from China. The Lancashire cotton manufacturers have held out longer than their rivals in the United States or on the continent, but the rapid closing down of the mills has been continuing, and as the American crop is likely to be insufficient even for the reduced consumption, there is not much prospect of a level quotation for a long time to come. A general agreement whereby wages may be adjusted according to the state of trade is not soon concluded, declining prices will force the masters to reduce wages.

DISORDER IN COMMONS.

The House of Commons had quite a lively five minutes today during the debate on the navy estimates, caused by Mr. Balfour, the government leader, closing the discussion. John Redmond, the Irish leader, in presenting, made an assertion which Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Unionist, flatly contradicted. The Irish Nationalists, in their protestations and called for the police to do.

Amid much disorder, Mr. Redmond, Nationalist, recited the rights of the people, safety, contract with another.

The preceding officer held that the demand might have been couched in more polite terms, but it was not unparliamentary to say things were un-

BOERS NOT SNUBBED.

The officials of the Foreign Office have heard nothing of any recent refusal of the Czar to receive President Kruger, or the other Transvaal envoys, and the Boers are not particularly certain to have heard of the refusal, if it had occurred, and they therefore consider the report to be most improbable.

The Foreign Office emphatically denies that Germany is in any way co-operating with Great Britain in regard to the proposed Nicaragua Canal, an谣 in cable dispatches from New York.

The civil-service estimates, issued this evening, show a total of £23,620, £20, an increase of £78,620.

## ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

Sick Man Partially Lowered Into a Grave Before It Was Discovered That He Was Alive.

(By DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

VANCOUVER (B. C.) March 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)—Disease, which has been prevalent recently, by the partial burial of a living man. The victim of the awful experience was Robert Hughes, and he died soon after. The man had been sick, but had been discharged from the hospital. He was again brought back to the hospital, and being carried in, life was pronounced to be extinct by the hospital surgeons.

The man was carried to the morgue, and was about to be taken out for interment, when a policeman in charge noticed a movement of his body on the slab. He reported this startling discovery, and the police laughed at, and the hospital authorities refused to permit it to proceed. The remains were nailed in a coffin, which was being lowered into the grave, when a suspicious noise was heard in the coffin.

The supposedly dead man was immediately removed from the coffin, where he was given every possible care. Six hours later he died, and his body was then properly pro-

ceeded with.

ROOSEVELT SAYS VAIN REGRETS ARE USELESS.

## SPAKES AT ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF LEGAL AID SOCIETY.

Vice-President Urges Citizens to Courageously Face Changed Conditions That Have Come with the New Century—Tribute to Gov. Odell.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—M. NEW YORK, March 23.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The Bank of England is securing as much gold as possible in view of the necessity for financing the government loan of £25,000,000 at the end of next month. The elaborate arrangement has not been completed by ordering a German loan of £15,000,000 early in April, when full advantage can be taken of the easy money market. That American bankers will take part in both these loans is taken for granted by the "Street," with comfortable optimism, and large shipments of gold from New York are predicted with confidence.

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Every investment of American capital has been accomplished, but the prospect of American industrial competition causes irritation and despondency.

Complaint is heard from the provinces that American commercial travellers are hustling about every port and displaying a rapid energy.

Handicrafts are popular in London without the appearance of a fresh batch of American engineers, capitalists and mercantile agents brimming over with energy.

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## [SPORTING RECORD.]

## NABOBS PULL OFF A FIGHT.

French Wink at Sport of Our Millionaires.

Victorious Pug Given an Ovation.

Long Shots Win at Tanforan—Last Day at New Orleans—Field Contests.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
NICE (France), March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The influence of the American millionaires now doing "The Riviera" was apparently shown here today when the French racing officials stood by and wished at a press fight. The fight was between James Flanagan, an American middleweight, and George Bourdon of Australia.

The fight and fighters were only an incident compared to the glittering circle of millionaires who were ringside. Down in front of the house, almost touching the ring, was W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Next to him sat William K. Jr., a little further back was George Munro, in the center of a crowd of friends. To the left of the ring loomed up Mamaduke Brown and Eugene Higgins, each very now and then chirping a word of encouragement to the American pugilist.

All the time the others equally as well and equally as well known, who cheered lustily when the American fighter beat his opponent down and out. The fight lasted three rounds. It was fast and furious while it lasted. After the battle was over the Americans crowded about Flanagan and gave him an ovation.

The young Duke of Marlborough and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., entertained a small party Thursday to meet Count Albert Mensdorff, a cousin of King Edward. The Duchess was dressed in black, spotted foulard, with a quantity of white lace. She wore no rings save a single pearl. She also had a single string of priceless pearls worn as a necklace. She was generally admired, and looks singularly well in black. She occasionally visits the gambling tables with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who has had some good luck, winning \$600 in a quarter of an hour Thursday night.

[JEFF. TIRED OF ACTING.  
SHARKEY TO GET A CHANCE.]

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
NEW YORK, March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Jim Jeffries, who is now at Chicago, says he is tired of acting and will soon don the mitts again. The repeated challenges of "Sharkey" have prompted Jeffries to notice the former. Jeffries, according to reports from Chicago, Sharkey will get the coveted chance of tackling the champion in the near future. Jeffries is reported as saying: "I will meet Sharkey after my battle with Rubin is decided. The chances are we will fight again."

[UKIAH MEETS FIRST DEFEAT.  
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, March 23.—The first time in the history of Ukiah, its athletes were defeated today by the Berkeley High School, by a score of 72 to 55.

[DRIVES COWS IN PARIS.  
BRAZILIAN HEIRESS ENJOYS RURAL PLEASURES IN UP-TO-DATE STYLE IN THE HEART OF FRENCH CAPITAL.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
PARIS, March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A beautiful sixteen-year-old Brazilian heiress, who comes from Bahia, and is said to be the most beautiful in Brazil, has for the last three days been driving through the fashionable thoroughfares a pair of fast trotting cows, harnessed tandem to a pretty cart. The animals are small, black and bony, but obey the reins perfectly. The police at first were puzzled to know whether or not the law would permit the circulation of such a novelty.

[AN INSPECTOR CALLED UPON MISS RIZZONI AT HER RESIDENCE.]

[CHICAGO, March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Billy Delaney, Jim Jeffries' trainer, left for San Francisco tonight. While he will not admit that Jeffries is in the race, it is generally believed he will look for a big fight with the Pacific Coast. Neither Jeffries nor any one connected with him will say there is a movement to pull off a heavyweight championship fight on the Coast, but the fact that Delaney is going to San Francisco, makes it look as though things are shaping that way. Jeffries is doing a big job with his company, and does not care to worry his head over a mill.

[MAY FIGHT ON THE COAST.]

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
CHICAGO, March 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Billy Delaney, Jim Jeffries' trainer, left for San Francisco tonight. While he will not admit that Jeffries is in the race, it is generally believed he will look for a big fight with the Pacific Coast. Neither Jeffries nor any one connected with him will say there is a movement to pull off a heavyweight championship fight on the Coast, but the fact that Delaney is going to San Francisco, makes it look as though things are shaping that way. Jeffries is doing a big job with his company, and does not care to worry his head over a mill.

[DEIFIED SMASHER'S FURY.]

[NEGRO DICK CHILDS SUPPRESSES ONE OF EDITOR NATION'S SCORCHING EDITORIALS AND IS "FIRED."]  
[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
TOPEKA (Kan.), March 23.—Mrs. Nation has dissolved partnership with Dick Childs, the colored publisher. She will hereafter endeavor to edit and have printed her paper, "The Smasher," without assistance. The trouble comes from an editorial written by Mrs. Nation scoring District Judge Hassen before whom she has appeared a number of times.

[HEAVY REGISTRATION.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
KANSAS CITY (Kan.), March 23.—The heaviest registration of women on record in Kansas has been recorded in many places in the United States. The special election to occur soon in the towns of the second and third class. At most places the issue is "dry or dry." Both the temperance and opposition people are very active.

[DECISIVE STAGE.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
WASHINGTON, March 23.—The question of Chinese indemnities has given way for the moment to the more pressing issue over the consummation of the Russo-Chinese agreement relating to Manchuria. The house has not been convened to the department by means of any formal note or communication, but has been verbal in character and has been in line with the well-understood attitude of opposition which Japan has manifested for some time.

[CUBANS WILL BE GOOD.]

[Change in Sentiment Indicates the Adoption of the Platt Amendment by the Convention.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
LONDON, March 23.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The friends of J. H. ("Skeets" Martin, the American jockey, attribute the refusal to grant him a license to ride during the coming season to the fact that the members of the jockey club by his method of riding at Cairo this winter.

The papers are inclined to treat him leniently, but the inexorable rules of

the jockey club seem fatal to his chances.

## OUTSIDERS' NECKS IN EVIDENCE AT TANFORAN.

## DANDY JIM WINS THE PACIFIC UNION HANDICAP.

Twelve-to-one Shot Perfectly Ridden by Mounce—Sublime Beats the Chosen Ones at Long Odds—Summary of Winners at New Orleans.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 23.—The Pacific Union Handicap, the feature at Tanforan today, went to Dandy Jim, a 12-to-1 shot who beat Sublime, a neck, and was never beaten ride by Mounce. Cannons tired after leading, and finished third, and Benson Caldwell, the favorite, finished in the

not yet rejected.

[RUSSIA STILL PROTESTS.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]  
ST. PETERSBURG, March 23.—It is understood and generally believed in diplomatic circles here that the Russo-Chinese agreement, recently signed, is considerably from the original draft, though the precise differences are not obtainable. Russian statesmen reiterate emphatically that Russia does not intend to assume a protectorate over Manchuria.

[JAPAN'S DETERMINATION.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]  
SHANGHAI, March 23.—There is no confirmation of the reported concentration of Russian warships in Korean waters or of the rumors of mobilization of the Japanese. While foreign circles generally deny that an outbreak of hostilities will occur, the Chinese are satisfied that Japan is determined to resist Russian designs on Manchuria.

[GEN. GASEEE, who has been in command of the British troops at Peking, has arrived here.

[POSSIBILITIES OF CONFLICT.]

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.]  
LONDON, March 23.—The Statist, after editorially discussing the possibility of conflict between Russia and Japan, says:

"It is idle to deny that there is danger of new complications. Nevertheless, we think peace will be preserved, and trust that Russia will be satisfied with the Japanese indemnity.

"The Statist will devote a column of its financial news to considering how a Russian victory would affect the money markets.

"The view at the French Foreign Office is that the proposals of the United States in regard to Chinese indemnity are likely eventually to be adopted.

"The sum of \$20,000,000 to be divided, not equally among the powers, the proportion of which is to be determined by a committee of commissioners, is considered fair and right.

"It is now disclosed that Russia especially insisted that each nation should have its own indemnity with China.

"In conversation last evening with an important personage at the Quai d'Orsay, it was disclosed that the entire indemnity of the Chinese, Italy, all the powers agreed upon the necessity of the indemnity, whatever the sum demanded, being negotiated in block.

"Otherwise, all sorts of wrivings and takings and swapping of commercial concessions and territorial promises would be necessary to secure the indemnity, and the influence of each power in China would be measured by some separate and often secret treaty.

"The Statist especially stated, separate demands for indemnity must lead logically to the partition of the empire, which the powers pretend to be desirous of averting.

"The Statist will say, might possibly very low.

[PLATES FROM THE WIRES.]

[RUSSIAN FLAG FLYING.]  
LONDON, March 24.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The Sunday Special's Tien-Tsin correspondent says:

"A most unfortunate hitch has occurred in the Anglo-Russian alliance. After both sides signed the agreement of Peking, Italy, all the powers agreed upon the necessity of the indemnity, whatever the sum demanded, being negotiated in block.

"The British Foreign Office officials characterize the report of the seizure of British ships in Aden as ridiculous nonsense.

"Another rumor is current at Louisville, Ky., regarding the absorption of the Seaboard Air Line by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

"The Clinton House at Ithaca, one of the grandest and best equipped hotels of Central New York, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss \$50,000.

"The State Bank of Tabor, S. D., was last night entered by crackmen who shot up the safe and took \$100,000. The building in the city is said to be \$300,000.

"The Circuit Court at Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday decided that the eight-hour day for city employees enacted by the last Legislature was unconstitutional.

[QUEEN ALEXANDRA ARRIVED AT COPENHAGEN, ACCOMPANIED BY HER SON, KING CHRISTIAN, AND HER SISTER, DUCHESS EMERITA MARIA FEDOROVNA OF RUSSIA.]

[A BIRMINGHAM, ALA., DISPATCH SAYS ANOTHER ADVANCE OF 25 CENTS PER TON HAS BEEN MADE ON IRON IRON, MAKING IT \$1.25 SINCE NOVEMBER.]

[THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE OFFICIALS CHARACTERIZE THE REPORT OF THE SEIZURE OF BRITISH SHIPS IN ADEN AS RIDICULOUS NONSENSE.]

[ANOTHER RUMOR IS CURRENT AT LOUISVILLE, KY., REGARDING THE ABSORPTION OF THE SEABOARD AIR LINE BY THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.]

[THE CLINTON HOUSE AT ITHACA, ONE OF THE GRANDEST AND BEST EQUIPPED HOTELS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK, WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST NIGHT. LOSS \$50,000.]

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K? *Locomobile*  
Like  
Saddling  
The  
Wind  
xx

**RAILROAD RECORD.**  
**NEW COMBINE**  
**ON THE TAPIS.**

*Southern Pacific Forms  
New Affiliations.*

*Merges With Southern  
and Pennsylvania.*

*Transcontinental System  
looking from Boston to  
San Francisco.*

**TRANSMISSION WIRE TO THE TIMES.**

**WASHINGTON, March 23.—** (Excluded.) After a temporary lull in the negotiations, the two great railroads are again at work. The latest deal is one that will bring about a complete transcontinental system between Boston and San Francisco.

**Fast or slow—the hand of the Pennsylvania.**

**A wonderful hill climber.**

**Nothing so handy for business or pleasure.**

**Tested on the plains, in the mountains—everywhere.**

**Write for elegant booklet.**

**Public is invited to inspect the beautiful machine in the building.**

**xx**

**Locomobile Company**

**Of The Pacific**

**103 S. Broadway**

**Write for Prospectus.**

**Western Consolidated**

**Oil Co.**

**\$3.00**

**Weled S. Shoes for**

**At L. W. Godin,**

**127 South Spring Street**

**Sale.**

**allens**

**INCOMPARABLE**

**Cigars**

**— Los Angeles, Cal.**

**Credit House**

**NT'S. Credit**

**th Spring Street.**

**Why Not You?**

**credit to somebody—prefer**

**U.S. YOU. ?**

**you can possibly up**

**down and then arrange for us**

**can easily meet—you name the**

**lower than most store's cash price.**

**Here are a few fine**

**Goods:**

**Cable Springs.....**

**Ladies' Rockers.....**

**ing Chair....75c.**

**ROADS PAID REBATES.**

**COMMERCE COMMISSION INQUIRY.**

**THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.**

**KANSAS CITY, March 23.—** Through J. T. McDaniel, its special agent, the Interstate Commerce Commission is said to have come into possession of absolute proof that rebates have been regularly paid by local railroads on

**70,000 Homes**

**Resound with the sweet melody**

**of the . . .**

**Emerson**

**Piano**

**The Emerson never loses its**

**sweet singing qualities; never**

**gets metallic in tone, because it**

**contains a Wessel, Nickels &**

**Gross action.**

**GEO. J. BIRKEL, Sole**

**Stairway**

**Agency**

**—**

**east-bound shipments of packing-house**

**products from Kansas City, and criminal**

**prosecutions for violation of the**

**Interstate Commerce Act.**

**The investigation held in the city**

**on Thursday last, when several local**

**freight agents were examined by the**

**commission, will, it is said, be resumed**

**on Friday.** The latest deal is one that

**has been mentioned before, in**

**connection with a closer work-**

**ing between the Southern**

**Railroad and the Pennsylvania.** These three

**have a complete transcon-**

**tinental system from Boston to**

**New York, the Southern Rail-**

**road as far east as New Or-**

**leans, Washington to New**

**York, and by its direct connections**

**to the east as Boston, where**

**the Southern has a branch**

**line to New York. Today, where**

**there were extremely large purchases**

**stocks of all three of these railroads,**

**in Pennsylvania and South-**

**ern Pacific were especially heavy,**

**concerning that the New York stock**

**market was only two hours away,**

**and the New York stock market**

**was only two hours away.**

**Controlling these three**

**has been a great success, and**

**Mr. Hayes has become**

**the head of the Southern Pacific Com-**

**pany.**

**CINCED BY A FLUKE.**

**CHICAGO, March 23.—** The first de-

**tails of the great hardship and suffer-**

**ing endured by the two corps of sol-**

**diers and engineers who attempted to**

**construct a telegraph line between**

**Dawson City and Fort St. Michael**

**have been Dr. Eugene S. Willard of**

**the U. S. Army and Frank E. Willard,**

**who was with one of the**

**parties. As already told, a miscalcula-**

**tion was made and the two corps**

**working from opposite ends of the line**

**met each other by seventy miles.**

**The letter states that it was necessary**

**to send a relay expedition drawn by**

**reindeer, to rescue the soldiers from**

**death.**

**The letter from Mr. Willard, though**

**dated at Dawson, has just reached**

**the White House.**

**"Lieut. Offey left Unalaklik as winter**

**was setting in to build a line to**

**Kaltag. The two corps of sol-**

**diers and engineers were sent from**

**Kaltag to build across the portage, and the**

**detachments were to meet half way**

**between the two parties.**

**"In the middle of the winter word**

**was brought by travelers that Lieut.**

**Smith and Grimm, after building**

**eighteen miles of the new line, were**

**in distress.**

**"They had several men with them,**

**and as there were no supplies at**

**Kaltag, and they had no communica-**

**tions with any place, they were in**

**danger of starvation.**

**Their team had gone through the ice of a river and the load of provisions was**

**lost.**

**"All the men were turned out to**

**shovel snow in an effort to move for-**

**ward. This proved useless, for the**

**miles at every step left a track**

**that was torn to shreds at**

**every step.**

**"As soon as he heard of their**

**condition, he sent a team to rescue them,**

**and as they were in**

**such a bad condition, he sent a team to**

**rescue them.**

**"Lieut. Offey left Unalaklik as winter**

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**shovel snow in an effort to move for-**







# Arrivals at Waists

kind and style is reproduced. Each day sees the arrival which reveals some better than the last. The waist wants, should certainly

Chambray Waists—light and dark blue; made with lace trim and back. Bishop sleeves.

White Lawn Waists—made in blouse style and insertion waist.

White Lawn Waists—made with broidered front and tucked back. Bishop sleeves.

sh Fabrics.

complete in styles and textures than the following in a practically

city colorings at per yard, all the way

and some mostly in stripes

in a complete range of colorings at

per yard, plain, plaid, blue, pink,

yellow and tan, per yard,

nothing more desirable for waist at

any price.

Waist colorings mostly

in the new

extraordinary pretty wash fabric to accom-

pany and green, grounds daintily figured; at

per yard.

Monday and Tuesday

—Waists in colors; our regular

waists wide and our regular

waists value; a good weight ends

and widths 30 to 36 inches.

Waists wide and smooth

waists; Specials per yard,

nothing more desirable than this

waist.

Waist colorings mostly

in the new

extraordinary pretty wash fabric to accom-

pany and green, grounds daintily figured; at

per yard.

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Waist colorings







## A CURSE GROUP.

IN MY Father's House There Are  
Many Monuments.

In the legend, appropriate  
to the name of the ancient idols over  
the years in Los Angeles, or  
in any other city in the  
world, surrounded by an-  
tient divinities, swords,  
horses and fierce clubs of sav-  
agery, there is a queer nook in a quaint  
shop on Main street.

There are idols of the phallic wor-  
shippers—old, crude specimens, indic-  
ative of the degeneracy of the age;  
and there are the unshapely, rough,  
Egyptian, Kaffir, Chinese, American  
Indian, Siamese, Japanese, Alaskan  
Indian, Hindoo, and so on to the Chris-  
tian. All are jumbled together  
in indiscriminate arrangement, the one  
hemisphere and century elbowing  
the other. Could all the  
heathens of these dark periods, who  
brought these shrines of the carved  
gods, be now brought to their homes  
before them, what a motley mass of  
humanity would be assembled. Who

and superstitious people knelt in worship, a feeling of awe, an undefinable  
creed, and devotion to some one, and  
the possessor of these treasures, and  
comes the busiest man in town ex-  
plaining his curiosities.

Years of time, hardship and much anxiety, to bring  
these obscure gods of an uncivilized  
and unchristian era, to the light of  
white. Captain J. A. Carson has  
over twenty images, characteristic of  
far back as 500 years ago.

Now that you realize you are in the  
presence of century-old idols, whose  
meaning cannot tell of history  
which would be strange, the first  
instinct, your curiosity is intense and  
you listen with absorbing interest  
while Captain Carson tells what little  
you know of them. You are told  
that you ought to wonder what deity  
he does not speak of them in whispers,  
but not in such a matter of fact way,  
but then you remember that he is a  
collector, and that the grinning

gods are old friends to him.

This queerly-shaped piece of pottery  
is the head of an Aztec idol, possibly  
500, possibly 600 years old. The  
unmistakable signs that it was originally  
intended to represent a woman.  
Those little dots on the sides of the head are  
the nose and the mouth, and the  
breath, or that two rows of knobs on  
top may have been intended to represent  
hair; nor do you care much if one  
of the Africans had no use for girdles  
than to put them on for them-  
selves. Civilization built the idol.

Around the neck, however, the Kaffir  
circled a string of elephant grass seed.

Instinctively your mind runs back to  
the early Mexico of your history, and  
you may again see the Aztecs as they  
were in their palaces, their idols  
when the difference between the century  
mark of 1200 and 1800 in printer's  
ink did not seem so very long. You  
remember you were taught that the  
Aztecs were cannibals, and that  
they called him: that he had thirteen  
chiefs and 200 inferior divinities.  
Then you begin to wonder what deity  
this idol represented and how long  
it had a host of worshippers at

its pyramid, and that it fulfilled the  
offices of both church and temple, even  
in the days of Moses. Then you  
remember that the idols were  
eaten before this thing's shrine  
and human lives have been offered up  
in sacrifice to the gods of the  
Kings Mills area of the  
South Seas Islands, and its age approximates seventy-five years.

You have not much time to wonder,  
for you are soon switched to Africa,  
for being shown an ugly figure of  
carved mahogany, with hairy eyes and  
shaggy body, and one of the  
temple of an African tribe of Kadars  
and is considered by collectors of  
antiques to be a very fine specimen.  
It is a copy of a specimen of  
Grecian history, and recollect that  
upon certain Dionysian festivals in ancient  
Greece, cannibalism was exhibited  
to the public.

This object, exquisitely carved, was  
taken from a sarcophagus in the  
great pyramid of Cheops.

It is a human skull.

It is too modern to satisfy, while the  
whole is odd enough, but can't hold a candle  
to the inhabitant of the Pyramids.

Indeed, return to the god of  
the African Islands, for it is 5000 or 6000  
years old, if a day, and is made out of whale  
bone, which time has performed into  
a smooth, dark material. This is  
a smooth-shaped, smooth representation  
of a head with a handle to it, but  
it is an idol just the same.

When you guess the mummy-like figure  
reposing quietly beside the can-  
dlestick, you are correct.

You are quietly told: it is at least 2000  
years old, and maybe centuries older,  
but the 2000 years is quite enough to  
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## DOOM OF GREATEST GAMBLING CITY.

Ostend, Having Ruined Too Many Victims, Must Practically Give Up the Business—Its Successors.

BY CURTIS BROWN.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

LONDON, March 8.—Dieppe and the gay and sporty King Leopold of Belgium has seen somewhat the same sort of handwriting on the wall that Belshazzar saw. He personally may not have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, but the great gambling king of Belgium has been confronted by dues and initiation fees that will keep him out.

What has been the consideration Ostend wapt, and waited that she would be ruined, and that heavy government interests would go down with her? The Belgian government's statement was not seriously denied, either. Yet the amendment to exclude Ostend and Spa from the general provisions of the bill was defeated by a vote of 97 to 16, although it is generally understood that King Leopold supported the measure with all the power he could muster. Now these cities are trying to get the disaster postponed for five years. Ostend has a magnificent hotel and Casino, the Kurhaus, with many attractions aside from gambling. It is the favorite resort of the gay old king, and its hotels are some of the finest in Europe. What these attractions are not equal to those of Blankenburgh, its rival and neighbor, or to those of Spa, the oldest watering place in Europe, is hard to say. Under the gaming tables it is the same.

Belgium has come to the conclusion, after long and rather bitter experience, that the game tables pay, which is to say that with certain exceptions, it is not wise to let the people of the country in danger of collapse.

PARISIAN OF MONTE CARLO.

One usually thinks first of Monte Carlo in connection with continental gambling, but as a matter of fact the beautiful Riviera resort has been the last new riverside only in a few months. Ostend is the most popular, and it was mostly a place where the passing tourist raked from five to a hundred dollars for the fun of the chancery and roulette. Dieppe, however, has turned a few thousand dollars and forgot to mention it, or won an equal sum, was heretofore the most popular new resort.

Ostend was different. The gamblers made more of a business of it there, and last season the total sum change, roulette, and cards, and Ostend and Spa were perhaps double the amounts distributed by the Monte Carlo croupiers.

Now, however, Ostend has far exceeded the Monte Carlo average.

The last season, only three months ago, the public opinion at large was that Ostend was the real gambling center of the world.

BLEEDING STRANGERS.

The story of gambling at Ostend is simple, and the result is the same: that will not pay, and it is the same in the case of the French, who have only voice in the answer, but no power.

There is no room for the world to come to Ostend, and the result is that the number of visitors to the city is

now less than half what it was.

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## Sketches Behind the Scenes on the Local Vaudeville Stage.

THE

HARRY CHAN

Orc

### ARTIST AT THE ORPHEUM.

ID you ever happen to be behind the scenes fifteen minutes before an amateur show started? Do you remember how the stage manager rashed wildly around like a hen with her head cut off, swearing under his breath like a drunken pirate; how all but a fever of excitement with a decided "I'm not being lied on" and the leading lady being fed on hot wine to prevent a collapse?

Fifteen minutes before the Orpheum curtain went up on this particular evening, the stage manager was sitting in a chair backed up against the "tormento wing," with his hands shoved down in his pockets in deep abstraction and his thoughts several miles away from vaudeville show.

The fly man was sitting dejectedly on the top step of the stage staircase, talking by fits and starts to a blue satin athlete and to little Dumond, the French mandolin player, who had made from the King of Belgium and Queen of Spain a personal letter to Queen Victoria, and doesn't care if everybody knows it.

The stage carpenter, who really ought to have been frantic, was calmly playing chess with a small party of men in the study, many little property men were gathered around and they both kept answering at once and doing harder things to please her.

One of them confided in her how he got his hands so dirty, and that once, and she was just showing how wonderful an event she considered it when her eye fell on The Times artist, and the blue satin athlete became a cheap overcoat.

The fly man was the bit of the performance she had the best of.

"Oh, a sketch artist," gasped the carpenter.

One of the blue satin gentlemen was leaning over the piano, with his hands like a lodger, and looking at the other man's uplifted hands, and in the excitement of the event, the pyramid crashed to the floor with a reckless disregard for safety.

"Let's see," said the first bluey, who got to the side of the artist. The other bluey peeked over the other shoulder to see, too, so she sent an ambassador to carry away the sketch book.

**AN ARTISTIC BREAK.**  
from Dorothy Drew, a little Chinese banjo, and all manner of things recalling Dutch comedians and dainty dancers, and "legits" in financial distress.

**ENTER "SLEEPY SAM."**

"Sleepy Sam" is out of his place shifting scenes. He is a connoisseur, has a collection of rare old books in his city, and is a master of reticules. If Sam hadn't chosen to be striking scene sets, he might have been a stenographer, reducing divorce suits and minor legal documents to record, for he is an expert stenographer.

He has another accomplishment, a rare one, has Sam. He can write down a scene set, not that it is being hung on the stage. Altogether, Sam is a remarkable individual.

Sleepy Sam had already done parts of his work, and on the stage was spread a broad drab mat upon which two young men in blue satin knickerbockers were doing stunts for the edification of a tall, dark, tailor-made woman who turned out to be a famous contralto, with a voice that could make a man weep, and a little pink maid to hold a glass of water in the wings between her scenes.

She was talking to the boy, who really watched the aforesaid artist botch, and she made believe to be interested in the head-balancing, and kept asking "What's the matter?" and they both kept answering at once and doing harder things to please her.

One of them confided in her how he got his hands so dirty, and that once, and she was just showing how wonderful an event she considered it when her eye fell on The Times artist, and the blue satin athlete became a cheap overcoat.

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**AN ARTISTIC BREAK.**

The Times artist made her a call. He was slumbering along a dark staircase when he got up to his knees.

Presently, Van Bibber strolled in with his wife, nobody knew Van Bibber's wife's name, and nobody knew what was doing down there.

"Oh, she screamed, "said it was







## Amusements

17TH YEAR.

THEATERS.

WITH DATES

OS ANGELES THEATRE  
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1925

DISTINCT ATTRACTING A SUPERB

Mr. Frank M. Turpin presents the De Koven and Smith's Greatest Romantic Comic Opera, in

THE HIGHWAYMAN  
management with Andrew A. McCormick, with which will appearLA LOIE FULLER  
The 25th Anniversary Day, The Creative Light of

AZARD'S PAVILION—The Tempest Dance, The Archangel Dance, Ring for the Archangel Dance's Largest Dress in the World—Requiring 2000 feet stage room for manipulation

Carriage at 11 p.m. Seats on sale Monday and Tuesday, Telephone Main 70.

GRAND  
... BY THESEMB  
OPERUnder the Direction of C. L. Under  
DON PASWITH THE FOLLOWING  
TOMAS MALATESTA, PAQUIALE, ANDGRAND ORCHESTRA—Conducted  
by the Price of Prices — \$2.00  
ON SALE TOMORROW (MONDAY), AT THE OFFICE, 250 SOUTH SPRING STREET

DROSICO'S BURBANK THE

TONIGHT!  
ALL THIS WEEK—MATINEES WEDNES

Time in Los Angeles and

The Big Popular, Perpetual NEW YO

The Telephone  
Girl  
"Vere

By Kerk and

ED TO WHOM THE CASINO STAGE

BIG COMPANY OF 40 CLEVER

FUNNY HARRY HERMSEN

WONDERS DOUGLAS &amp; FORD

CAPTIVATING CH

to laugh and like pretty music, ring up

Advance in Prices—15c.

HEUM—

Another Battalion of Vangu

TODAY AND TONIGHT—L

THERINE BLOODGOOD

Comming Tomorrow Night—A

MARK MURPHY "The Seventh Seal"

TRICIA MORELAND "In Taming a Husband"

KELLEY AND HUSTED Singers—Dancers

KANAN BROTHERS

Opening, best seats 25c and 50c; Gallery

7c, Saturday and Sunday—Any seat 25c

25c

Manufacturers' sample line of men's  
covers, just arrived from New York  
and rich tapestries, about 200  
half price or less values up to \$400  
this event at from 18c to \$2.75. Depart-  
ment left of second main aisle. Come  
all interested.

## The Broadway Department Store

## Second Week of Spring Bargain Carnival.

## Cotton Carnival.

22-inch Organza, stripes, squares and dots, fine sheer quality, all street and pastel shades, regular 20c value, 15c  
Poultard, 20 inches wide, mercerized effects, colored grounds, figures reproduced from the silk foulards, worth 15c, Bargain Carnival price, 12c  
80 inch Batiste in stripes and squares, white on colored grounds, also dotted effects, regular 10c value, 8c  
Spring Bargain Carnival price, 8c  
Imported Madras, 24-inch wide, dainty stripes and checks, especially desirable for dresses and skirtwaists, 22c  
66-inch Percales, in light and dark colors, stripes, dots and figures; usually sells at 12c; Bargain Carnival, 10c  
10c bleached sheeting, 80c, even quality, 16c  
worth 80c, Bargain Carnival.

## Clothing Department

Situated in the exact center of the store directly under a huge skylight that gives bright light. You can "see" a pocket full of money before you buy a boy or a boy's. We never have been able to give quite as much for the money in clothing as now. Our clothing buyer has been very fortunate in his purchases: Here are a few of his specials:

## Men's Trousers, \$1.98.

Of good grade, wool, hairline stripe, cassimere, finished with French seam, elastic waist bands; excellently cut and finely tailored. The seams are guaranteed not to rip. We have so much confidence in the sewing that we say if these trousers rip in the seam, we will give you gratis, a new pair. A good value at \$2.50; special for Bargain Carnival, 98c.

## Boys' Wool Suits, \$1.98.

Vest suit for boys 2 to 6 years. Two-piece suits for boys 7 to 15. Vest suit appropriately trimmed, plain or fancy vests; larger suits with double-breasted waist coats. Materials are first-class in every respect; good value at 80c; especially priced for Bargain Carnival.

## Boys' Cassimere Suits, \$3.50

Splendid quality hand twist cassimere in brown or gray, herringbone, plain or check, with double-breasted waist coats and trimmings; all sizes; a good value at \$4.50; special for Bargain Carnival, 85c.

## Straw Sombreros, 39c.

Real India straw, made in one piece with fancy straw cord band, feather weight, suitable for boys', girls' or ladies' wear; a 80c value; special for Bargain Carnival, 39c.

## Household Helps.

Always something different in household goods in this department; as in many others, the best things never get into.

Wash bowl and pitcher, large size, usually sell at 99c. Bargain Carnival price, 79c.

Uncovered chamber, the same for which others will ask you 88c. Bargain Carnival price, 39c.

Japaned chamber pails, 13-quart size, covered, usually sold at 39c. Bargain Carnival price, 39c.

Fiber wash tube, largest size, usually sell for \$1.49; spring Bargain Carnival price, \$1.19.

Zinc wash boards, good, heavy, strong ones, worth double the amount asked; spring Bargain Carnival, 19c.

Clothes pins of hardwood, the good old-fashioned kind for which you would gladly pay a great deal more, spring, Bargain Carnival price, per dozen, 1c.

Leather Goods.

Handsome concoits in chateaune, belts, purses and pocketbooks; late creations priced as only the Broadway prices follows that.

Pretty leather pocketbooks and card cases combined, leather garters, strongly made, very neat appearing; an unusual value; specially priced for Bargain Carnival at, 25c.

Pocketbooks for ladies, in seal, morocco, alligator, or walrus; some have double compartments and outside hdk. pocket; well finished; a splendid value; special for Bargain Carnival, each, 48c.

Pocketbooks, made of fine alligator and seal, plain or richly mounted silver corners, an exceptional offering, specially priced for Bargain Carnival—75c each.

Handsome chateaune bags in seal or walrus, chamois lined, outside handerchief pockets, 75c and \$1 values; special for Bargain Carnival.

Good Roads—They tell soon be doing in this paved highway may be done to automobile. When discovered, when they are "mob"ing houses, the team is not horses and are becoming fruit-bearing California. Conditions now do have fifty to part classed as the minimum. It is said to be in value at in excess of would not be this section of the state, and have from the fruit to the what the covered sixty increasing the adds to the ratio far weight. When have met every to keep his dry common sight speeding east two. "Billow" which can be believed to be into town be teams, having heavy teams and faint to dr of oranges v

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## The Drama &amp; Plays and Players. &amp; Music and Musicians. &amp; Musical Intelligence.

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EL G. OTIS...President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER...Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.  
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER...Secretary.  
ALBERT MCFARLAND...Treasurer.  
PUBLISHERS OF

## The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, and Monthly Magazine.

Vol. 39, No. 111. Founded Dec. 4, 1861.

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.

NEWS SERVICE—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 18,000 to 20,000 miles transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.

TELEGRAPHIC AND TELEGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT—Daily wire service, \$25.00; for 100 miles, \$25.50; for 200 miles, \$26.00.

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TELEGRAPHIC AND TELEGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT—Subscription Department, First Floor, Room 1; City and Local news service, \$1.00.

AGENTS—Eastern Agents, Williams & Lawrence, No. 81-82 Tribune Building, New York; 27 Washington street, Chicago; Washington Bureau, 27 Washington street, Los Angeles.

Offices: Times Building, First and Broadway.

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office for transmission as mail matter of the second class

O. H. SHAW.

The New York Journal recently devoted half a page to an article by O. H. Shaw, in which he is kind enough to go to the trouble of telling us that Americans cannot govern themselves.

Mr. Shaw is an aristocratic socialist, of a type that is not altogether unknown in Los Angeles. He is also the author of several books and plays, an aristocrat, a Catholic, a cynic and a member of the London City Council, in which capacity he has to wear a George Washington's robe of office, which he does not like.

Mr. Shaw, in the article above referred to, does not take the trouble to mince words. He asserts that the most important step the world can take in the twentieth century will be the partition of the United States by the European powers, with a view to the reforming of the local government.

He says further: "I can't understand it. The Americans seem to spend their lives wondering what the English think of them. While they are wondering, the world's countries, the ones, run the political machine for them, however.

He starts in the work of reformation, Mr. Shaw says we must abolish the American Constitution, "that foolish, obsolete and obstructive document which destroys lives, persecutes liberty and makes the pursuit of happiness a sham after other people's dollars."

After taking this little step, everyone else would, doubtless, be easy.

There is only one thing that worries us in this connection. We do not see how we could possibly bring the information to a successful conclusion without the active individual assistance of Mr. Shaw. We might start the plaguey thing off wrong, and then have to start all over again.

Mr. Shaw, however, says the main portion of Los Angeles has had undivided attention. And then there are. What are we going to do about it? Could Mr. Shaw, perhaps, be induced to take the other side of the water? We doubt it.

Mr. Shaw is one of those who persist in taking themselves seriously, while the public as persistently refuses to regard them in that light. There are others.

**WALL STREET THINGS.**—People are still talking about the trust. One statesman has announced that he intends to urge modification of the law in order to force the trusts to disband. This is a proposition of no small importance, and it is to be hoped that the cure will be worse than the disease. It is too much like cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

The United States Investor has been publishing a lot of matter in regard to the recently-formed steel combine, which is naturally the leading topic of discussion just now in New York. The paper of course will occupy a good deal of space in its columns, and it is to be hoped that the scheme will be of great interest to the public.

The fact is, the scheme is of such inimitable proportions that there is no underlying fear in every mind regarding its success. This is a natural result, at present, of the broadest scope stand at the proportions of this latest scheme. It is generally felt that the scheme is to grow to be the greatest human intellect, and that any conclusions regarding the real workings of the combine are practically worthless.

But one thing is certain, and that is that the cure will be worse than the disease. It is to be hoped that the trust will be more easily disposed of than the trust, move-.

ment. The scheme out-Heroes Herod, and it is to be hoped that the trust will be more easily disposed of than the trust.

In short, we are to take the law into our own hands, and to determine the fate of plantations.

Good Roads.—They will soon be doing work in this section, paving highways, and may be done to the automobile. It is to be hoped that the work will be done to the best of the public's interest.

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## THE ORANGE MARKET.

Special and Authentic Quotations by Telegraph.

## FRUITS IN THE EAST.

THE MARKET AT NEW YORK.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1901.

THERE were nine boxes of Sicily lemons (seven cargoes) en route for New York, and two during the next four weeks.

## Citrus-fruit Shipments.

The shipment of oranges today was 149 cases, while that of lemons was 146. The total up to date is 11,621 cases, of which 715 were lemons.

## BUSINESS.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

SOCIETY OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, March 21, 1901.

## An Announcement.

For the next few days we are in our house. This is to sell a \$400 Weber for \$300, a \$300 piano for \$240, etc. These are genuine. Regular terms prevail.

Opposite City Hall.



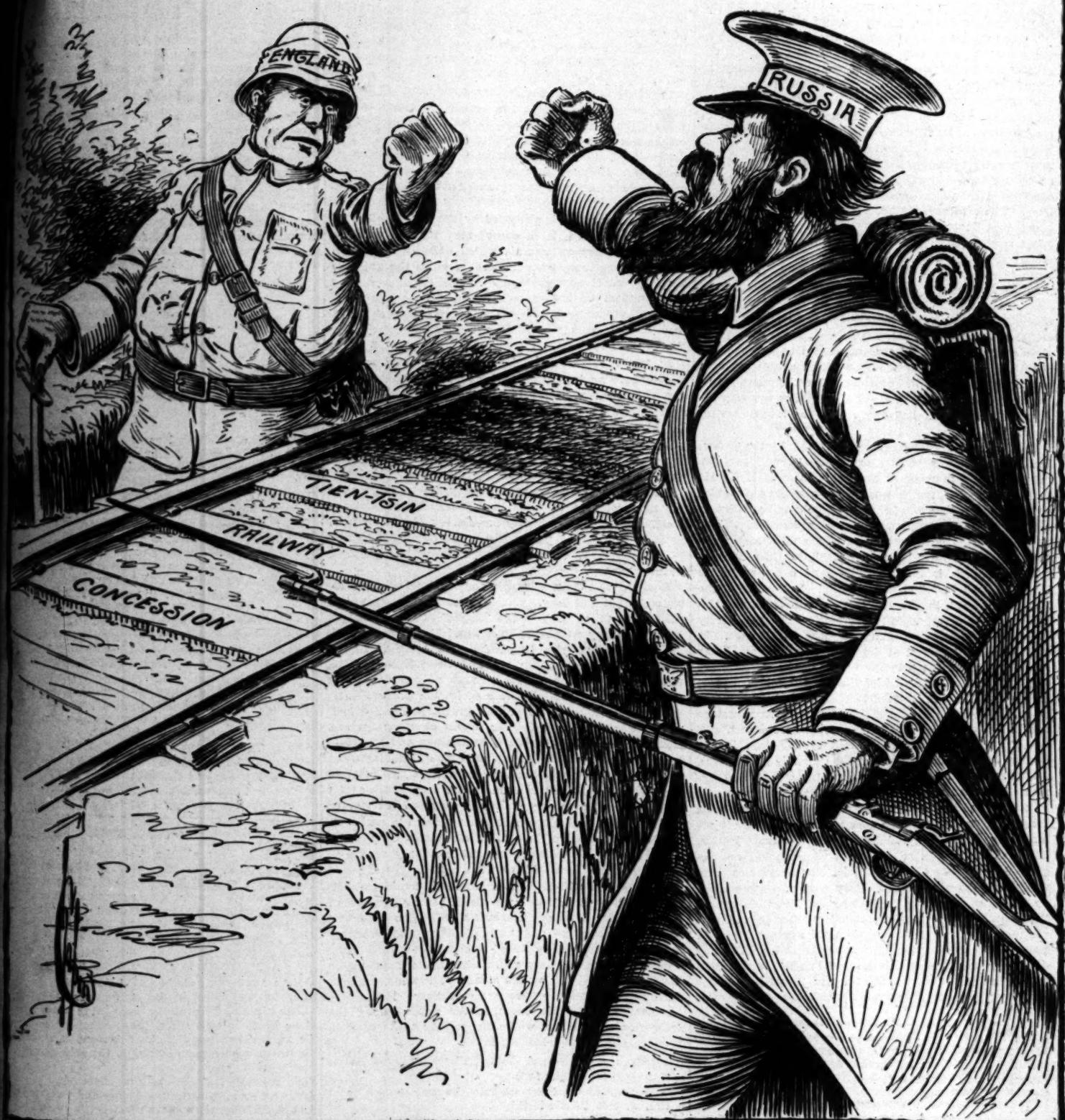
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 24, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50  
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

IN THE FAR EAST.



Will they come to blows?

## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## LIBERTY, NOT LICENSE.

JUDGE HOLDOM of Chicago has laid down the law in an assault case, growing out of a labor strike, in a manner not calculated to afford much comfort to the jawsmiths who advocate free riot as one of the inalienable rights of "organized" labor. The case was that of Albert Hill, a member of the lathers' union. Hill was charged with having assaulted James Kelley, another member of the union, because Kelley refused to stop work on a building where a strike was in progress. This is an all-too common offense—the assaulting of workmen for refusing to quit work when ordered to do so by strikers—but it is not often that it receives so vigorous a rebuke as Judge Holdom saw fit to administer. The attorney for the defense represented to the court that inasmuch as his client, Hill, had already spent some time in jail, and "had suffered as much as Kelley from the fight, he should not be punished any more."

Judge Holdom did not take exactly this view of the case. "The matter," said he, "is more serious than you think. The assault and battery is not so serious in itself, but there is a great principle at stake—the principle of the personal liberty guaranteed us by the Constitution. When Kelley was at work on a contract with which he was satisfied," continued this righteous judge, "neither the President of the United States nor any official nor individual had any right to interfere with him."

On the matter of Kelley's obligations to the union, Judge Holdom was equally explicit. "True," said he, "Kelley was a member of the union, as was Hill. He had a right to be, and it was his duty to obey the rules of the union"—that is, of course, so long as he willingly and of choice affiliated with that organization. When he refused to obey the command of the union, however, "the union had its redress in disciplining him and expelling him. It had no right to send a committee to interfere with him and assault him. Let us not," the Judge continued, impressively, "forget these basic principles of our liberty. We in America boast a liberty unknown elsewhere. Let us not make it license. In this instance, the effect of the assault was not on Kelley alone, but upon the principles of our constitutional rights." Judge Holdom added that he did not wish to be understood as being opposed to unions; that, on the contrary, he believed in the right of men to form unions and believed "That they make for improvement and good." The judge sentenced Hill to five days in the County Jail, in addition to the time already spent there.

Inasmuch as Judge Holdom entertains the views expressed in the sentence last quoted, his language cannot be condemned by the unionists on the ground that he is "an enemy to labor." The conclusions to which his remarks led have their foundation in right and justice. Their correctness is so obvious that it should not require the emphasis of a judicial decision to impress them upon the public conscience. Only men who are warped by the most narrow of prejudices could seek to uphold the "right" of one man to compel another to quit employment, or to accept employment, against his will. The attempts of labor-union advocates and agitators to defend or to exercise this alleged "right" serves only to emphasize their own mental and moral perversity, in denying or opposing rights which are fundamental and inalienable.

The Pennsylvania Railroad will spend about \$2,500,000 for new locomotives during the current year, and the Baltimore and Ohio will spend \$1,300,000 for the same purpose. The Pennsylvania has authorized the construction of 204 new engines, and all but about fifty will be built in the railroad's own shops.

The Countess of Limerick has started a movement for the supply of shamrocks for Irish soldiers serving away from home. It is proposed that Irish officers pay for the shamrock, and the money thus collected be devoted to a relief fund for the soldiers' families.

## PROTOTYPES AND FORESHADOWINGS.

THE city book stalls are flooded with romances, and a writer for a popular novel asserts that every State in the Union might be typified by a heroine of fiction. In California "Ramona" would go hand in hand with "A Soul in Bronze," while the desert might be represented by "A Heritage of Unrest." Although worthless novels are hourly sent afloat, there are master spirits at work in the world of fancy. Biography, following fast in the wake of romance, assures the public that it wishes to know all the commonplace concerns of an author's life and the moods of his inspiration, but that is just what the public does not care to know. For the master poets and romancers who weave their gold through the gray web of literature, for the most part, dwell in houses not made with hands. The public is only taken into confidence when the crowning touch has been given to artistic achievement.

Indefinable moods or artistic creation companioned the solitudes of Drake with his "Culprit Fay," while for Rosetti—

"The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of heaven."

The nature and character of the imagination is dimly understood. Just how near in rare souls this power approaches the borderland of prophecy has been debated by many philosophers.

Geology assures the reader that the dawn of new dominant ideas are often overshadowed by types of anticipatory character. The vignettes of ancient fossil life hint that the ideas of coming ages have wandered in advance of existing life. The thought of the Creator seems to have escaped in prophetic glimpses, as the lichen on the wall, in the youth time of the world, told of the coming of the flower. Nature has garnered a few fossil reminders of her childhood, and some of the classics of literature are like these ancient foreshadowings.

The student of science divines something of the infinite power which holds the planets in space, which teaches the mineral ores how to collect themselves together and show their fealty to organic law, and which draws the sundered elements in the close affinities of chemistry. He may find as wonderful a study in the precursors of ideals of beauty and truth along the pages of books.

The spirit of man is governed by the ebb and flow of mystic sympathies, it is consecrated for the common welfare by every endowment which hallows human activity, and no more wonderful chain holds the universe than the continuity of thought. The heart secrets of the kingdom of heaven are repeated over and over, and it would seem that they are meant to give the children of the earth a sublime optimism in striving for the unity of the race.

At first thought it would appear that poetry and romance have an insignificant share in this development. But when one reads a novel like "The Sky Pilot" or Herbert D. Ward's "The Light of the World," he realizes the high service which is being accomplished by some of the present writers of fiction, although the chaff is in too great a proportion to the grain in the general harvest.

When, like the Alastor of Shelley, he looks in vain for the prototype of some high ideal, the student remembers that the book may foreshadow the attainment of the future. The power which set the daisy by the roadside is also expressed in purity of thought and beautiful fancy.

Romance has striven in epic and myth to raise standards of right and duty. The heroism of the men of the "Niebelungenlied" and of the "Sagas" of the Northmen and the deadly wrath of the Sons of Homer are among the early examples to be followed by the higher thought of the Christian era and the knights of the Grail. The most beautiful lessons of conduct were spoken in the parables. Ideas of human perfectibility, of sovereign love, of honor and gratitude are not lost. The power which counted the leaves on the stem and regulated the growth by dark beginnings and by storm and cloud gives man the alphabet of spiritual growth and illustrates it with the book of nature. He inspires the poet to look through a marvelous lens, which seems a fragment of pure ether, that he may see the star of man's destiny and place milestones along his path.

Schiller dreamed of love as an emanation of divinity, which cannot be extinguished and can only return to God, and gave the world his Thekla as a type of noble womanhood. Scott delineated womanly truth and left the world a matchless example in the character of Jeanie Deans. Kalidasa dreamed of a Hindoo maid who should typify proud and timid delicacy and womanly honor and trust. He pictured Sakoontala, a fairy blossom of the oriental long ago. Lamartine's Graziella, in the fisherman's boat, on the strand of Procida, remains an idyllic Neapolitan emblem of constancy. Bret Harte wrote of a California camp in the pines among the snow-crowned Sierras, where the miners gathered with Dickens around the blazing fire—

"And there, while 'round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the twilight fell,  
One read aloud the book wherein the master  
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'

"Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader,  
Was youngest of them all;  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall.

"The fir trees gathering closer in the spray,  
Listened in every spray.  
While the whole camp, with 'Neil' on high,  
Wandered and lost their way."

If one looks closely into the lives of women it may often be found that she lacks radiance other than a heavenly impress which they send broad from Beethoven's world of silence amid his music. Just now Sir Edwin Arnold's blindness gives a pathetic significance to his unimpaired mental power, one to reread, for its promise of a poem, fragrant with jasmine and roses of Death."

These symbols, gathered at random in the wilderness of literature, seem to whisper that art will more and more add divine beauty to the ethics of the future.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[Buffalo Times:] Gen. Dewey seems to be an angel.

[Denver Post:] An Omaha judge has feeding hogs is not a woman's work. This largely increase the restaurant patronage in the ruling covers the Omahogs.

[Minneapolis Times:] It has been discovered book of Mormon was written by a Mormon as a pastime. It proved to be one of the most practical jokes of the century.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] It is not known Russia is suspected of having grabbed China which horrifies the powers. It is the fact that may make it necessary for them to grab.

[Kansas City Journal:] What with Russia's Great Britain, Pierpont Morgan's gigantic trusts and Gunner Morgan the Sampson trouble, the Morgan family is monopolizing the center of the stage.

[Omaha Bee:] One of the big English steamship lines has decided hereafter to use its table supplies in this country. This company proposes to save money and the passengers on the best that can be obtained.

[Chicago News:] American promoters are trying to get possession of and to run a racing-car system in Europe. If they are Europeans are brought, like Americans, the Pullman porter, the effete monarchs have some idea of what despotism means.

## TO MUSIC'S CHILD.

Thou shalt be happy on the earth,  
For when the world seems dead,  
And all the way a desert drear,  
Pan plays for thee his flute,  
In Orphic Argonautika,  
Who moved the ship divine  
By minstrelsy's own lyric law  
Is of the race of thine.

The witching lyre of Orpheus,  
The harp of Amphion,  
Awake for thee, when thou dost  
To list and ponder on,  
As the bright herds of Helios  
Were led by music's tone,  
The harmonies of Aeolus  
To such as thou art known.

The band of syrinx of the reed,  
The bird flock in the sun,  
Shalt answer to thy spirit needs  
As harps of Arion.  
For, Helen, thou art music's child,  
Thine is the inner grace,  
And Harmony hath on thee smile  
With lovely form and face.

The melody among the stars—  
The Greek seer told of yore,  
Lies glowing in the staves and bars  
That cluster in thy score.  
Thou art apart from half the ill,  
That to old earth belong,  
For even as the spirit wills  
Thou walkest the fields of song.

## ONLY A SONG.

Only a song—but, oh, the glad cheer of it!  
Song of the meadow lark, listen and hear!  
How, when the twilight was slowly drawn,  
O'er the wide prairies that seemed never bound,  
Treeless, unbroken, they stretched far below,  
Boundless, unsmiling, the sky bending o'er,  
The pathway I traveled was lonely and lone,  
Until he poured forth the blithe notes of me.

Only a song—but, oh, the glad cheer of it!  
Brighter and sweeter than all you can see,  
Other birds sing when the whispering wind  
Song hints so sweet that they cannot be free,  
Or when skimming o'er clover blooms, east or west,  
Or litling where poppies nod in the gold west.

Only a song—but, oh, the glad cheer of it!  
O'er the broad prairie, the brown and the blue,  
Brave little meadow lark, my heart is free,  
Full of the song's joy that passes all time,  
Learn it, my heart, though the way is long,  
Sing—for the old world has need of you.

SARA

Los Angeles, February, 1901.

# Land of the Pharaohs. By Robert J. Burdette.

*How tall was Alexander, pa,  
That people call him 'Great'?"  
"He was the biggest little man  
That ever ruled a state;  
He swayed the world with iron hand—  
How, thither, west and yander,  
The Persian rums got hold of him,  
And settled Alexander."*

*"Was Pharaoh, too, a mighty man,  
Who filled the world with awe?"  
"Well, yes; about as big a king  
As Egypt ever saw.  
Till he got mixed up with the raging sea  
In a most tumultuous scare, oh!  
And his army went where the fishes be,  
So water settled Pharaoh."*

*"And thus we see, my gentle child,  
As History has seen,  
What peril to the strongest State  
Lurks in the Post Canteen;  
For States have fallen, monarchs died,  
And thrones been made to totter,  
By long divided mixtures of  
The demons rum and water."*

*Mysteries of the "land shadowed with wings,"  
Mysteries of the Sphinx, begin to oppress the  
soul and heart of the traveler when first he turns his  
eyes toward Egypt. For thousands of years trav-  
elers, adventurers and scholars, soldiers and savants  
and seekers have journeyed up and down this  
land, and sought to unfold its buried history  
and the riddle of the Sphinx and her land is still*

*the same. We decided that we thought we would like to go to Egypt we said. "The first thing to do is to find out what to go there and what to wear." That was the beginning of trouble. We had never known a soul, up to that time, that had ever heard of Egypt. But the day before we decided in the secret council of our own family that we thought we might like to go there it became known to many people who had been all over Egypt and who said they had as many dollars as they knew the Nile. The first Egyptologist we fell a prey to was a lady who numbered the sands of the desert with her wandering feet. "Wear nothing but gauze," she said; "get the lightest imitation of the gown which Cleopatra wears in the paintings," said she, "that you can find. The classic is that of the heart of Sahara." So we went into our American trunks and dug up the most diaphanous and sievelike things that we ever wore in a Minnesota July.*

*Then we met another tomb robber. "Dress for an exotic expedition," he said; "put on felt underwear before you leave the ship; take your storm coat and all your steamer rugs; you're going to mix up with some of the coldest nights and mornings you ever shivered through."*

*So we repacked the thin things and dug up the winter coat which was becoming and proper at the Minnesota ice carnival. Then we fell into the hands of another drago-woman who compelled us to lay in a stock of dark-blue goggles and green-lined sun umbrellas, for which we fell an easy prey to an English friend who took us to a place where we could be fitted out with sun helmets. Then an American who had spent winter in the Nile—"I go there every winter," he said; "it's the only place in the world fit to live in during the winter." We met this gentleman in Cairo, afterward, where he is the manager on one of the Nile boats, and he gave us a list of things we would need on the river trips—gloves, riding boots, riding trousers, spurs and English hunting whips. Then we met a man who went to Egypt on a thirty-day excursion ticket, personally conducted, and rushed through like a party doing the chutes.*

*"Have you bought any of these things yet?" he asked. We said no, but we showed him a list as long as an English hotel bill—well, no; not so long as that; about the length of a roll of carpet. "All right," he said. "Do you want me to do you a favor that will lay you under obligations to me which you never can repay?" I told him those were the obligations I liked best, because there was no use trying to repay them.*

*"Very well," said the excursion-ticket globe-trotter, and tore our precious lists into fragments, wadded them up into a twisted ball and tossed them out of the window. "Now," he said, "buy your tickets, wear what clothes you have and go to Egypt just as though you were going back to America." And he was the only man among all our drago-men and women who knew anything about it. We did as he said, not because we had the slightest faith in him at the time, for we said he was a fool to talk that way, but because he had destroyed the lists which had cost us many hours of painstaking inquiry and study to prepare, and we could not replace them without traveling all over Europe and finding the people who had dictated them. And also, because day by day we kept on meeting people who knew all about Egypt and who told us such diametrically contradictory things about it that we became hopelessly bewildered and at one time about decided to go either to China or South Africa or the Klondike instead, concerning which places we knew that nobody either told the truth, or tried to, or wanted to.*

*But we were curious to see a country which didn't have the same aspect of landscape or climate to any two people, so we came to Egypt. Just as we were*

*ready to start we were assured that Port Said was quarantined on account of smallpox. So we changed our tickets to Alexandria. Then we were informed that Alexandria was quarantined for the plague. As we knew what the smallpox was, we decided that it was better to endure the ill which had a homelike flavor rather than fly to others to which we were entire strangers. So we changed back to Port Said and the smallpox. Sailed on the steamer Kaoutschou—the steadiest ship that ironed out a rough sea into smoothness—and on our way had ample time to learn from a host of travelers that we would not understand a word that was said in Egypt; that the Arabs, especially donkey boys and carriage drivers, had their own names for streets and places and spoke not a word of English, and that we could go nowhere without an interpreter or dragoman. This was discouraging, for I don't even speak gum arabic, but I had confidence that I could make any man understand me if only I could yell loud enough. And so we landed at Port Said to learn that it had been so long since there had been any quarantine there that they didn't know how to spell it; that the smallpox in Egypt is esteemed even as the measles at home; that there is vastly more—and far better—English spoken here, there, and everywhere in all the cities of Egypt than there is in the cities of France; that the customs officials were courteous, prompt, and that travelers' luggage was treated with the utmost moderation and deference, and that Port Said didn't look any more like Egypt than Beardstown, Ill., does. The weather in January was exactly like a California January in the exceptional year. The largest sign on the Port Said water front was "Whisky," and it repeated itself on a great many of the commonplace "dashboard fronts" of the numerous "thirst cures" at the mouth of the Suez Canal. And this was Egypt! This town where everybody speaks English, where the houses are more "American" than anything in Europe; where—*

*"There's a Camel."*

*And we looked in the direction of the boy's pointing hand, and lo, a dozen camels, walking in single file, each ship of the desert fastened by his hawser to the rudder post of the ship in front of him, moving into the city tied thus nose and tail, with great burdens of stone in rope baskets—the greatest collection of humps, angles, dips, spurs and sinuosities I had ever seen outside a circus—and it didn't cost a cent to look at it. And they are not like the circus camels, either. They are lumpery, uglier, more ungainly, meaner tempered, altogether viler looking than their more fortunate brothers who travel on their shape. This is sure enough Egypt.*

*And crossing the track of the camels came a cow, followed by a girl. On her head the girl bore a stuffed calf, with wooden legs like trestles. And this wretched imitation of a calf is set down beside the cow at milking time, and it is believed that the cow yields her lacteal secretion more readily, believing that she is nourishing her offspring. This is Egypt sure enough. Imagine anybody fooling an American cow with such a palpable fraud.*

*And here comes a porter with a big Saratoga trunk, a wrap-all and a dress-suit case strapped on his back. He has trotted from the ship—nearly a mile—with that load, and the minute he sets it down at the station he begins to howl and jabber with the breath of a dozen men, insisting that it be weighed and "registered" right away. I believe an Arab porter could carry a locomotive if somebody could put it on his back.*

*We realize that this is Egypt when the crowd of passers, dragomen, porters, beggars, peddlers, Syrians, Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, Arabs, Nubians, Soudanese, "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," English, Americans, French, Germans, Italians and Dutch begin to swarm in, around, and all over the little station a little after train time—for it is not the custom of the trains to start on time—and join in the chorus of such a conversazione as has not been heard on earth, outside of Egypt, since the day of the great disjointed debate at the tower of Babel. And mingled with every crowd in Egypt is a large contingent of natives who merely attend these functions for the purpose of swelling the volume of talk. The din is terrific, and everybody is in a frenzy of haste, except the people who have something to do. On one side the baggage counter is a seething mob of yelling, crowding, wrangling, pushing and gesticulating humanity. Inside are the baggagemen and other railway employés, calm, deliberate, easy as one of their own time cards. Finally we are all on board, struggling for the best places in a train with room enough for thrice as many of us. And then as we sigh in a sort of rapturous content and settle down for the run to Cairo, the politest of officials come along and fire us all out with such graceful deference and gentleness that the operation is a delight. We are all in the wrong train. One of the railway officials—long life and a quiver full of happiness to him—is to be married today, and this is the wedding train—two baggage cars and ten coaches—don't talk to me about your "private cars;" we have a whole train when we try to do the correct thing in Egypt.*

*The Nile.*

*Egypt is nothing but a river, which, from the junction of its two great fountain streams at Khartoum, flows through a green ribbon, 1350 miles to the delta, and the ribbon is from five to nine miles wide. In our own blessed land, thrifty, progressive, enlightened, up to date, there are farms that have worn out in fifty years; some that have utterly exhausted themselves in 100; some in New England that are more than 200 years old. This strip of Egyptian ribbon, farmed by—well, I was near to the point of calling them semi-savages—Egyptians, cultivated with a crooked stick, have yielded wheat harvests for somewhat over four hundred years, and are yet under cultivation. We have the best land on earth, we have; only there is some other that lasts*

*longer and yields more abundantly with hopelessly antiquated methods of agriculture; that's all.*

*The Nile is the color of Philadelphia's drinking water, and only a trifle richer. From the mountains of Abyssinia year by year it brings down the fertilizing soil which the inundation spreads over the land, and renews it as the mighty dew refreshes the grass. This soil is not like any other soil in the world in its composition. If you care to compare it with an analysis of your own farm, it contains 63 per cent. of water and sand, 18 per cent. of carbonate of lime, 9 per cent. of quartz, felspar, hornblende and epidote; 6 per cent. of oxide of iron and 4 per cent. of carbonate of magnesia. For 1200 miles this river has not a single tributary, and in that distance its fall to the sea is only 1240 feet. And all the way the hot sun drinks it up, and the thirsty desert that crowds close upon it from both sides drains its life current. During the inundation the river no longer spreads out over its banks to transform the land of Egypt into a great inland sea. A lacework of canals and smaller irrigating ditches distributed the water as it is required, under the supervision of government engineers. By these the water is maintained at the requisite depth until it has deposited the necessary amount of mud on the fields.*

*And at this time the villages are islands. Sometimes communication between them is provided by the canal embankments, and oftener by boat. Or, if you have legs ten or fifteen feet long, you may wade. Or you may swim. Or you may stay at home until the water subsides, which, after all, is the best place for you. The river begins to rise in June, increases until the close of September, remains stationary until October, when it reaches its greatest height. Sometimes after it begins to subside it rises again to its first culminating point—rarely it goes beyond it—and by November or earlier it begins steadily to recede until it reaches its lowest point in April, May and early in June. Between high and low water the difference is 25 feet at Cairo, 38 at Thebes, 400 miles farther up the river, and at Assouan, 580 miles, and from Cairo it is 49 feet. On each bank of the river rise the mud banks 15 to 25 feet high, beyond them the little strip of green ribbon, bordered with the yellow desert sands, which are hemmed by the Arabian Mountains on the east and the Libyan on the west, great barren, desolate cliffs of sandstone or limestone. There is an island in this strange river at Philae, just above the first cataract. And the next island, coming down the river, is nearly 600 miles away. And the island of Philae will disappear with "the most sentimental ruin in Egypt" in about two years.*

#### A Great Water Meter.

*The river is not permitted to run away to sea as soon as it recovers from the effects of the annual "high" that it goes upon. Modern science—not so essentially modern, all of it—conserves the waters of the inundation and compels them to work steadily and keep longer hours and more days. The great barrage, or weir, of the Nile at Cairo, designed to keep the water at a uniform level in order to obviate the necessity for the old irrigation machinery—which is as old as the Nile, and consists of a man, a pole, and a leather bucket—as well as to provide deep water for summer navigation below Cairo, was begun in 1835 under Mohammed Ali. It drank up money as the desert drinks water, got all it wanted until 1867, when it was given up, and for twenty years lay a useless and confessed failure, when a Scotchman, Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, completed it, and made it a practical success at a cost of \$2,500,000. And now another Scotchman, John Aird—it was hardly necessary to say "another Scotchman"—is building the barrage above the first cataract, which will back up a lake that will submerge the island of Philae and the beautiful ruins of the Temple of Isis. So if you want to see Philae you have no time to lose.*

#### Getting Along.

*In our own great land—the greatest country on earth, by the way; this is admitted even by the people who live in it—there has been under discussion for many years some such plan for storing away the waters of the Mississippi. It is still under discussion. In about two years, when the barrage at Philae is completed, it will be under discussion still. The Egyptians are not a civilized people. They wear skirts, and not many of them, and slippers without heels, and most frequently without the soles and uppers also; they speak a language that no European ever successfully masters in one lifetime. They are a very backward people. The trouble seems to be that they have no Congressmen to manipulate their river and harbor bills, and so the poor Moslems go ahead and do things while we are talking about them. We are undoubtedly the greatest people on earth, only there are some other people who are, if not great, at least capable.*

*Cairo, Egypt, January, 1901.*

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#### FAVORS ELECTRICIANS.

*A vote was recently taken by the Electrical World and Engineer on the twenty-five greatest names in electrical science during the late century. The participants in the ballot were 277 members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, who were requested to arrange the names in the order of supposed excellence. The following list, therefore, shows not only the men who were chosen, but also their standing in the esteem of the institute: Faraday, Kelvin, Edison, Bell, Morse, Henry, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, Maxwell, Ampere, Siemens, Ohm, Hertz, Davy, Brush, Wheatstone, Helmholtz, Gramme, Steinmetz, Roentgen, Sprague, Plante, Marconi, Oersted and Joule.*

# The New Zealand "Poo Bah." By Frank G. Carpenter.

## PECULIAR LABOR LAWS.

### HOW THE GOVERNMENT ACTS AS BANKER, RAIL-ROAD MANAGER AND TELEGRAPHER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**H**OW would you like to be sure of a pension after you are 65? How would you like to know that if your income is then not more than \$170 a year Uncle Sam will annually hand you out \$90 to boot, or that if you have a little more than \$170 he will give you enough to make your total income \$260?

This is one of the experiments they are trying in New Zealand. They are trying it upon old men and old women as well. If an old man has a wife over 65, both man and wife come under the law, and both get pensions, so that if their combined incomes do not exceed \$340 they may together get an annual present of \$180 from the government, giving them a total income of \$520, by no means a bad provision for one couple's old age.

This law has been in effect for two years. The bill was introduced into the New Zealand Parliament by Premier Seddon in 1898, and it passed both houses. Already between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 has been paid out in pensions under it, and the tax required to support it is more than \$1 a year for every man, woman and child in New Zealand. There are between 9000 and 10,000 people here who are receiving old-age pensions, or considerably more than one in every hundred.

#### Suppose We Had Old-age Pensions!

If similar conditions prevailed in the United States we should have 2700 old-age pensioners in the national capital, 34,000 in New York, about 20,000 in Chicago, 13,000 in Philadelphia, 6000 in Boston proper and 1000 or more in each of a score of the other cities of the United States. In the whole country, taking the last census at the round estimate of 75,000,000, we should have 750,000 old-age pensioners, and if each received \$85, the average pension of New Zealand in 1899, the annual tax for this purpose would amount to considerably more than \$63,000,000. If we paid as much per capita as New Zealand is now paying it would be more than \$75,000,000, so that it is hardly probable Uncle Sam will adopt the system this year.

#### Who Get Pensions.

Still, they do things differently in New Zealand. They have all sorts of ideas as to what a man can earn and what the government should do to help him. A theory held by some of these people is that no man should have an income of more than \$750 a year, and that if he has more it should be taxed out of him. The theory of the old-age pension system is that every old man should have at least \$260, and if he has not so much the government should help him to it.

Our army of pensioners is composed of old soldiers, their widows and children. The army of pensioners in New Zealand is made up of old wornout workmen and workwomen who have failed to lay up more than a pittance for the day they are unable to work. The law provides only that the pensioner must have been a resident of New Zealand for twenty-five years prior to his application; that he must have spent less than five years in the penitentiary during that time, and that he must not have been in jail more than four months or four times during the twelve months preceding. It provides that his character must be good at the time of application, and that he must have been sober and reputable during the five years preceding that time. The applications are made at the postoffices, where such as pass the examinations are given certificates, each entitling its owner to a pension for one year, the idea being that it may be renewed at the close of that time.

As far as I can learn this pension system is popular. There are but few old people in charitable institutions, and the old-woman beggar is unknown.

#### How Labor Disputes are Settled.

The New Zealand statesmen pride themselves upon their new laws regulating labor and capital. They have not had a strike for seven years, and expect none in the future. The capitalists think differently, but that is another story.

Today the workingmen are the lords of New Zealand, and the laws have been dictated by them. A curious feature is the prominence of the trades unions and the wiping out of the individual. The famous conciliation and arbitration laws recognize only the trades unions, although it is provided that any seven men may register as a union and thus come under the law. I had a chat the other day as to these laws with the Minister for Labor, Edward Tregear. They are supposed to settle all disputes between the employers and the employed. Under them New Zealand has been divided into six industrial districts, each of which has its board of labor conciliation, consisting of members chosen by the trades unions and the capitalists. If there is a dispute the complaint is made to the board. It sends for persons and papers and after examination gives a judgment, which both parties must accept. If the union is in the wrong it decides against it. If the employer is in the wrong he is told that he must make the matter right, and the decision so arrived at remains in force as the law for two years to come. It goes without saying that the board is usually in favor of the unions and against the capitalists.

#### The Court of Labor Arbitration.

If either party is not satisfied, however, an appeal can be made to the Court of Arbitration. This consists of three members, two appointed by the Governor upon the recommendation of the unions and the capitalists

and a third, who is the Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand. This court tries the case, and its judgment is final. It can fix wages, the working hours, and other matters, and it can impose fines, not to exceed \$2500. It assesses damages upon the parties to the suit, and all the property of the judgment debtors can be taken to satisfy such claims; and, if the judgment debtor is a trades union or an industrial association without property, the members of that union are liable to the amount of \$50 per member.

#### Some Curious Labor Cases.

I have before me the government reports of a number of such cases. The judgments are curious ones. Here is a case which came before the Court of Conciliation in Dunedin, being brought at the instance of the Dunedin Painters' Union. The court decided that all painters shall work from 8 o'clock until 5 on five days of the week, and from 8 until 12 on Saturday, one hour being allowed each day for dinner, except Saturday. The decision fixes the number of apprentices, and it provides that employers shall hire members of the union in preference to non-union members.

In the case of the Bakers' Union of Christchurch the court decided that overtime must be paid at the rate of time and a quarter for the first four hours and at the rate of time and a half for every hour thereafter. It limits each journeyman to but one apprentice, and fixes the term of apprenticeship at four years. It provides that no carter can be employed in a bakehouse, but that a baker may send out his employees to deliver bread, provided they do not work overtime.

In a dispute between the iron molders of Wellington and their employers the Court of Arbitration decided that the journeymen should not work more than forty-six and one-half hours a week, and that there should be only one apprentice to every three journeymen, that apprentices should work for five years, and be paid not less than \$1.25 a week for the first six months, and a rising scale of wages thereafter up to the fifth year, when they should receive at least \$7.50 a week.

As to the Furniture Union of Wellington, where wages were in dispute, the court decided that the employers should pay all saddlers and upholsterers \$2.50 per day for eight hours' work, and that they should pay 25 per cent. additional an hour for overtime for the first four hours and 50 per cent. for every hour thereafter.

The decisions of these boards establish the rate of wages not only for the parties to the dispute, but for all others engaged in similar labor. For instance, if the court decides that a certain employer shall pay his shoemakers \$12 a week the shoemakers in other shops will at once demand the same and get it. There are cases in which the employers have the best of the dispute. For instance, not long ago the printers of Wellington were getting \$15 a week. They demanded \$19 a week. Their employers were willing to give them \$17.50, but they were not satisfied, and brought the matter before the court. The court awarded them \$17, and this must be their wages for the next two years.

#### Government as Life Insurance Agent.

There is a big building in Wellington which is known as the Government Life Insurance Office, where you may find just how much the New Zealand body politic is willing to bet on the chances of life and death among its citizens. The government has been carrying on a life-insurance business since 1869, and the officials tell me that it pays. There is talk now of establishing a government fire-insurance department, and there are those who think the government should manage the banks. The life-insurance company uses the postmasters as its agents, and thus has its offices at every cross-roads. It will not issue a policy for more than \$20,000, but it gives a low rate, and you are fairly sure of your money. There are now 36,000 policies in force, representing an insurance of about \$45,000,000. Up to 1898 the department had received about \$23,000,000 in premiums, and it had paid out to its policy holders over \$13,000,000.

The insurance funds are largely invested in the bonds of the municipal corporations of New Zealand and in mortgages on real estate based upon a three-fifths valuation of the property. The salaries of the company are all paid by the government and are independent of the amount of business done.

The Government Life Insurance Company is managed after the same manner as our life-insurance companies and upon similar calculations of the chances of life and death. There is a system of paid-up policies and a Tontine savings-fund system, introduced about seventeen years ago. There is a temperance section also, which grants special rates to those who abstain from intoxicating liquors, and a civil-service insurance which provides annuities for government clerks after they are 60 years of age.

#### Banking in New Zealand.

New Zealand has as yet no national bank, although the government is largely interested in some of the private banking associations. There are five banks which have the right to issue notes. The chief of these is the Bank of New Zealand, with a capital of \$10,000,000 in 4 per cent. stock guaranteed by the government. This bank has for a long time been the principal one in the islands. It was on the verge of failure a few years ago, when the government, to prevent a panic, came to its assistance and gave it a loan of £1,000,000. At present the government holds shares in it to the value of £2,500,000, and there are some who think that the investment is not an especially safe one.

The average amount of deposits in New Zealand banks is steadily increasing, showing that the country is accumulating money. In 1868 it was only about \$15,000,000; at the end of the next decade it was almost

\$45,000,000, and it amounts now to more than \$85,000,000, and their liabilities about the same.

Banking here is far different from that in the United States. It is managed more or less being monopolized by these five banks in the different towns. There are 125 places in which banking is done, there is a savings bank connected with

#### Postoffice Savings Banks.

The postoffice savings banks are of course government. They are banks of deposit, 2½ to 3 per cent. being allowed on all deposits, and in mortgages on the big estates with such terms that the purchasers pay down the present the yearly deposits of the banks amount to more than \$15,000,000. In January, 1899, their total assets were \$35,000,000, making an average of about \$1000 per account.

There are now about 160,000 depositors in the postoffice savings banks, which, taking the value of New Zealand, equals one to every family. One savings-bank deposit to every family of average about \$50,000 is daily deposited in the postoffice, the government annually pays out there than \$75,000 in interest.

Deposits as low as 1 shilling are accepted, and there is an arrangement by which twelve penny stamps, paste them on a card, and there as your deposit. Three per cent. is charged on accounts ranging from \$1000 to \$10,000 above that no interest whatever. This is a great service to small depositors.

There are also seven private savings banks in the colony, in which the deposits amount to about annually.

#### Co-operative Associations.

New Zealand has its building and co-operative associations, as well as all sorts of co-operative associations of farmers. There are large stores managed by the farmers' mercantile associations, somewhat to the grange stores which are common in the United States. I visited one of this kind in Christ Church. It had a manager told me that it paid 10 per cent. to stockholders. It is much like one of our stores, with the prices marked on all articles. Many of the meat-freezing companies are common here and are managed by stockholders, which the sheep owners are interested in them pay good dividends.

#### The Government Has Peculiar Functions.

The government of New Zealand is not only a man, but also acts as telegraph operator.

As postman it does as big a business as any government on the globe. It has 1500 postoffices; it annually carries 200,000,000 letters and about 15,000,000 newspapers, and postoffice business at a profit, instead of loss. Uncle Sam. It may be that the postoffice system enables it to do this, with receipts of a little more than \$100,000,000 annual balance of something like \$100,000.

The postal rates here are much the same as in the United States, and the postal accounts respects are better. I refer to the parcels, which are of large size up to eleven pounds, over the country at low rates, and money orders, which can be bought for from \$1 to \$100 in denominations of from 1 shilling to \$100.

The stamps used here are very beautiful. They were brought out in 1898, being made and finished under a prize offer from the government. Four hundred different designs were submitted, and the best was chosen.

Nearly every New Zealand postoffice, a telephone office, a savings bank, a life-insurance office and a money-order office, the postman has plenty to do. There are 18,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines, it transmitted in 1898 just about 3,000,000 messages. It costs only 12 cents to send a twelve-word dispatch, with a charge of 2 cents for each word. There are special rates for press cables, rates to Australia are low, being but \$1.25 for ten words, and the rate to London is \$1.30 per word, or to the United States, to the telephones, there are thirty-one exchanges in New Zealand, with about 6000 connections, the cost of making the same and equipping them is less than \$1,000,000.

#### The Other Side.

All these things seem attractive, but they are not all to the picture. A man is worth not only his name with a nation, and New Zealand is not up to a big public debt. In 1899 it owed just over \$100,000,000, or about \$300 per head, or \$300 per five. This debt is increasing. It has risen \$60 per family in the last twelve years, and the taxation today is in the neighborhood of \$100 per head.

Suppose the same conditions to prevail in the United States? We should owe 75,000,000 times \$100,000,000—a national debt that would turn our trust millionaires into the gopher holes of the backwoods of Asia, Africa or Europe. Wellington, New Zealand.

## IN DESERT PLACES.

REARY WASTES, BUT NOT DEVOID  
OF LIFE OR WEALTH.

*By a Special Contributor.*

SMALL boy, on being asked to write a composition on the desert, evolved the following: "A desert is just sand." The tourist who is seeking "a country," would have no fault to find with the boy's description, as he counts the weary miles of desolate waste that must be traversed before the "Promised Land" is reached. Like a vast inland ocean, desert billows to the horizon. It is "just sand" that traveler sees on every side—that he breathes, that he eats, mixed with the meal's served en route.

Finally the train stops at the station of a desert town, a scattered dozen or so of unpainted houses and an equal number of stores and saloons comprising the settlement; and the traveler wonders how a human being can make up his habitation in such a spot, with nothing to compensate him for the lack of that which is found in forest solitudes. For in field and forest there is a companionship in the song of birds, in the

and made it in his anger and forgot.

intimate acquaintance with these desert places, the presence of life in myriad forms, where, no life could exist. In the scant shadow of and chaparral the horned toad seeks shelter during sunlight; tiny lizards skurry over the

along the banks of the Mojave River affording pasturage. The mineral resources of this region are not to be summed up in a paragraph. The most extensive borax mines in the world are located here, and salt is carried out by the carload. In the hills that hem the desert 'round, granite and marble are quarried, and gold, desired of all men, may be had for the finding. The yellow metal is quite as likely to be discovered in the desert itself, however, as in the hills beyond. It was there when the prospectors of '49 were hurrying on to the Sacramento River region, and it will be there in plenty as long as the mountains stand. The thing is to find it. When, in the spring of 1896, word went forth that a rich strike had been made in the Mojave Desert, it was like a trumpet call to old-timers. Prospectors from afar and near hastened to the new El Dorado—from Cripple Creek, Creede, Tombstone, Leadville, and even as far afield as Chihuahua, Costa Rica, Wales and the South African Rand.

African Rand. It was no chimera, this tale of wealth to be had for the seeking. Under the shifting sands of the desert ran ledges or rich, gold-bearing quartz, varying in width from five to twelve feet. The country for miles about the Rand, as it was named, was soon dotted with monuments—little mounds of earth three feet or more in height, containing copies of the miners' location papers stowed away in tin cans, or under stones.

The gold belt was traced for 115 miles, from Mojave to the borders of Death Valley, and was from two to ten miles in width. A town appeared, mushroom-wise, amid the sagebrush and mesquite; white tents covered the slopes and rude board shanties huddled at the bottom of a cañon known as Fiddler's Gulch. Every stick of timber and all supplies were "freighted" across the desert, six and eight-horse teams being required to haul the heavy loads. With the growth of the town, the houses no longer kept to the narrow, crooked street, but

this only road leading to the summit. They are not ordinary modest beggars, but the real lords of the Tai-schan, who levy a sort of entrance fee, which every traveler is compelled to pay. They are not content with crouching modestly by the roadside, for that would enable pilgrims to make their escape. In order to prevent this, each beggar builds a sort of wall of loose stones, about three feet high, across the avenue, with an opening of only a yard in the center, and in this opening he sits or kneels, knocking his head on the ground, and shouts, screams and howls at the approach of every pilgrim. They make room for nobody. Each traveler has to step over them, and naturally enough a few "cash" coins are thrown to them in order to avoid being touched or pulled by the clothes with their sore and filthy hands. They are most numerous in the lower portion of the road, but they assail the pilgrims also a few thousand feet higher up on the mountain. The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself halted and turned back 2600 years ago, not having had the strength to climb the 6000 stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington! These Tai-schan stairs are by far the highest in the wide world, for taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Tai-schan steps equals 300 stories. Still, I had to climb up, for these steps are in many places so narrow that I dared not trust my bones to the care of my two chair coolies; moreover, they were exhausted by the fatigue and heat, and apparently unable to carry even the empty chair. Their tariff for carrying one person up and down the Tai-schan, a distance of twice sixteen miles, is 600 cash, or 30 cents—15 cents for each coolie!

After six hours of tedious climbing, I passed through the Gate of Heaven and stood on the large plateau at the summit, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the



were dropped down anywhere, oftentimes clinging to the steep sides of the gulch like swallows' nests. And thus we see the desert mining town today—as picturesque a camp as was ever immortalized by the pen of Bret Harte.

Before the tourist takes the back track for the East he would do well to acquaint himself with the history of those days when a pilgrimage to the land of gold meant a slow, wearisome journey by prairie schooner, the 800-mile trip being made, weather and redskins permitting, in 110 days. He then may, if he will, extract considerable comfort from the reflection that he travels in a time when luxurious palace cars, in rapid transit, whisk one hither and yon after the manner of the Magic Carpet of Arabian Nights' fame—presto, change, and you are at your journey's end.

J. TORREY CONNOE

## LONGEST STEPS IN THE WORLD

**EXTEND SIX THOUSAND FEET UP THE SIDE OF  
A MOUNTAIN.**

[Century:] The height of the holy mountain (Tashan, in China,) is about six thousand feet above Taigan-fu, and the distance something over sixteen miles. The road is probably the best in all China. About a mile north of the city walls a large gate stands amid the ruins of once-flourishing suburbs, and after passing this gate I found myself in an avenue several miles in length, and lined with temples, convents and holy shrines, where pilgrims stop and pray if they succeed in shaking off the thousands of beccars who occupy

holy mother, consisting of a number of buildings surrounded by a high wall. Magnificent bronze statues and bronze monuments adorn the several courts, in the last of which rises the principal temple, with a huge statue of the holy mother on an altar. The doors of this temple are opened only once every year for an imperial commissioner who comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. But thanks to a substantial bakhshish, or, as it is called in China, "kumshah," a priest, pushed a loose bar of the main gate aside, enough to let me have a glimpse of the interior. The floor of this large temple was filled with a heap of coins three feet high—coins of every description, size and value, ancient and modern, mostly brass cash, but many millions of them, representing probably \$10,000 United States currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the lion's share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the Dowager Empress.

Still higher up stands a temple dedicated to the "sleeping holy mother." and entering I found an elegantly furnished bedroom, with a life-size doll lying under silk coverings on the bed. The accompanying priest whispered to me not to speak too loud, lest I should disturb the young lady's slumber.

"Last week at Relan, in the Selama district," says the Penang Gazette, "a boa constrictor swallowed four goats one after the other, and then disposed his eight feet of length to slumber. It was not his dinner that disagreed with him, but the vengeful owner of the goats, who followed and slew him as he slept."

## WANT TO BE ADOPTED.

### GREAT CHINESE PROVINCE WOULD JOIN THE UNITED STATES.

By a Special Contributor.

WHILE the powers are plotting and planning, each for its share of the vast Chinese empire, should the partition of the empire be the outcome of the present uncertain conditions, there is one great province of China, which, unknown to the other powers, is only waiting the chance to become a part of the United States. This is the seacoast province of Fukien, with a population of 22,000,000 people, rich cities and a great and growing commerce. Such has been the feeling of the people of the province toward the United States that a formal petition for annexation was once prepared, sealed and signed for transmission to the President, and when it was withheld at the advice of an American missionary, who told the petitioners that their prayer would be unavailing at that time, the matter was held in abeyance, and is, to all intents and purposes, in that condition today.

No piece of history so important as this is kept secret without the most potent of reasons. In this case the reason is not far to seek. The petition was practically the first step in the act of secession. Should it have become known to the ruling powers of the empire, not only all those prominently implicated, but thousands of suspects would have been beheaded. Human life is cheap in China. Fukien would have been drenched in blood. Conditions are changed now. A leading spirit in the movement—the man who today would be the first to suffer, has suffered the penalty of his straightforward and courageous patriotism. Standing for what he believed to be the empire's only hope, radical reform, the brave and brilliant young statesman, Ling Hsiao, was beheaded by order of the Empress at the time of the famous coup d'état of 1898, when he was but 20 years old. Of the other chief petitioners, all are now in positions of safety from identification, and the petition itself is where it may be at any time presented to the President and Congress of the United States; but where no official Chinese hand can discover its hiding place. So it is that now for the first time the story of the Chinese province that wanted to join the United States can be told.

#### Conditions Which Led to Petition.

It was shortly after the collapse of the imperial arms in the war with Japan, that the movement for the annexation of Fukien to this nation was inaugurated. China lay helpless at the mercy of her conqueror, and the powers were tearing at her like jackals. Korea had been taken from her and set up as an independent power, for the control of which, however, both Russia and Japan were eagerly striving. The great island of Formosa had been given to Japan, but the mainland had been "saved" to the empire, though at a heavy monetary cost, by the intervention of powers who had proved even more rapacious than Japan. Russia had secured Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of China. Germany on a mere pretext had seized Kiao Chau and was driving the population from the seized territory, dispossessing people from homes, some of which had been held in their families for over two thousand years. France had increased her claims in South China, and England, though she had not aided in relieving China from the demands of Japan, nevertheless felt justified in "accepting the lease of Wei Hai Wei," so that she could keep an eye on Russia who was building massive fortifications with feverish haste just across the narrow gulf. Italy was pressing her claims on the Bay of San Mun, in the province of Chekiang, while Japan, robbed of the spoils of victory, was attempting to regain prestige and compensate herself by making claims on the province of Fukien.

Such was the condition of China, and it is small wonder that patriotic Chinese were filled with apprehension. There were rumors of palace intrigues, of discord in the imperial clan, of strife between the Emperor and Empress Dowager. A formidable uprising existed in the Northwest provinces. Most Chinese believed that the present dynasty had run its course, and that the struggle for the succession was about to begin, and many were casting about for some man of destiny to whom they could offer their allegiance. Many plans were discussed by the various Governors and mandarins for saving their districts and provinces from the ravages of revolution and civil war, or the reign of anarchy that might ensue should the various powers attempt to intervene on account of the unsettled condition of national affairs.

All was confusion, distress and alarm. The rulers to whom the people looked for direction were busy, each striving to save his own property and head. Under such conditions there could be no well-formed plan of procedure in most of the provinces.

#### Patriotic Leaders.

In Fukien alone there were, among the leaders, a number of men who were instigated by motives of patriotism. They believed in their duty to the people under them, and they were ready to lay down their lives in carrying it out. Secret meetings were held, and they listened to the eloquence and learning of Ling Hsiao, then a mere boy in years, but by virtue of having already won his second degree, a man in wisdom and authority. He and several other influential men pointed out, also, the way of hope. The United States alone, of all the great powers, had been friendly and without design on Chinese territory or sovereignty. The treatment accorded to the natives by Americans had usually been in pleasing contrast to the harshness of other foreigners. So, in the belief that it was the best, if not, indeed, the only way to secure the peace for which their

people longed and which they needed for the development of their great commerce, the leading officials of the province, joined by one or two from adjoining provinces whom they had called in for consultation, advised the preparation of a petition to the President of the United States, asking that province to be annexed to this country, or at least that the President issue a proclamation extending American protection over it.

It is said that the sense of the entire gathering was that such a petition should be presented. As to the exact nature of the document there was much discussion. Many plans were advanced, and finally a compromise petition was completed embodying what were believed to be the best features of the various suggestions, and practically throwing the province on the mercy of the United States, with but few unimportant conditions. It is worthy of note that when these Chinese officials had prepared their petition to the United States they did not seek the United States Consul in Foochow, but an American missionary, the Rev. George B. Smyth, D.D., president of the Anglo-Chinese College in that city, who had endeared himself to all Chinese by his work in their behalf. Dr. Smyth is a New Yorker, educated in the College of the City of New York and Drew Theological Seminary, who went to China as a missionary in 1882 and was soon placed in charge of the educational work of his church in Foochow.

#### Petition Presented.

The company of patriots which bore the petition to Dr. Smyth's house was headed by one of the censors of China. The censors are in a way the highest officials of the empire, for it is their duty to criticise wrongdoing and incompetence, to correct abuses and recommend reforms; their right extends even to criticising the throne, while their prerogatives include immunity from responsibility for their criticisms. It was late at night when this band of conspiring mandarins reached the home of Dr. Smyth, and the old censor carefully laid on the table before him a formidable-looking docu-

ment for itself (Japan). It is insufficient to think that they shall be ruled over by dwarfs (Japanese).

"Our province is rich; the Great South comes to us for the tea leaves that are of Bohea famous wherever the sun shines; that your country would find a compensation enough with our people to repay us for which we now humbly pray. This is written on the vermilion scroll, which accept from us. Do you, therefore, take it and present it to the ruler of your President of the Great America, and for an edict (proclamation) annexing the Happy Establishment to his dominion, not be we beg that at least he will extend his protection over our territory and over our people who are threatened with great sorrow and in his benefice shall condense to us."

When the censor had ceased speaking, stood for a moment dumfounded. He then plain to the assembled mandarins that was impossible; that our people would not have such a proposition; that the President would do such a thing; that he was not as they were, but could simply carry out his people. The petitioners, however, were and they insisted that Dr. Smyth should go to them as their ambassador.

"Teacher," said the old censor, "we stand, but you are wise. Here is money, which will be yours. Go and make the prayer for this petition to your President. You will see him, and he will understand. He will accept our prayer and leave us to the mercy of those who plunder and destroy us."

#### The Case of Hawaii Cited.

Dr. Smyth then explained to them that he had recently made a similar petition to the United States, and while it had been favorably re-



ment written on vermilion paper, on which all official communications in China are inscribed. Dr. Smyth looked in wonder from one to another of the Chinese officials before him, and, using the ceremonial form employed on occasions of import, finally said:

"Venerable sirs, what have I done to receive the favor of a visit from you, my elders brothers, to this my miserable hut?"

The old censor who headed the delegation went straight at the matter, without the usual preliminary formalities, answering:

"Teacher (in China it is the custom to address all missionaries by this title,) 'it is at your feet that we have come tonight to learn wisdom. The Kingdom of the Great Pure is threatened with a return to the time of the Three Kingdoms when the country was divided among warring factions. The inhabitants of the Happy Establishment (Fukien) are peaceable and law abiding, but they have heard that their territory has been claimed by a foreign power. They shudder to think of the devastation that will come upon them should their country become a battlefield between the armies of rival claimants to the throne.'

"We have not forgotten," continued the old censor, "the bloodshed and barbarities of the great Taiping rebellion, which exterminated and depopulated provinces, and we desire, if it is possible, to save the people of this district from suffering in such a manner. The sons of Han (Chinese) have from time immemorial exercised the right of selecting their own rulers, and we believe that the happiness and prosperity of our people will be greater and more surely secured under the beneficent rule of the Great America, than it would under that of the power which we have heard has claimed our prov-

President, a succeeding President (Cleveland) denied their prayer. The censor referred to the delegation, and they insisted that the matter be made. Then Dr. Smyth, who had begun to repeat his petition, called their attention to the fact that what to Americans would be a prime request in petition, it was true, was signed by them, the officers and officials of the province, but it was evident that it expressed the will or desire of the people over whom they ruled. Americans would not consider an offer made by officials alone, and unless they were satisfied that the people desired this thing. For a moment the men were nonplussed, but when they comprehended the attitude of mind they quickly accepted the language. One of the younger men spoke up, and

"In this we are acting not for ourselves, but for the people. They will be of the same mind as we are. If it is desired, we will secure the names of the petition."

"And I will guarantee that we will have the support of every important merchant and business man in great parts of the province," added the old censor. "All this will take time," said Dr. Smyth, "but I believe by the suggestion which would give you an opportunity to consider the matter maturely and others about it if that seemed best. The old censor agreed to the suggestion. Then all can be present and the signatures. Then all can be present and I will aid you to the best of my ability."

As the delegation was retiring, after Dr. Smyth said:

"Do you not know that you are important?"

...and that you would be beheaded if this  
was known in certain quarters?"  
To which the old man replied with a proverb which  
had been handed down: "The man of virtue will do the right  
and let his life be forfeit," and the others murmured  
in assent.

From *China's Own*.

Since the circulation of the petitions had fairly  
ceased there was no marked change in the aspect of  
the movement, with the understanding, however, that the matter  
would be brought up at any time which might seem  
opportune. It is an open secret that from that day to  
this many influential men of the province have been  
persuaded that the annexation might some day be brought  
about.

Fukien is one of the richest provinces in China, and  
it is said to be one of the most eagerly sought in case of par-  
tition. It lies on the southeastern coast of China, oppo-  
site the island of Formosa. Along its northern and  
western borders runs a high range of mountains which  
separates this province out from the rest of the  
empire. From this great range down toward  
the sea, and reaching out ranges of minor hills, which give to  
the province an agreeable diversity of scenery that has  
been compared to that of our State of Maine. Between  
these hills stretch rich valleys which support one of the  
richest populations of this earth, in one of earth's most  
fertile regions. Its plains lie on the sunny side of the  
mountains and roll down in well-watered slopes to the  
sea. Numerous rivers, navigable almost to  
the sea, in the western highlands, flow down to  
which washes a coast unmatched for the attractions  
and convenience of its numerous harbors. The  
provinces was anciently called Min, after its famous  
ruler, which still bears that name, but its magnificent  
and its many peculiar advantages became so  
well known that its ancient name was abandoned, while the  
people gave it the more expressive and better descriptive  
name of Fukien (The Happy Establishment.) Fukien  
is an empire in itself, and cut off as it is by the  
great mountain range which surrounds it, there is no other  
part of China which could detach itself from the  
empire with so little disturbance, either to itself or its  
neighboring territory. It covers an area but little larger  
than the State of Ohio, but has a population of some  
one and a half million. The people speak a dialect peculiar  
to themselves, and have marked characteristics which  
distinguish them from other Chinese, with whom in  
ancient times they have often been at war. To this day a deadly  
feud exists between them and the Hantse, who occupy  
the northwestern slope of the great mountain range  
which divides them. Frequent raids, plundering and punishment  
are even now made over the mountains into each  
other's territory. The Fukienese are a hardy and vigorous  
race. For hundreds of years they have been noted  
as merchants and sea-going men. Their ports, Amoy,  
Fukien, Chow and Foochow, were great emporia, celebrated  
throughout the East over sixteen hundred years.  
Fukien occupies that part of the Chinese mainland  
which is nearest to our island possession in the Philippines. The  
people of the province have been peculiar for the absence  
of that intense anti-foreign spirit which has  
marked the Chinese of the great interior provinces.  
Probably the prejudice against foreign religion has  
been less strong in Fukien than in any other province  
of China, for in its borders are found two-thirds of all  
Christian converts in the whole empire of China. From the Chinese point of view, seeing the  
United States taking a prominent part in oriental-world  
affairs and establishing its flag in the Far East, it  
will soon seem that the reasons for the annexation of Fukien  
are far more potent now than ever before. It  
will surprise no man familiar with the affairs of the  
world that vermillion petition journey across  
the Pacific, addressed to the President of the United  
States.

GUY MORRISON WALKER.

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#### THIS IS GERMAN FREEDOM.

[Philadelphia Record:] A Philadelphia girl who has just returned from abroad tells of a remarkable experience in Germany, which illustrates the difference between democratic America and the monarchies of Europe. In Berlin she was stopping with a German family, and one day she went out to view Emperor William, who was to pass a certain place on horseback surrounded by the Imperial Guard. She was accompanied by the German woman with whom she was staying. The streets were crowded, and after waiting an hour the American girl grew tired. "Let us go," she said in German to her companion. "I don't believe he is coming." "Oh, yes he is," was the reply. "Wait a little longer. Just think what a great thing it will be when you go home to say you have seen the Emperor." The American girl made a face, but consented to wait a little longer. A half hour passed, and her patience was exhausted. "I shan't wait any longer," she exclaimed. "I don't want to see the hateful old thing, anyhow. I'm just as good as he is." As a result of this a policeman who overheard the remark insisted upon taking her into custody, and she was fined for "insulting speaking and inciting to riot." She lost no time in getting out of Germany.

#### BELL IN ITS THIRD CENTURY.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] The bell on historic old St. John's Church, in Richmond, Va., where Patrick Henry made his famous speech prior to the American revolution, rung in the new century. This bell is thus given the distinction of being the only one in this country, with the possible exception of that on old Liberty Bell, in Philadelphia, that has rung in three centuries. Old St. John's bell has an interesting history. Many years ago, when the old structure for which it was made was repaired, the bell was removed and sold. A few years ago its last owner presented it to the Virginia Historical Society, by which it was restored to the church.

## EDIBLE SNAILS.

### A CALIFORNIA SNAILERY WHERE THEY ARE RAISED FOR FOOD.

By a Special Contributor.

MANY people in America who have never been abroad and have no taste for foreign dishes are unaware of the valuable gastronomic features of the snail. The epicure who is perfectly versed in gastronomy will find that the snail is not to be despised in the art of good eating.

One of the most valuable additions which the snail has given to humanity is found not alone in cooking, but in mediciné. A syrup is made in France called "sirop d'escargots," which is especially valuable for consumptives. In addition to this, there is also a food preparation made by chopping the snails up, which is called "pâte d'escargots," and is very useful as a diet for weak and scrofulous patients. The syrup is, however, intended for those whose stomachs are too delicate to digest the other. These food principles make the greatest difference in the conditions of the health of patients.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Pernot, at Colegrove, Los Angeles county, there is a snailery of considerable importance. The snails were brought from France, imported for the use of the family only, and are of the variety called the escargot bordellaise. In



SNAIL IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

France they are such a great pest in the vineyards that boys are hired to pick them off. The large ones are taken to market, where they may be seen in many baskets, sold every year for the consumption of the people as a regular article of diet. The small ones are fed to the chickens, which are very fond of them. They are, indeed, such a relish to all sorts of fowls that it is necessary, in their breeding places, to keep them tightly inclosed, in order to preserve them from being devoured.

At first M. Pernot brought from the old country a larger variety, called escargot Bourgogne, two dozen in number, which lasted only about a year. They were seemingly unable to reproduce themselves in sufficient quantities to be of any use, and finally all died. The reason that has since been ascribed to this failure in perpetuation is that the snails are carnivorous by nature, and required some kind of meat food. If they do not obtain other flesh, it is said that they will devour each other for the want of it. In the present and smaller-

with half water and half white wine, mixed with parsley, thyme, garlic and laurel leaf, and then bake them for half an hour. They are served in a high, fancy pile, on a dainty dish, with a thickened sauce, made of the yolks of eggs, butter and lemon juice."

About forty are considered a meal for a man, but some eat fifty or more, as they shrink a great deal in cooking. Commonly they are cooked in a frying pan, and with the shells on, served thus at the table, and removed from the shell with a hook.

The taste of the snail when cooked is not unlike that of a small clam or mussel, only the stuffing and the preparation changes the flavor, so that the snail itself becomes a secondary consideration. There is, of course, none of the fishy taste found in the bivalves.

The breeding and egg-laying processes of the snail are quite peculiar. When they are ready to lay their eggs, they dig a hole, and for about a month remain quiet. The eggs are whitish gray, and about 200 or 200 in number. The young snails are about the size of a pinhead when hatched, and come out with perfect shell and all complete, just as they are when grown. They increase very rapidly in numbers. It was only two years ago when M. Pernot brought out a couple of dozen from France, and he now has many thousands.

The animals are kept in a cool place beneath the tankhouse or windmill, in a sort of a box with no bottom, covered with a screen lid; on the inside are numerous pieces of pipe and tiling, which are used by the snails to crawl and rest upon. Here they lie in great numbers, fastened with their sticky fluid during the heated periods of the day in the coolest possible places, and coming out freely in the mornings to their food, when water is thrown upon them.

They are great travelers, and would, if not well guarded, wander all over the country. They are, when inclosed in the shell and full grown, about the size of a half dollar. The color of the shell is a rich brown; and after being cooked and cleaned it resembles tortoise shell in the beauty of its markings and the clearness of its color. In all other respects this kind of snail, which is classified as the genus *Helix* and the species *Pomatia* Linn, is about the same as any other edible snail.

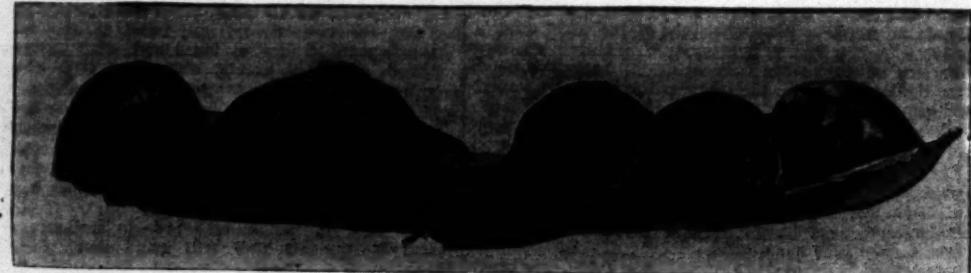
Just at present the market for snails does not seem to be great in this country. It is only a fad, and of no profit, except for the pleasure of eating, but the prospect is favorable, in the opinion of those who have ever given the subject serious consideration. In the Colegrove snailery, which is probably the only one in the United States, there is no effort made to secure public patronage, although the owners are very willing to show the snails to all visitors. They are most courteous in welcoming strangers, and spend a great deal of time in telling people all about how the snails are raised and prepared for eating.

Taking into consideration the small amount of care needed and the easy and rapid propagation, together with the small expense which is necessary to bring the animals to a condition for the market, there would seem to be no reason why snail culture should not become a profitable and common form of industry in California, especially as this warm climate is favorable to it.

ELIZABETH T. MILLS.

#### THE MISSING SABBATH.

[Baltimore Sun:] An old globe circler says that in going around the world there is scarcely one traveler in a hundred who remembers that in going from east to west a day is gained and in going from west to east a day is lost. Many of those who come into contact with



SNAILS FROM COLEGROVE SNAILERY.

sized variety, the necessity of animal food is not so great, although a small meat diet would not be of any disadvantage to this kind also. Their food consists of various kinds of herbs; lettuce, artichokes and cabbage; and just before killing them it is customary to feed them for some time on aromatic herbs, such as mint, thyme, summer savory, etc., which add greatly to their flavor after being cooked.

The snail is kept for a period of about four weeks in bran previous to the time when it is prepared for eating; this is necessary in order to give it a fine flavor. If, however, a meal is called for when there is not time to make this preparation, and the creature must be taken immediately from its green food, it is placed in vinegar and salt, by means of which the slime is removed and it is otherwise purified. The animal is then washed many times, and is ready for cooking.

A French cook-book describes the method of preparing snails for the table as follows: "After washing in several waters, snails are placed in a frying pan, with just enough cold water to cover them, salted, and then let boil for a few minutes. After this they are taken from their shells and placed in cold water, washed carefully until no slime is left, and put back in the water, with salt, pepper, thyme, garlic, etc., to cook for a quarter of an hour on a slow fire. They are then again taken out and drained, placed in a frying pan, with an onion which has been hashed in butter and browned a little, not too brown, and with a little flour wet with water, and allowed to cook for two or three minutes. Another means of finishing the dainty dish is to cook them wet

with this truth knew all about it when they were at school, but never think of it on the high seas. In illustration of the point he tells this story:

"My first trip around the world was from England to Australia. Out in the middle of the Pacific a sign was put announcing that the date was Thursday, July 17. This was all right, but the next day the same sign was put up again. This was an opportunity for those of us who thought we were real wise to show the ship's officers that they were not infallible. After we had suspended our choicest sarcasm and had been rebuffed by various officers, the captain set us straight.

"On my way back one day the card went up announcing that it was Saturday, Aug. 12. The next day the sign said Monday, August 13. Two ministers on board thought the captain a somewhat profane old salt, who had skipped a day to avoid the religious services which they had prepared. He convinced them that it was a mere coincidence that on that particular date the lost day was Sunday. Since then I have never attempted to teach the ship's navigator his business, and he can skip a century if he wishes, without my saying a word."

The Rev. John L. Sewall, pastor of the First Congregational Church of North Brookfield, Mass., has announced that hereafter he will accept a reduction of 10 per cent. of his salary of \$1500 a year. His reasons for this are that he believes it is a good way to show sympathy for the operatives in the E. & A. H. Batcheller shoe shop, who are facing a 10-per-cent. cut in wages. Many of the operatives are members of the Rev. Mr. Sewall's parish.

## TEMPLE OF SCIENCE.

## BUILDING FOR UNCLE SAM'S DELICATE MEASURING MACHINES.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 18.—I am going to tell you about Uncle Sam's new Supreme Court of Weights and Measures, for the building of which Congress just gave Secretary Gage \$250,000. It is the largest bureau added to the government for many years. You have seen it referred to in the news dispatches as the National Bureau of Standards. That is its official name. I call it our Supreme Court of Weights and Measures, because it really will be the tribunal of last appeal, whereat disputes as to the accuracy of weights and measuring instruments can be finally settled.

This new bureau will save millions of dollars a year to our great industries, will make the researches of scientists more accurate, will enable the surveyor to stake out our building and farm lots with greater precision, will give the common people better measure of dry goods, groceries, gas and electric light; will protect Uncle Sam in his big contracts; will insure greater care in the filling of physicians' prescriptions; will make our great buildings, our bridges and other public works stronger; and will make railroad and steamship travel safer. In short, it will increase accuracy and precision in science, manufactures, the arts, commerce and domestic life. You, of course, know that Uncle Sam maintains here the National Observatory, which daily telegraphs throughout the whole country the standard time by which we set our clocks and watches, that they may be correct with respect to one another. Now this bureau of standards will correct our weights and measures, that they may all be equally uniform. It will test yardsticks, meter sticks, peck measures, litre measures, pound weights, kilogram weights, thermometers, steam gauges, and all kinds of delicate measuring devices. It will stamp each with a government stamp, certifying its truthfulness or error. In other words, it will be exactly for these instruments what the Mint is for our money. As far as the mere making of our money is concerned, it might be done in any suitably equipped shop. But the government stamp is necessary to assure its fineness and weight.

A representative of each measure or weight to be thus tested and stamped will be stored in the new bureau as "the standard of that particular measure and weight, with which all others of its class must be compared. There will be a standard yard graduated into standard feet and inches, other standards of length, standards of weight, quantity, electricity, heat, light, pressure, and so on, with their subdivisions and multiples. Today we are dependent upon Germany, France and England—which have standardizing bureaus—for these corrections. Instruments thus sent on journeys of 3000 and 4000 miles often break in passage, and have to pay duty for their return. Hence it has been cheaper for Americans to purchase from foreign instrument makers measuring devices bearing the official stamps of their governments.

It is difficult to realize the amount of care which will be taken with these standards installed in the new bureau. To properly shelter them from the many disturbing influences which have little effect upon ordinary instruments, the new building will cost half as much again as would a usual structure of the same size. I have been chatting with Prof. S. W. Stratton, the new director of the bureau, concerning his ingenious plans for the laboratory, as the main building will be known. It will be situated in an open space, so large that no other building can be erected within a quarter of a mile of it. It will be far enough from the city to be out of reach of the vibrations caused by heavy street cars and wagons. Even a footfall upon the naked earth produces a shock which will be felt by the projected standard instruments more keenly than by the keen ear of the Indian woodcraftsman, who discerns the approach of pedestrians from great distances. The laboratory must also be far from electric-car lines and the wide-spreading currents which issue from them. Many of the walls will be double, to prevent penetration of hot or cold air, and consequent fluctuation of interior temperature. A complicated heating plant, capable of perfect regulation, will cost twice as much as one used in an ordinary modern building. In many rooms there will be automatic-heat regulators, keeping the temperature absolutely constant. When a man enters one of these apartments the heat from his body will be sufficient to set these automatic regulators to work to cool the air a bit and establish the normal temperature. There will be a complete liquid-air apparatus and a high-temperature machine. Every room will be provided with water and gas. Compressed air and vacuum pipes will extend throughout the building, as will several systems of electric wires. There will be double windows, capable of flooding the rooms with light, also light-proof shutters making them absolutely dark. There will be fire-proof vaults for the storing of the standards. The delicate instruments will be mounted upon pieces of solid masonry sunk deep into the ground and surrounded by an open space, protecting against vibrations caused by the walking or moving of employés admitted to the apartments. There will be shops for instrument makers, laboratories for physicists and chemists, modern offices, a library and a large auditorium where lectures and meetings may be given. Protection from vibrations and foreign influences will be carried so far that a separate building, 1000 yards or more away, will install the engines, dynamos and other heavy machinery essential to the work. As a whole, the institution will be a modern temple of science, of which the country may be justly proud.

Now, here are some of the new standard instruments

which will be utilized to test similar devices used in our enterprises: Perhaps the most urgent need along these lines is for a standard measure of electric lamps. The so-called "standard candle," in whose terms these measurements are ordinarily expressed here in this country, is an unsatisfactory contrivance with a flickery flame. Today, when we contract for electric lights of a certain candle-power, we practically buy an unknown quantity. About one-sixth of the incandescent lamps used in this country are tested by what is known as the English parliamentary candle. This is a candle of specified composition and size, which burns 120 grains an hour with what is known in England as a "government wick." When this candle burns low it emits light of one strength, and when it burns full length its brilliance is quite another quantity. Furthermore, it is subject to drafts and other irregularities. In the government standardizing bureau of Germany is used for this purpose what is known as an "amyl-acetate lamp," slightly better. Uncle Sam's bureau will strive for an instrument which will be an ultimate standard, better still. The majority of the electric lamps bought in this country are tested by the manufacturers, according to an arbitrary standard of their own. But hereafter, when it is specified in contracts that electric lamps shall be, say 16-candle power, it will be an easy matter to select samples at random and send them to Uncle Sam's standardizing bureau.

The bureau will also establish a standard electric cell for measuring standard volts; indeed, electric standards of many kinds. Although applications of electricity represent a rapidly-growing business, with investments of \$2,000,000,000, there are no authoritative electric standards in this country, and no facilities for testing meters and other instruments used in electric measurements.

A standard thermometer will be another of the many instruments to be stored in this bureau. With this will be compared for correction the millions of thermometers used by physicians and surgeons, scientific laboratories, by the great establishments which harden and temper steel, distill liquids, enamel, bake and carry on their industries by aid of temperatures varying from the white heat of the furnace or refinery to the frigidity of the refrigerating apparatus. A slight error in temperature measurement during the manufacture of a great 16-inch gun would have cost the government \$125,000 if not discovered promptly. Our physicians and surgeons every day use thousands of clinical thermometers. A fever patient's life often depends upon the correct reading of these instruments. Yet there has been no bureau in this country where they could be standardized. The same is true of barometers, pressure gauges and steam-engine indicators, upon whose accuracy depend millions of human lives, traveling on trains and working in factories; polariscopes, upon whose readings is based our annual sugar duty of \$60,000,000, and whose error of one-tenth of 1 per cent. costs the government \$60,000. The same is true also of the instruments used by our internal-revenue officials in testing the percentage of alcohol in liquors. About \$110,000,000 in revenue annually depends upon their readings. But in the new bureau there will be standards of all such instruments, together with scores of other too technical to mention.

What Prof. Stratton intends to do for the perfection of accuracy in our measuring rods and tapes—also our weights and capacity measures—will come home more forcibly to the popular mind. Today, if you buy a lot you first employ a surveyor who measures certain dimensions and certain angles defining your property. Another man buys the adjacent lot, and his surveyor determines that your fence line is incorrect. There is no supreme authority to settle the dispute; therefore, you average the two surveys and build on the resulting measurement. The steel tapes and other instruments of these surveyors usually differ, and it is always a question whether you are getting a lot of the proper size. But after the new bureau of standards has been opened, you will, if shrewd, see to it that your surveyor uses instruments stamped with the government stamp. The same will be done by Uncle Sam with respect to the instruments used upon his public works and employed in testing the materials which he buys. If the surveyors and contractors also provide themselves with tested instruments they will avoid much inconvenience.

Take, for example, a man who contracts to make projectiles for the big guns used in our army and navy. Suppose the measuring instruments of the workmen who make the cannon and determine its precise caliber are corrected to a different standard from that used in correcting the instruments used in measuring the diameter of the projectiles. The projectiles arrive at the proving grounds, and do not fit, as sometimes happens. Then there is a dispute as to which standard is right, and the controversy is likely to be carried into the courts to be haggled over by lawyers looking for big fees. This is but an example of what happens in many industries.

For a long time Uncle Sam has had an office of weights and measures for giving out, mostly to scientists, standards of weights, measures and capacities, which have been adopted for convenience but not by law. It has always been a part of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, but is now merged into the new bureau of standards. Louis A. Fischer, who has had practical charge of this old office, took me through it the other day. He showed me what is practically our standard for measuring length, at the present time. This is known as the "standard meter." Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, representatives of various countries—ours included—met in Paris and agreed upon this, as well as a standard weight to be used by all countries represented. Mr. Fischer, while explaining this, took from a shelf a duplicate of "the" standard meter installed at Paris. He opened a long wooden case, in which was a japanned cylinder of tin. Unlocking the end of the latter, he drew out a hollow cylinder of wood, in which lay encased in plush what appeared to be a long bar of solid silver, whose cross-section was X-shaped. This bar

cost \$2500, its metal alone being upon which the hair lines of two rods, to a long I-beam, are focused when another meter rod with this rod being laid side by side in a clamp on the standard rod being compared until the rod being examined correctly under the same microscope, then reveal how far the limits of the new bureaus will be able to compare measures in this way; also to verify the graduations, which cannot now be done.

I was also shown what has served as Uncle Sam's standard of weight. This, obtained from Paris, is a duplicate of the standard kilogram, installed in that city. It is a copy of the same metal used in the construction of the standard meter. This metal, by the way, is platinum and iridium, selected because it is destroyed by heat. It cost \$1000. Two rods fitting over the other, protect it from being handled only by a pair of forceps with ends. I should add that Uncle Sam has standard kilograms, as well as two of meters described. One of each is always used; the other is used for comparing tests. In a coal vault beneath the building and a scale with which Mr. Fischer compares grams with the standard. When such a scale is received for comparison it is placed in a delicate scale, the standard occupying the two are always allowed to rest that their temperatures may become equal. If a trifle warmer than the other, heat would be conducted through the atmosphere tend to buoy up this balance that all manipulations must be done at a distance of fourteen feet of the human body penetrate the glass of this instrument and interfere with it. With four brass rods turning about on the Mr. Fischer at this distance make the two balance exchange pans. A fixed telescope from one end of the room upon the balance, and through this he compares the finest possible graduation the weight set in with the standard kilogram. This is removed to one of the equal-temperature rooms in the new bureau, where more accurate comparisons are made. It is certainly difficult to imagine microscopically—or perhaps I should say—accurately. I was also shown a set of weights, carefully compared with this standard Uncle Sam uses in making other comparisons.

The official weights and measures of the city sealers or weighers throughout the country are compared with the standards of the new bureau in this way. Accurate weights and measures are more widely distributed among the stores and at large as is our standard time. The natural and city gas and electric-light inspectors are similarly standardized. All of this work will be chargeable to the Federal, State and municipal governments, which are expected to make the necessary supporting.

JOHN ELFRETH WATERHOUSE

## A GLIMPSE OF NAPOLEON

[Letter to the London Spectator:] In working in London as a curate to the Rev. Mr. [redacted], I was called in my vicar's absence to a religious service to an old admiral in the [redacted]. The admiral's name was Eden. After the service over he took my hand and said, "Shake hands, young man. There are not many alive who can say. You are talking with a man who talked to Napoleon the Great." "Sir," I said, "I am their history. May I hear more?" The old admiral told me that he was once returning with his son from the West Indies, but of that I am not touched at St. Helena. The admiral said, "I am up to Longwood to pay my respects to the senior midshipman comes with me."

"I was the senior midshipman," said the man, "and so I went. We waited for the outer room, and you must imagine how I expected his entrance. The door was the last, and in he came. He was short and very attractive, but for his eye! My eyes never seen anything like it. After speaking to him he turned to me, and then I understood for the first time in my life what was the name of the phrase 'A born ruler of men.' I had hated the French as I hated the devil, but when I looked at me there was such power and such a walk over me, I would have done it at midday though I was! The look on Napoleon's face, the revelation of the man and the infinite power. He was born to command."

## A COMPLEX BIBLICAL CONUNDRUM

[Philadelphia Record:] "When a man is growing children he learns lots of things that may be old, are new to him," said a president of the Produce Exchange. "One of my riddles on me last night which runs the world over is a well-known biblical character now. The Bible, whose death was the most painful, whose shroud is a part of every household, of whose death was the subject of a wise man. I'll wager none of you fellows can give me the name. Not being students of biblical lore, they do. 'Lot's wife is the character,' went on the president. "That's the only name by which she is known. She was turned into a pillar of salt. Her shroud is in every household. Her name from looking backward, the title of her book. Rather ingenious, don't you think?"

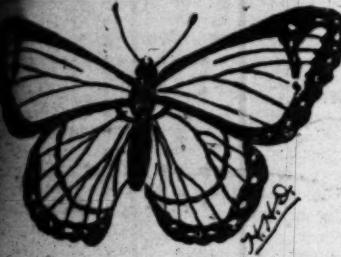
THE LEPIDOPTERA.

Glimpses at the Life History of Moths and Butterflies.

By a Special Contributor.

THEIR graceful, flowerlike in their colorings, the butterflies are everywhere. Companions of the sun and the flowers, fearing the cold and the winter movements, our land would seem sadly barren were it not for the unseen power suddenly to withdraw the more favored moths and butterflies from among our hillsides and along our hillsides.

Two beauty-loving Greeks first named the butterfly "lepidoptera," a word which with them meant the breath or life, the keynote, in short, to immortality; but the matter-of-fact moderns have coined out of their present vocabulary a word which aims to describe the striking characteristic of both the moths and butterflies, and call them Lepidoptera, or "scale-wings." The fact that the wings of all such insects are covered with minute scales. These scales may be easily removed in the form of a grayish powder, if one rubs the wings of a butterfly or moth roughly with the hand. We may easily see why the people of ancient times classified the butterfly if we will but note its transformations from the crawling caterpillar

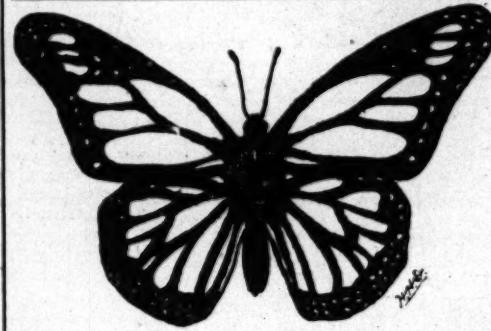


THE BERENICE.

thence returning in large bands to the North, when the genial spring sun has unfolded the dormant buds and blossoms. The general colors of this insect are black and orange brown, the latter being the ground color of the wings and the former the color of the markings and the actual body of the insect. Another butterfly which resembles the monarch very closely is the so-called Viceroy, more commonly known to scientists as *Basilarchia archippus*, but quite generally confounded with the monarch by the general observer, though it is

applied to the pupae of the butterflies on account of the golden spots which are frequently found on the lower side of their chrysalids.

The true moths (nocturna) embrace many beautiful forms, among others the splendid cecropia which is found from the Canadian line to the Gulf throughout the United States. It sometimes attains a wing spread of more than six inches. This insect is also called the peacock moth in some localities, owing to the large eye-like spots on the upper wings. A very large moth, in fact one of the largest in the world, found only in India, is so marked that when the wings are spread flat out the whole body resembles the head of the famous hooded cobra, the most deadly serpent known. Many of the moths of this family are so colored and marked as to exactly resemble the bark of the trees upon



THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.

which they are in the habit of alighting. The useful silk-worm moth belongs to this family also, as well as the destructive gypsy moth, a close second to the cabbage butterfly in point of destructiveness to vegetation. This gypsy moth was introduced by some closet naturalist about 1868, nearly eight years after the introduction, under similar circumstances, of the cabbage butterfly. The principal center of abundance for the moth seems to be Massachusetts, which State has so far expended more than \$800,000 in an attempt to exterminate the pest. This effort has been only partially successful, but as matters stand, the little moth is now restricted to a small area in the central part of the State, within which bounds it is kept only at the price of eternal vigilance and great labor.

For the cabbage butterfly no adequate remedy has as yet been found, so that, since the date of its introduction, it has spread from Southeastern Canada, where

always much smaller than typical specimens of the true monarch.

Of quite a different family, but equally plentiful, are the large, yellow and blue and black fellows known as "Swallowtails." They are usually found near water, and are especially plentiful over the large alfalfa fields of this section during the summer months. Many different species are known to occur throughout the New World. They may be easily recognized by their size and the long black "foot" or "tail" which extends from the base of each lower wing. Two species are especially prevalent throughout the Southwest, the tiger and zebra swallowtails, and to them may doubtless be referred most of the species of this group to be found in Southern California.

Some butterflies and many moths, especially such as are inhabitants of the vast Central and South American forests, are so marked that they resemble various birds, of which their reptilian enemies stand in such wholesome fear. Others have their wings and body so shaped and marked that when they alight upon a twig the insect seems to have vanished, and only a dead and

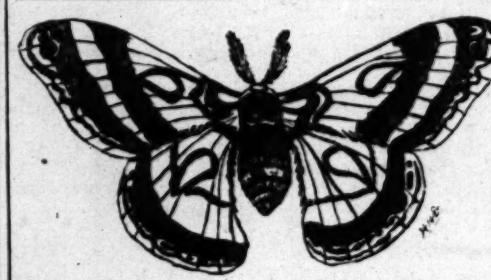


LARVA AND MOTH OF SILK WORM.

it first escaped from an overzealous entomologist, until it now covers nearly the whole of the United States. The loss occasioned by these pests is not, of course, due to the ravages of the insects themselves, but rather to their larvae, whose voracious appetites lead them to attack every living tree or shrub.

To this family, also, belong all the tiny moths, millers and dust moths, so prevalent about houses and so dangerous to clothing.

HARRY H. DUNN.



THE CECROPIA MOTH.

withered leaf remains. Of such are the owl and leaf butterflies, the former of which is so marked that when its wings are extended to their full width they resemble nothing so much as the face of some great owl.

Another butterfly which has much the same characteristics as the swallowtails, but which is usually more soberly marked, is the *Trollius* of the Southern and Gulf States. A handsome day flier is the Berenice, one of the large family of round-winged butterflies. It is said to have been named after Berenice, the wife of the Syrian King, Antiochus, and who is famed as the most beautiful woman of her century. A rather small butterfly, it is found throughout the temperate regions of the New World. The general color of its wings is red, veined and marked with black, which, as is the case with most butterflies, also constitutes the color of the actual body.

In the large order of butterflies there are five families, but in the moths only two—the twilight-fliers and the true moths. The first family embraces the hawk or sphinx moths, which are very often more brilliantly colored and more vividly marked than the regular night moths. Many of the hawk moths make a humming sound with their wings as they fly from flower to flower in the dusk of the evening. One such, in particular, is known as the humming-bird moth, on account of its large size and the loudness of the buzzing sound it produces. This family is peculiar for the fact that their larvae bury themselves in the ground, or, more rarely, inclose themselves in a cocoon of their own weaving upon passing into the pupa state. This pupa is commonly called a chrysalis, among both the moths and the butterflies, but in reality it should not be so named among the moths, as the word chrysalis was first

[Baltimore News:] Mme. Sara Bernhardt is such a superb actress that it is difficult to conceive that she has ever had any other profession in her mind. But the following story shows how her first choice of a profession was vetoed by her family, and her present vocation suggested. In some interesting pages of personal reminiscences Mme. Bernhardt tells how it was that she went on the stage.

"A family council was assembled," she writes. "It consisted of my mother, my aunt, my godfather and an old friend of the family. My own wishes were consulted, and I said timidly that I thought I should like to be a painter, against which audacious proposal every one protested energetically.

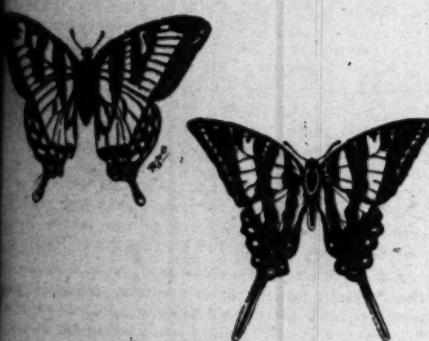
"Well, make an actress of her," put in the family friend.

"An actress! She's as ugly as she can be," said my godfather, kindly.

"Ugly!" cried my mother, up in arms at this insult to her maternal pride. "My daughter ugly? You are mad, man! She is charming, with that wild air of hers. Look at her eyes; aren't they superb? Ugly! You are crazy, my dear sir." And wounded in her feelings, my mother marched up and down the room till in the end my future vocation was definitely decided."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

[London Mail:] Japanese papers are waxing indignant at the continued use of the contraction "Jap" in English and American journals. They consider it fully as insulting as the obsolete and vulgar term "Froggie" as applied to Frenchmen. One of the Tokio papers tells a rather amusing story of this context. A distinguished diplomat was traveling from Tokio to Yokohama, when an American in the carriage leaned across and said, "Say, what 'ese' are you—Chinese or Japanese?" Quick as thought the reply came, in the purest of English, "May I inquire what 'key' are you—Yankee or monkey?"



THE THREE SWALLOWTAIL AND ZEBRA SWALLOWTAIL.

On the other hand, butterflies fold their wings above their backs when resting. These wings, too, are more easily among the butterflies than among the moths. Undoubtedly this excessive coloration is due to the fact that the former are more commonly seen among the brightly colored flowers and in stronger light than the latter, and so are in need of the devices of protective coloration to preserve them from their winged enemies, such as the lizards, toads and frogs, that are always on the alert to snap up incontinently such unwary visitors as may pass their way. Moths are to the butterflies what the owls are to the raptorial birds—night fliers—and for the most part, like the owls, they are very poorly by day.

One of the most common and also the most beautiful butterflies is *Danaus plexippus*, quite generally known throughout the United States as the milkweed butterfly. It is found throughout the New World south of the northern boundary of the United States, though during the winter it migrates, like the owl, to the warm-temperate States along the Gulf,



## THE OPERA SINGERS.

### WHAT AND WHO SOME OF THEM ARE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

the United States than anywhere else does interest of the public extend to the artist off stage. Possibly intensity is added to this feeling by the knowledge that the artist in public is accessible to anybody who can pay to hear him. It is only the privileged few that the grand-opera singers are known as they exist in reality. They are, of course, in public life somewhat the same that they are in private, as the traits of a personality are not to be wholly concealed any more than physical peculiarities are, but there are always interesting points of difference.

Jean de Reszke gives up nearly every pleasure in life in the preservation of his voice during the time he is singing. Practically, he is a prisoner in the rooms of the hotel for the New York season. He sings at least once a week, and naturally sees nobody on the day he is singing. Nor does he leave the house, unless it be to visit the physician who takes care of his throat. Sometimes he and his brother take a walk, but their favorite exercise is confined in their rooms, where they are still in lifting heavy weights—for which chairs, tables and other articles of furniture usually serve. They entertain their friends. Jean can tear a pack of cards in half without apparent exertion, and Edouard is just as

an admirable mimics. Jean can imitate with irreducible humor his associates in the opera company, and the power of this power is never diminished by the malice of malice. Edouard stopped singing in concert once, for his benefit, imitated his manner of appearance on the platform in evening dress bearing a full of music in his white-gloved hands. At the same time, his brother can delight his hearers for hours with imitations of the voices, manners or interpretation of singers. National peculiarities particularly appeal to him. He is irresistibly comic when imitating the waltzes of an American college student he saw on the platform, or the vocal peculiarities of a singer in a Parisian hall here and in London. It is Jean who, in spite of his greater fame, is the more devoted musician of the two De Reszkes. His principal interest outside of his racing stable, maintained at his home in Paris, and he takes his pleasure in vacation chiefly in this feature of his country home. But he spends most of his vacation time at the piano, studying roles he is never likely to sing, refreshing himself in his old library or trying new music that happens to come into his notice. Edouard is, on the other hand, much more likely to be found at the billiard table. It would be hard to say which of the two is more popular among his colleagues. All but the tenors are devoted to Jean de Reszke, while even the basses pretend to love Edouard.

### Albert Salesa, the Tenor.

Albert Salesa, who spelt his name with a final "R" when he became a famous tenor, has seven brothers who sing, and at least one of them has a better voice, according to the tenor's story, than he himself. But his brother is so unmusical by nature that he has never been able to make use of his gift. Albert had cotton threads at Bruges, in the Lower Pyrenees, until he reached the age of 20, and had never thought that an operatic career lay before him, or even that he had a voice good enough to make anything of the kind possible. A friend of his encouraged to pay for his musical education if he wanted to go to Paris to study. He accepted the offer, and when he went to Paris spoke the patois of his own country, and so persistently that he had to study the French language. More than any of the other singers of repute, he is a child of nature. He insists, in New York, that the place in which he dwells shall be flooded with sunlight. It may have other characteristics, but the sun must shine through the windows. Persons have seen him on the streets standing perfectly still or walking backward and forward within a small space. They may have wondered at this performance. But his friends know that he is enjoying the sunlight that happens to fall with especial warmth on some particular spot.

### Mme. Sembrich's Versatility.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich has been called a plump embodiment of music, and that phrase describes fairly enough the musical temperament of this great singer. Her whole life has been devoted to music, and she might have become famous in two other branches had she not elected to become a singer. At the age of 10 she had already mastered the violin, and had occasionally appeared in public as a youthful phenomenon of the pianoforte. When she discovered her voice, and the professors told her that she might some day be the successor of the great Patti, it was her musical genius that helped her on, for Mme. Sembrich in reality spent less than two years in actual study with a singing teacher. Jean de Reszke's instruction did not continue much longer. What she subsequently acquired came from her own work. Mme. Sembrich now spends half her leisure time at the piano. Music is not only her profession, but her diversion. She is frequently alone, and at these times she is always to be found at the piano. In the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg there is a scholarship called after her. This was founded on the receipts from a concert that Mme. Sembrich gave five years ago. The programme held twelve numbers. Four were piano numbers, and the others were divided between the violin and the voice. Mme. Sembrich was the only performer. Since that time she has never touched the violin in public, and rarely plays

at all, although her instrument, a rare Amati, is kept always in condition. Mme. Sembrich shuns the social attentions paid to celebrities, accepting them only when she must. Her first advice to every student of singing who comes to her is to learn some instrument well, as that knowledge is of the greatest assistance to a singer. She has sung now since 1881, and unlike many other great singers, served no obscure apprenticeship. She was famous all over the world after she had been heard for a year in Dresden. She is now 43, and is at the height of her powers.

### She is a Mademoiselle.

Mme. Emma Calvé is particular about the title prefixed to her name, because she is almost the only woman among artists of her class who has never been married. She likes to have that fact impressed on the public by being called "mademoiselle." She has been in bad health for two years. She has become interested in the teachings of Buddhism, and determined that a pilgrimage to India would do more than anything else to restore her health. Doctors told her that a certain course of treatment was all that could help her. The singer did not intend to submit to that treatment, and decided to go to India with a party of friends and a Buddhist priest. She may have found there the relief she was seeking, and if that was to be had from devotion to the eastern philosophies, the singer must have accomplished her purpose. She began the study of new subjects that absorb her. And how completely engrossed she is in every new interest! Three years ago she decided to ask to her country home a certain number of poor young girls every summer. Sometimes during the continuance of this whim—if any feeling so strong as Mme. Calvé's usually are may be described by that word—she entertained as many as thirty or forty young women. Even in provincial France such hospitality is expensive, and Mme. Calvé, although she receives a large salary, is so frequently compelled to disappoint audiences that her income is not so great as that of some of the other singers. So she was economical—more economical than ever that she might have her guests in the summer months.

### Calvé's Peculiarities.

Mme. Calvé's personal wants are few, and her expenditures on her living probably are smaller than those of any other great singer. While most of them live in more or less luxurious apartments, Mme. Calvé confines her accommodation to what she needs. During her last season in New York she occupied one room in an apartment hotel. She has always said that she does not feel the need of greater luxury, and during much of her time here even dispensed with the services of a maid. That was in a large degree due to the capriciousness of her temperament, which is as completely in accord with her appearance and conduct on the stage as well could be. She is an intense in her emotions, being possessed wholly by them for the moment, as variable, and always interesting in private life as on the stage. Before her mind was absorbed in her scheme for entertaining and restoring to health poor working girls, she was so much engrossed in the powers of a certain clairvoyant in Paris that the woman practically controlled her entire course of life. Mme. Calvé bought a house in Paris. The clairvoyant told her she would die if she remained in it. The singer sold it within a month at a price much smaller than she had paid for it. Mme. Calvé accepted an offer to sing at Covent Garden in London several times. The clairvoyant told her that the boat would be wrecked while crossing the Channel, and Mme. Calvé immediately telegraphed to London that she could not under any circumstance keep her engagement. This same clairvoyant who, for a short while played such an active part in Mme. Calvé's life, not long ago took to prophesying so many calamities for prominent French government officers that she was silenced by the police. Mme. Calvé's career has now lasted nearly twenty years, as she began to sing in the first year of the eighties at Brussels.

### Mme. Milka Ternina.

As interesting in quite a different way as the famous Carmen is Milka Ternina, who has been the dominating figure among the women at the Metropolitan Opera House this year. Mme. Ternina has the same right to the title that the French singer possesses. Her second year on the stage was passed at Bremen, where Anton Seidl was conductor. So the soprano learned her Wagner traditions under the last of the masters who could impart them with the authority that came from personal association with the great composer. Mme. Ternina is noted among her associates for the modesty and unpretentiousness of her conduct. She never exhibits to them the least evidence of knowledge that she has become within the past three years the most noted Wagnerian singer of the world. There never was a prima donna who gave less evidence of possessing the traits commonly attributed to the class. Mme. Ternina attends rehearsals with the assiduity of a beginner, and more than any other singer since Lilli Lehmann, thinks not only of herself, but of the general effect for which all the artists in a performance are struggling. That used to be called the German spirit until American audiences learned that it existed in all artistic performances of opera whatever the nationality of the singer might be. Mme. Ternina is always accompanied by her aunt, a venerable dame, with white hair, who carries herself with sufficient dignity to give color to the story that her husband was a man of such position in his own country that she is entitled to call herself "Excellency." Mme. Ternina shows in her serious expression (which in private life sometimes amounts to a frown) the dignified bearing and earnest manner which have made her stage career what it is. She is not beautiful, but everybody who meets her feels the influence of a dominating personality.

### A Serious Prima Donna.

Seriousness seems to be a trait of the Wagnerian

prima donna. Lilli Lehmann never possessed the least sense of humor, although her mental equipment was unusual for a woman in her profession. Mme. Nordica has this determination that is shared by her colleagues in the Wagnerian field. She won her way through the resolution not to be left among the mediocrities of her profession, and she emerged brilliantly after years of disappointment. She is the American singer who will probably be ranked for some years as the best that the nation has known. She is still a student, and devotes much of her time to developing the roles in which she has frequently been heard. She goes through every role she sings the day before the performance, and frequently renews her acquaintance with operas that she has not sung for years. She is more devoted to the social pleasures that come to all of the singers than some of her colleagues in the round of New York's winter gayeties.

In that particular she is like Mme. Melba, who is a much-sought-after person in London society, and has more friends among the exclusive members of the stockholders of the Metropolitan than any other singer. Outside of the theater her time is chiefly spent in society. She has a house in London, where she passes part of every year, and many friends among persons of title. Lady De Grey, who is practically the power that controls the opera house in London, is her intimate friend, and this circle of distinguished acquaintances has not interfered with her popularity in a certain set of New York society. Mme. Melba is known among her colleagues as exacting to the last degree in regard to the respect due to a great prima donna. But she is generous and extravagantly liberal to those persons with whom she comes into contact outside of her profession. She is usually accompanied by her sister wherever she goes. Her son, who is now a well-grown youth, was at a military school in England, but has recently been living with his father in one of the far Western States. Mme. Melba, unlike most of the opera singers, did not take to her profession in her girlhood. She was a married woman and a mother when she went from Australia fourteen years ago. She has not returned to Melbourne since she became famous as a singer, and is a Londoner so far as any artist is other than cosmopolitan. Mme. Melba is unlike many singers in another particular. She was not born in poverty, but passed her early life in comfort, if in obscurity. She is an excellent musician, and played the organ in a Melbourne church before she decided to become an opera singer.

LAWRENCE REAMER.

### JOHN BULL.

#### A PICTURE OF THE PROTOTYPE OF THE NOW FAMOUS TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN.

The portrait herewith presented is reproduced from a copy of the Illustrated London News of July 12, 1851, in the possession of George W. Hazard of this city. It is of peculiar interest, as it represents the original of the familiar picture of "John Bull."

In connection with the picture the News says: "William Ball, the extraordinary man who is known as



'John Bull,' was born at Hersehay, in Shropshire. His height is 5 ft. 9 1/2 in.; circumference of neck, 23 1/2 in.; arm, 27 in.; breast, 70 in.; stomach, 80 in.; thigh, 50 1/2 in.; calf of leg, 25 in. His weight exceeds 40 stone. He is healthy and very active, and worked forty years as puddler and shingler for the Colebrookdale Company of Iron Masters."

French engineers are again considering the advisability of bringing an adequate water supply from Lake Geneva. The supply is practically inexhaustible and the water is extremely pure. It is thought that the total cost of the undertaking would be \$200,000,000, including \$25,000,000 which the Swiss government would require.

# Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

## A Little Girl's Gift.

ONE evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, the cry of "Halt! Who goes there?" from a sentry started every lounging to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about 10 years of age, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by, with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and, when the Union soldiers came, she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly escorted to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but continued to be the property and the special pet of the colonel, and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victor after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder clouds of human passion and strife.—[Watchman.]

## The Sleeping Sentinel.

THE oft-told, and hardly ever correctly told, story of the Vermont soldier who was sentenced to be shot for sleeping on his post, and was supposed to have been saved from death by President Lincoln, was told once more by Congressman-elect Foster on Tuesday. As so related it differs from various other versions, but is no less wide of the facts. In point of fact the soldier was not a mere "lad" or "strapping," but a man of 22 years; the brigade to which he belonged was not on the march, but was in the camp it occupied for five months. His sentence to be shot, and pardoned by Gen. McClellan, in accordance with the expressed wish of President Lincoln, were parts of a solemn farce, intended to impress the army with the enormity of the military crime of a sentinel sleeping on his post.

Gen. William F. Smith, who commanded the Vermont Brigade; Col. Hudson, the Judge Advocate of the court-martial; Col. Veazey, who was a member of the court-martial; Col. Redfield Proctor, who was on Gen. Smith's staff, and others in position to know the facts, have stated that the generals never intended that the soldier should be shot, and that Mr. Lincoln knew this. The soldier's father and sister did not appeal to President Lincoln in person for the pardon of the son and brother. It would have been a physical impossibility for them to have received news of the sentence, made the journey to Washington and secured an audience with the President in the few hours that elapsed between the sentence and the pardon, and nothing of the sort took place.

Of course, the prosaic facts of the case, as stripped of the halo of romance which has been thrown about them, do not lessen the facts of President Lincoln's gentleness of heart and love of mercy, and kindness to the unlettered and the lowly—instances of which were so many in his history. But facts are facts, and truth often varies from poetry; and it is often well enough to know the truth, even at the expense of the romance.—[Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.]

## Story Wasn't So Funny to Them.

GEN. HORATIO C. KING of Brooklyn has learned by sad experience that the constitution and bylaws of the Daughters of the American Revolution made it worse than treason to the order to even allude to any martial event occurring between the years 1861 and 1865, writes a Washington correspondent. He recently appeared on the stage for the entertainment of the Daughters and began to tell them camp-fire stories of Sherman's march to the sea. It was impressed on the general when the entire Georgia delegation of Daughters he was entertaining at one of their public meetings arose while he was in the middle of one of his funny stories, and, with bonnets thrown very far back, marched in a body from the hall.—[Army and Navy Journal.]

## Soldiers Play Pranks.

PIE, milk, cruller and bread wagons suffered severely from the pranks of soldiers assembled in the thoroughfares crossing East Capitol street back of the Capitol. In all the numbered streets for three or four blocks on each side of East Capitol, as far back as Lincoln Park, the soldiers were at ease awaiting orders to fall in line for the procession. They had little to do, and mischief was rife. On Ninth street Northeast a Pennsylvania regiment held sway. Soon a large pie wagon hove in sight, on its way supplying the small grocers at different points. Those pies did not proceed far. Fifteen or twenty men surrounded the horses, stopped them, and had a few words with the young man driving. Then they lifted him from his seat as tenderly as if he had been a woman. They sat him on the sidewalk, with two men to "keep him from hurting himself," they said.

Two others climbed in the wagon and distributed pies to the hungry soldiers, afterward tossing the plates in the air. No pay, it is said, was tendered for the pies.

Four colored men walking along encountered the same regiment. They were sorry for it. At the point of bayonets, and frightened by the sound of shots from blank cartridges, they were required to dance all the movements they were acquainted with. On another street a milk wagon was detained until no milk was left in the cans, but this regiment paid the driver full price for his product. He had to square himself with his customers later, but he lost nothing financially. Another regiment captured a cruller wagon, and between eating the crullers and playing baseball with them, had what the members regarded as "lots of fun."—[Washington Star.]

## Jackson's Tactics.

THE battle of New Orleans was the first occasion in history," said an ex-officer of volunteers, "in which highly-disciplined troops, working together with machine-like precision, were pitted against individual marksmen, and it is a curious fact that the tactics adopted by the Americans in that engagement are just now, after the lapse of nearly a century, being recognized by modern military authorities as the proper way to fight. Our British cousins are a little slow to learn," continued the ex-officer, "and history has to repeat itself a few times before it attracts their attention. Nevertheless, it seems very strange that the lesson they received at Chalmette in 1815 should have been duplicated in almost every particular only two years ago at the Tugela River. On both occasions they were confronted by earthworks manned by civilian sharpshooters and attempted to rush them with compact masses of splendidly-drilled professional soldiers, and on both occasions they were frightfully and expeditiously licked. After the Tugela River disaster they began to do a little hard thinking and finally came to the conclusion that one skilled rifleman who fights on his own hook and brings down a man every time he pulls the trigger is worth twenty fancy-drilled soldiers who fire in squads and never hit anything except the landscape. But they might have acquired exactly the same information eighty-six years ago at New Orleans, and when I read the accounts of that remarkable battle I am filled with admiration for the genius of Andrew Jackson. The majority of his troops were rough backwoodsmen, who knew nothing about the manual of arms, but were magnificent rifle shots. Jackson wasted no time at drills, and the only advice he gave was not to throw away any ammunition and wait until they saw 'the whites of the enemy's eyes' before they fired. That was his sole chance of winning the day, and if he had commanded a similar number of trained veterans he would have been simply overwhelmed. As it was, his backwoods-men picked off the British one by one and literally annihilated whole battalions before they could reach the foot of the intrenchments. It is absolutely certain, in my opinion, that the fighting of the future will be done in that fashion. Less and less attention will be paid to drills and more and more attention will be paid to target practice. When an army enters into action it will spread out in 'open formation' and every fellow will proceed to make it a personal affair. That's the view taken by the leading authorities of the present day, but the originator of the idea was the grim old gentleman whose effigy besetres the prancing steed in Jackson Square. He was over three-quarters of a century in advance of the times."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Knowing Pussy Cat.

THE first days of Pussy's life were passed in a grocery store, where a bag of flour supplied a comfortable bed. She looked intelligent, but there was nothing about her to indicate that she would develop into a regular "watch cat," as she is now known by her many admirers.

When Pussy was 2 weeks old she was presented to her mistress, and was taken in a tiny basket to her new home, where she soon appeared wearing a blue ribbon with a tinkling silver bell attached.

Pussy at once developed the most extraordinary affection for her young mistress, and determined to get all of her society that she could. She promptly let it be understood that she had firmly decided to sleep on the foot of her mistress's bed, and that she considered 10 o'clock quite late enough for anyone to sit up. She established a custom of calling her mistress at that hour, and continues it to this day. When the clock strikes 10, Pussy walks up to her mistress, and, standing in front of her, utters "meows" of entreaty, then walks to the bedroom and back again.

One day recently, when all the family had gone out, her mistress returned and rang the bell. Pussy, who recognized her special ring, rushed to the front door and made frantic efforts to open it. She had often watched the servant unfasten the chain, and, thinking that was the obstacle, she jumped up to it, and her young mistress could hear her swinging from it and bumping against the door in vain efforts to open it.

Pussy will not allow any roughness of tone or manner to her owner. If one of the brothers raises his hand in joke toward his sister Pussy will growl like a dog and, jumping at his feet, will catch hold with her teeth and claws. She is jealous of any attentions paid to the members of the family, and if her mistress calls one of them Pussy scrambles to get there first and offer her services. If a stranger is in the apartment working she will sit right down beside him and refuse to take her eyes away from him until he is outside the front door. Pussy sits beside her owner at table, and dainty bits are given to her. If she is occasionally forgotten she

will touch her mistress's arm with her paw, too polite to "mew" at table. Every now and then she will pull open a bag to get at the contents.

### Cat as Nurse.

H. D. SHINN, the well-known farmer, relates an incident which occurred at his place several days ago. High water had caught two baby kittens in the house, and they were captured and taken to Shinn. Believing they had died, he gave the cat with two kittens, expecting that she would eat them, as cats usually do. The next morning he looked in on the mouser he found one of the kittens missing, but the other, to his great relief, was very much alive and was being fed by the feline, who licked and fondled the kitten with tenderness as if it were her own offspring. He lived about ten days with its foster mother.—[San Francisco Post.]

### A Community Cat.

MRS. COADY, who teaches a primary class at Tompkins school, has a remarkable animal alive through general subscription of pupils.

During her several years' experience, Mrs. Cady found that the only way she can reach the heart is through kindness to animals. And she secured a large furry cat which she tender hands of her children. The result is that the children fell in love with the animal, and the prize Mrs. Cady decided to allow the cat to take the cat home each night in regular result has been the cat has become large and through the munificent treatment of its owners, who reluctantly return it to the teacher.—[Oakland Tribune.]

### Tower Came Back.

THIRTEEN years ago, Jacob Korwitz, a Washington township, Lehigh county, found a dog to one John Blum, who at that time was in the service of the government; never having been home since. Korwitz, however, for reasons of his own, never gave up hope of recovering his dog. After a long absence, he was recently informed by a neighbor of the fact that his dog had come back after his long absence. Korwitz could hardly believe it, but he was convinced of the fact, for the dog quickly sprang into his old-time friendly way, wagging his tail and licking the old master's hands. The dog, however, had evidently been much wearied by his long absence and seemingly he had come determined to see to the dog, his ability to find his way home, long an absence having excited considerable alarm.—[Reading (Pa.) Times.]

### A Squirrel's Nest.

A prayer meeting in Herkimer Mrs. J. A. son was disturbed by something moving in of her fur coat.

She took off the coat and found that her son, which had been missing for a day or two, had nest between the lining and the fur.

The squirrel refused to come out, and it was Mrs. Henderson took the coat home, ripped the sleeve, and the removed the nest that the squirrel leave.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

### Mirror in Monkey Cage.

CONSTERNATION reigned in the monkey cage at Lincoln Park zoo when a boy threw a mirror into the cage. The trinket fell broken, known as the "wise monkey" of the zoo, and upon it and soon became aware of the reflected glass. Jocko gazed at the mirrored visage time. While the "wise monkey" was thus other of the family stole up and looked at the side of the glass, also seeing a reflection. Both monkeys seemed to believe that the glass was a foe, and made a lungs for resulting biting and scratching. A fight is not frequent in the monkey cage, and in all the inmates were chattering and scolding gathered about the contestants.

Keeper McCurn hurried to the cage and bars vigorously. The noise frightened the keys and both sprang from the floor of the highest niche in the inclosure.—[Chicago Daily News.]

### Sympathetic Fox.

SYMPATHY for her sick and bed-ridden transformed Fox, the pet cat of a woman in a Philadelphia boarding-house, into a canine. Fox has not hesitated to purloin choice morsels, and these she has carried carefully to her room; but the height of her thieving developed the other day, when a young woman in the house brought in a bunch of roses, the flowers and liked them. Then she took the cat clutched the flowers in her teeth and in which they were placed and carried them to the floor below, where her mistress was in bed, were found a couple of hours later. The cat was asleep, but the stolen flowers lay on the bed, and the feline thief stood guard over its



## TAMATE: THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE,  
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."  
[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XXIX.

A short time after that a woman was walking along the deep moat of the Yedo Castle of the Shogun, a step or two ahead of midnight. Not far ahead of her, she could see a group of old pines, asleep, of course, all wrapt in the bed quilt which looked very much like the mists of soft dreams. The pines stood upon a bank of one of many moats that embraced the Yedo Castle. The young lady entered the pine grove—the stars fell upon the pine needles and gave no enlightenment to the tangled avenues below. The young lady walked through it, with her head erect, with the sureness in her rapid step, so that you would have said that the gods were holding a lantern unto her feet. She stood in front of an old stump of pine, stretching out her hand, she felt it with her fingers. Then, she took out one of her gold hairpins and wrote something upon the side of the hollow stump. At once, without noise, a dark mouth gaped, not more than three steps from where she stood. Without noise she went to it; she was swallowed up in the night hole. Within, the subterranean hallway, as soon as the heavy lid fell over the head of the lady, several lanterns leaped from the overgarments of the dark figures which stood like so many lantern posts of flesh and blood, cutting the dark passage at regular intervals.

"Fair night, Princess," said all the lantern posts. The young lady passed them by nodding slightly, as if she were stepping down a marble stairway into an imperial ballroom. She was in a small room, in the magic under-world—it was her own room. Built of stone, every inch of it, by an architect who had, evidently, a larger eye for the strength than the dainty beauty or elegance of things, all the same, the room was full of the touches to which the artist would, in no time, lose his heart; which would make soft a heart with a spark of poetry in its make-up. And if you would take the pains of examining a little closely, you could see a bit of carving on the stone ceiling of the room—a very strange picture for the place—of Emma-O, the king of the Shadow World, sitting in judgment on a nightingale which seemed to be pleading her cause in a language utterly and (from the expressions of the vexed features of the Great Autocrat of the Hades) humorously foreign to that of its judge.

The young lady walked on without word, nor a single glance at things and men who were keeping their eyes upon her, straight to a square silk cushion beside a hibachi (charcoal burner).

"Tell Goroku to come here at once. I would have a word or two with him," she said, without so much as turning her head to the attendant who was standing like a bronze statue.

"Iya, Princess, fair night. And the august pleasure?"

"Have they all reported?—the boys assigned to day work?"

"Ei, nearly all, august chief...."

"Have you noticed a sack with 100 pieces of gold in it—a sack that looks as if it were made in a far-away country?"

"With the permission of Princess, I shall run over the list."

And the first minister of the under world bowed himself out, with much, very much more excellent manners than many of those born to the sword of brave fame. He came back with the list, and the sack heavy with 100 pieces of gold in it.

"To whom do you credit this work?"

Looking down the list, the first minister called out the name not familiar to the chief. He was one of the new members—so the minister explained. As the chief wished, the new member—feeling rather well because of the work he had performed that day by way of introduction to the brotherhood—presented himself at once.

"This is your work?" Tamate asked.

With his forehead upon the mat of the floor—(for the under world had an etiquette of its own.) "Ei, honorable chief—a very small thing, an august Princess sees, a thing to be ashamed of—especially for your servant—since honorable chief allows me the honor of styling myself so. Really, a thing to tremble over and become red in the face. But, honorable chief—'tis my first work, and let the humble one beg the great chief to be a little large of heart and patience for a novice. Hei, hei, Princess, your under-hand shall try to do a little better next time."

"And where was the work done?"—it was so blank, her tone. The novice who expected to read so much in her voice was heart-brokenly disappointed.

"Ei, at Sujikai, in front of a story-teller's mat, as august Princess knows. An old fool from the country—" recalling the open mouth and the eyes of the farmer, he broke into low, suppressed laughter.

"And so you took this from an old man from the country? And you say he was losing his soul through his open mouth? The story-teller had robbed the old man of his wits before you robbed him of his purse? That must have been a marvelously-hard work, indeed! Allow me to congratulate you for that miracle of a skill which the gods seem to have given you. Aa, by the way, do you think that it may be of some service to you to purify your brave self in ashes and water and pray to the gods to preserve you from all plagues and from the thrice-cursed and the most-cowardly temptation of robbing a sin-ignorant old man from the country? If you think so, I shall be pleased to give you the entire day, tomorrow, for the said pious purpose. Prayers and purifications are some of the important businesses of our community."

She dismissed him and her minister. She rose, taking

with her the sack of gold. The passageway she took this time was similarly lighted as the one through which she had entered. But it was not the same one. At the end of it one of the slabs in the graveyard of Taigen Temple opened as on a hinge. As soon as the lady was out of the opening, it was closed—by an accommodating ghost, doubtless. Walking rapidly down the street, she hailed the first kago, she whispered something in the ears of the men, and the kago headed swiftly toward the famous teahouse where Tokukichi was fast asleep, waiting, and, perhaps, dreaming and waiting even in his dreams, for the magic appearance of his singular savior.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Tokukichi was finding out—as Confucius had done many years before him—that a full stomach is the basis of a more philosophic frame of mind. Already, in the naivete of this child-like lightness of heart, he was looking at the dark waters of the stream, the 100 pieces of gold he had lost, the ticklish verge of death upon which he had been sitting—he was looking at all these things as on a distant nightmare. Very wretched once, and such a short time ago, too, he was all the more happy now that hope had come back to him. There was something in the fair young lady, in what she had said, in her appearance, that brought confidence into the heart of the farmer. He was sure that he would see the face of his wife once again—he had not known how shrewd she really was before; how much more of the world and of the wicked city life she knew than he did; what a clever woman she was, she who had so wisely warned him against all sorts of things. Her wisdom had tickled his sense of humor at the time. He could breathe once more the quiet air, perfumed with pines and made mellow with the songs of rustic birds. Thinking of his home, he drifted, lost very soon in a charming tangle of reminiscences, and it was not long before he was hastening, open mouthed, heavy of eyelids, to the wide nods and the swings of his body into the land of sleep. Not three hours ago, he had been twisting off his tongue, in his violent attempt to string off an imitation jargon which he innocently supposed to be the reading of the sacred sutra—there on the cold railing of the bridge. So beautifully simple are some hearts!

He woke, therefore, jerking himself up, like a horse upon a steep slope, in a terrible mixture of awkwardness and hurry, trying to gather his scattered senses from the four winds of heaven. Over him, smiling, stood the willow grace of the young lady. "I have just returned," she was saying, "and here it is—the purse you had lost and the gold in it. Don't you want to open the sack and see whether all the gold pieces are there or not?"

"The gold—and the sack, too, yes, honorable lady—this is the very sack of the humble mud peasant!" he grinned all over. "But, how....where did the honorable presence find it? The humble peasant looked all over, every inch of the streets, and there was not a shadow of it anywhere...."

"It seems, then, that there is something in a pair of younger eyes—O ho, ho, ho! I found it, of course, in a corner of Sujikai...."

"Yes, yes, honorable presence....that is the very place I stood a long time listening to that old fool talking, and talking as long as life"—a pause. "Ee, but....how did the honorable presence know that the humble one had passed through that portion of the city?"

"Why, of course, you told me all about that—all about the streets through which you passed."

"Did I, honorable presence?....Maybe I did....I am pretty sure that I said nothing about that to honorable presence, but of course I did, since honorable presence tells me so...."

"Of course you did....don't you remember?"

### CHAPTER XXXI.

Tamate had been away several days from the cave. A little thing—for it is nothing but a dagger blade, one of those which the samurai women used to carry in their obi in the braver days of Nihon—which the Prince of Mito had in his treasure-house, lured her away from Yedo. It was a powerful clan, the Mito clan, old, and out of which not a few came to sit upon the dais of the Shogun. Famous, also, it was for the greatness and scholarship of the brilliant line of its own princes. Long before the day of Tamate's visit to it, history had taken a special delight in giving the Mito samurai much of that golden, shining wealth, the currency in the commerce of the gods, and which, among men, is called glory.

Tamate and her men who went into the clan had an idea that they were pretty well informed as to the bravery and swordsmanship of the clan. They were surprised. They found out, in a rather impressive manner, that Yedo was not the only magnet which absorbed that which was best in all things.

Their work was tedious in the beginning; very bloody at the climax end of it. All the same, it was successful.

The blade which Tamate carried away from those Mito samurai, the guards of the treasure-house, whom they could not surprise in that surprising hour of the dead night, had the name of Masamune deeply cut in it. And—both tradition and history would tell you the same—if they know what they are talking about—Masamune never carved his name for commerce or for ornament.

Very happy, after a very hard, nevertheless a successful work—for, in truth, had she not now the one thing for which she had longed more than anything else save always the life of the Shogun, and which more than anything else, perhaps, under certain twistings of circumstances would help her to gain the dearest end of her life?—she made her way toward her cave at Yedo.

Before entering Yedo, however, Tamate and her brothers-of-the-oath separated from each other. For them, union was not always strength, nor was it to their convenience.

All alone with her happy thought and the all-listening night, she concealed nothing from the moon. It was cloudless. And the moon, in her fullness of glory, gave

the earthly night a silver day. It was mean rather early in the morning—when the entrance of the cave at the foot of the hill had said that she was happy in her dreams also. Naturally, she walked in dreams.

All of a sudden, she flung up her head. She thought she saw something out there? It did seem so—a man? and more than all, at that special spot? She looked him. An instant, and there he was and the moon. Who could he be?

The presence of a man at that hour was a matter that was important to Tamate than the rolling clouds like leaves like a scroll. She crept, him.

"Tadaharu!" she gasped. Her answer of her sentence.

Abé Tadaharu was the youngest of the who had thrown their lot with Tamate in the cave at Atago. So richly had the two both in courage and in the health and beauty that it never occurred to him that he was one of the treasures, so important was that they would be willing to give their life to have the like unto it. He would take a book, fully as big as this little bigger, to give you anything like a history of this young man.

I give the following, however, always throwing a light on Tamate; never space which would not let me.

Tadaharu was a dreamer—one of the dreamers who never seem to be happy in turning the world one way or the other to whom to dream is to act.

That night, alone in the moon-lit setting that high paradise, perhaps the highest, wings of the human soul is capable of making a divine poet is not unlike a fool, and we cannot tell much difference between the prophet, and where Love is the sovereign mind away in such a far-away realm, of course, did not deign to notice anything of the world. Tamate, instead of marching upon the softness of a cat's tread in her steps, well, have shouted. And I dare say that she gone on with her observation without break.

Very beautiful to any eye—ah, how passing fair, she was in the eyes of imagination that night! (Remember that his soul had winged him!) He was looking at and there was between him and the moon quite erased the modest queen out of the moon. Like a silent opera singer—if you could marvel—he was thinking in the rhythm of poets.

Slender was her lotus face, and surely the light of the gracious Buddha which was in the night of her eyes with so much gentle grace her figure seemed to be showing the very something of grace. Tadaharu could not his lips were always blooming unless they were over the kisses of the gods upon them ensemble? If you could give the fragrance of the aster to the cherry flowers and make them upon the willow branches, then Tadaharu found something to which he could compare lady of his dream.

Dear me, how long had he been in love with a wonderful woman? Most of the time without that is to say, without daring to confess it to self. To make love to the august daughter of gun, to his way of thinking, that was not veryful. She, too, was a mere mortal. But to you on, that was quite different. Look at her, please, from whatever direction you like, whatever heaven, and you are a very hard critic if you not find something of the above-world make-up. Even in his imagination—in the depth of his most discreet and secret soul—such a possibility as falling in love with was....It made him uncertain whether he his sanity. None had ever thought of such even the most reckless, and he who was not wit than an ass. Tadaharu came home so long ago from a bit of work over which he to blush. To do him justice, he did try hard, too—to enter the cave without ado. And as you see, he did not. Something over the dew, something in the skies, not with the pale presence of its queen—or, more likely, something within his heart, almost inaudible whisper, low, mellow, so that if your ears were not up and nice have lost it altogether—something, I say, stay. He, not being a god with all his own passes the understanding of men, stayed.

He was walking, nonetheless, with lofty air as a god. Everything seemed so phantasmal rays of the moon. Of one thing he was not was seeing Tamate, sailing not lower than the world, he was happier than he who upon the glories of the fair kingdom of the moon. And in truth, the Tamate, whom the dreams ioning out of the silver of the moon, the poetry of his imagination, was a sight that a god happy.

He had guarded his senses very strictly, musing, not without a little thrill of himself—so that he was quite sure that he never suspected him of such an outrage. And certainly did seem to him, although he look at it from many different angles, from view.

"Love her! Love the Princess, the Great broke out, softly, absent-mindedly, but in the ears somewhat duller than those of the hear if they tried very hard to hear who

"What, I wonder, would she say to that? Buddha said. 'What would the brothers say? Ha, ha!'"

The most solemn thing was so absurd to him that, in the quiet of the night in the midway of his promenade in the moonlight, he could not help but see the absurdity of the thing.

He heard it. And into the heart of the wonderful woman, beautiful and full of poetry, with all the movement of her mind and will—Someone dropped

like a sword—for the first time in all her daring life. She ran, without troubling herself in the least about it, to the entrance of the cave, the entrance covered with a little gathering of trees. Looking up—not even wondering at what was that made her head turn—toward the crest of a hill, she saw thereupon what she was dreading in her heart, that she might see—a silhouette against the moon.

She did not know why she did not withdraw her eyes from the sight. And at once, since she disliked so much to be seen, she dropped, at last, her eyes, the figure still lost in the thick shadow.

"Good congratulations for the august success," said one of the sub-chiefs, welcoming her.

"And she nodded amiably in her reticent

silence. At last the honorable desire of the august dagger blade of Masamune, is in the hands of the master! The humble one had the happiness of hearing good news from Shirobei. He came home

so long ago." "She thrust her hand into her girdle—there had placed the priceless blade. She had forgotten it was there, of course. And that made her a little. Could it be possible that she would, for a single moment even, take her mind from the Masamune dagger? "Yes, it was a very tolling time we had there. But, of course, Fate was kind

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

memories before, they were now, very suddenly, of significance, every gesture, every turn of the eyes of Tadaharu's eyes. And she could not, try as she certainly did, be indifferent to his silence. Some of which he seemed to think—thoughts which seemed to fail to entertain in his head—every thought Tadaharu fell upon the heart of Tamate as if it were the nailed bottom of a muddy sandal.

These things were beyond her patience; Tamate had been a long time. Here was a thing which she could not fully understand, which did not seem to her very important, and which to her did not seem to have the greatest power in bringing about the consummation of the end of her life, something which irritated her and made her nervous. In the course of a short time this something ended in making herself foolish in her own eyes. And that was too much. Thoroughly confused with this singular confusion within herself, she was too much to take the trouble of seeing what it was, she hit, suddenly, in troubled hours of broken sleep, a solution. The crudeness of it, the awkward simplicity of the plan, did not seem in the least to offend her fastidious taste.

A few days before that she had received the news of the approach of the Prince of Nagato, on his way to

Shinagawa, to summon Tadaharu.

"I have just decided," she said, when she saw her husband prostrating before her, "I have finally made up my mind to send you to receive the Prince of Nagato at Shinagawa. It is not the Shogun's ceremonious reception that you are to accord His Highness. But, of course, I shall depend upon you to entertain him quite bravely, much more bravely. And I am of the opinion that a little surprise neatly given would add to the interest of things. You can take as many of your brothers as you want."

"In the august order, the one-unworthy-of-their-reverence receives it with fear and trembling gratitude." Even he who would have the temerity of acting a servant to a raging lion would have been made very cautious and full of thought before disturbing peace in the court of the Prince of Nagato of those days. There was no color on the face of Tadaharu; and it was impossible for his pallor to turn any paler.

The next day—that was the day when Tadaharu left the cave for Shinagawa—you could see, before one of the flights at the Shokon Temple at Aoyama, a young woman. She stayed long on her knees, her head bowed, her hands clasped, all silent. And in the tremulous tones of her lips, the Buddha must have heard a great

"Well, the least one can do—and especially if she be a young woman with a heart—for the man who loves her and whom she sent to death, is to ask Buddha's favors for his soul."

Simple as a child in some things, this wonderful woman expected Tadaharu, now that he had started for Shinagawa, to meet the keen blades of Nagato samurai and death, would step out of her thoughts and leave her in peace, filled, as she had been before the hapless Tamate, with the one great work of her life—the death of the Shogun. She was, therefore, much surprised and annoyed that things did not turn out as she supposed they would.

Instead of starting out on a journey to the shadow world, with Tamate's prayers as his sole companions, Tadaharu came home to the cave, covered with success and spoils.

Tamate, in her desperation, went out again to the plain of Musashino—to the most silent spot in it, the common tomb of so many a dishonor—her father's among others—and which had no stone to mark the spot. And from that time on, for at least a month, you could not have told any difference between her and a stone nun. She seemed always communing with the spirit of her father in prayer. She felt the necessity of it; it was in self-defense that she turned so overwrought.

And her men wondered at the reckless pace with which she persisted in jerking herself out of the profound silence and peace of her prayers and throwing herself into a feverish whirlpool of excitement.

[To be continued.]

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## SETTLEMENT WORK. HOW IT IS CARRIED ON IN THE GREAT CITIES.

By a Special Contributor.

**I**F YOU want to make a "settlement," this is the way to do it: Go into some bustling city like Chicago or San Francisco, and search for the poorest, dirtiest, most neglected, most congested locality that is to be found. When you have found it, establish yourself in a few rooms—two will answer; make them look as neat and dainty as you can, and you are ready to begin settlement work. Ask some of the swarming children to step in to see you; show them a picture, a doll, a patent top. When the mothers come to jerk the children home, beguile them into staying a few minutes; set an afternoon to have several mothers come; give them a cup of tea; let them see how a table looks with a white cloth over it; read them or tell them a bright story; such is the beginning of a settlement. There are twelve of them now, in Chicago, and several in the suburbs.

**Hull House.**

Hull House settlement is the oldest of those in Chicago. It is in one of the river wards, and they are all bad enough. In one of the largest rooms at Hull House between fifty and sixty boys gather every evening to play games under the direction of some gentleman who belongs to the Hull House family. Two lads about 15 years old were bending intently over a chessboard. "Isn't it unusual?" I asked, "for boys as young as these to like chess?" "It is always the Jewish boys who choose chess," answered the director. "They like thoughtful games better than other boys do."

"Do you have games every night?"

"One or two nights in the week I read to the boys; usually Ernest Seton Thomson's or Kipling's animal stories; sometimes actors come from the theater and give us a treat; Joe Jefferson came last week. The boys have all the privileges of the club, so long as their behavior is good."

Hull House has become the western center of all sociological study. Jane Addams, its founder, is better known at home and abroad than any other Chicagoan engaged in the work. She made the settlement about fifteen years ago, and has lived there ever since. There are a dozen other residents; they are professional or business men and women who attend to their duties just as everybody else does in the daytime, but at night they come home to Hull House, sit down to a family dinner in the dining-room, and after that begin their real settlement work. Among the residents are a musical composer, an artist, a college professor, and several others who are known as exceedingly bright and capable men and women. All of these give one or more evenings every week to settlement work. Jane Addams, as everybody calls her, has been the inspiration of Hull House as Hull House has been the inspiration of all other settlements in Chicago. She has always been on the right side of every question affecting public interests, but her utterances are always calm and cool.

**Miss Addams' Sympathy.**

The feeling which the working people have toward her is shown by a little incident of recent occurrence. The mistress in a wealthy family said to her cook one morning, "That large tenement-house on Ewing street burned last night, and two young women who worked in the laundry there were burned to death."

"Oh, won't Jane Addams feel bad?" was the girl's reply.

The worst thing that can be said about Jane Addams is that she almost never smiles. Perhaps it is because hundreds of men and women bring their woes to her sympathetic ear, and they are always ringing there, wherever she may be; but Jacob Riss lives close to the same sort of people, and he always smiles—laughs—makes a whole audience laugh with him out of sheer sympathy in his merry view of life; but, then, Jacob Riss is a man.

**Evening Occupations.**

Among the other interesting things which are always going on in the evening at the settlement is a cooking class, where twenty or more girls are taught simple cookery, and a gymnasium, where a class of boys, glowing with color and vitality, as is the gentleman who leads them, are getting erect shoulders, straight limbs, strong lungs and plenty of fun. There were big holes in the shoes which some of the boys wore, and several pairs of trousers were held up by a single suspender, but they were having a good time.

The textile-room is an interesting place. All sorts of weaving are done here; the foreign women who have learned weaving industries in their own countries teach others the art.

They do also a beautiful "hand-work" binding of books.

"Hand binding has become a fad among the wealthy," said the young woman who teaches that art at Hull House. "I have these classes here every evening for girls who hope to make a livelihood by binding books, but every hour of my time during the day is given to teaching young women of leisure who expect to do it for their own pleasure. Fashion is a useful thing sometimes. I can sell every book I can get time to make."

One night Miss Addams gave stereopticon views of the "Passion Play" in Hull House assembly-hall; the hall was crowded with river-ward people. Never did anyone see a more rapt, attentive audience. Even the babies—most of them—hesitated to cry. It was the gospel, indeed, that she gave them. A story of Christ which they could understand. Perhaps Miss Addams

believes that the soul cannot seek peace while the body is tortured, that—

"The present want must first be fed,  
And first relieved the present care;  
'Give us this day our daily bread,'  
Must be recited in our prayer,  
Before 'forgive us' can be said."

**A University Man's Settlement.**

A few doors from Hull House there stands a tenement in which an interesting family-settlement experiment is going on. A young man, a graduate of an old university, determined to make his life a service to those less fortunate than himself. He was chosen manager and director of the bureau of charities for the whole West Side in Chicago. His education, social acquaintance and family opened the way for him to enter into a delightful social atmosphere, but he turned his back upon it all and went, with his mother, to live among the other half. The unfortunate soon learned where he was. One day a poor man came to him to tell of one still poorer than himself.

"One man lives by me. He has lost his place. He has no work dees long time. His wife she sell everything and go to her fader far off. The man he is all by himself. He have no bread. I do know tonight he does kill hisself dead."

The young university man went out with his guide, found the despairing fellow, took him home, shared his own room with him for nine weeks, clothed him, got him work and put courage into his heart. If you were to go to Hull House some night when there is a great meeting there, you might notice a man of handsome, clearly-cut features, who has brown eyes with long lashes, and a well-shaped head. He looks like a Russian nobleman in the story books. It is the man who did wish that summer night to "kill hisself dead;" now he has entered upon a life of service to others.

One day in the late autumn there came to the university-man's door an old Irishman who had managed to make a comfortable living through the summer doing all sorts of odd jobs for people.

"I've come, sorr," he said, "to bid ye good-by. To-morrer I do be goin' to the porehouse to sthay till the winter do be over."

"Why, Patrick," said the university man, "I don't like to think of your going to the poorhouse. You're too useful for that."

But Patrick explained that in the summer he was all right, but in the winter rheumatism crippled him so much that he couldn't work. Well, the end of it was: "See here, Patrick; you can stay here this winter and help my mother. Come into the house." And there Patrick is, washing dishes, waiting on the table, doing a woman's work—happy, contented and warm.

Dr. Graham Taylor is well known to the readers of religious books and papers. An eloquent lecturer, a vigorous writer, a professor in a theological college; but he is the center and inspiration of the settlement known as the "Chicago Commons," and the men and women residents there are among the best in Chicago. To hear Dr. Graham Taylor talk of the needs among his poor is enough to unlock the coffers of a Scrooge and draw tears from a cynic.

In several of the settlement houses there are restaurants where meals are served, and where the people of the neighborhood may come to buy healthfully-cooked foods. That means a great deal in the districts where women make button-holes for 10 cents a hundred, and think coffee, baker's bread and fried meat a suitable diet for workingmen and growing children.

**Had a Tragic Beginning.**

The "Helen Heath" settlement dates its existence from a dramatic incident. In the winter which followed the World's Fair there were many people in Chicago who were in need of food and fire and clothing. Money was freely given by those who had it, and the real question was how to dispense charity wisely. Mrs. Helen Heath was asked to direct the work of distribution in a thickly-settled district on the South Side. She did the work most conscientiously. One morning she rose at a meeting in All Souls' Church to make her usual report. In closing she said "I have become so much interested in the hard lives of the people whom I have seen this winter that I have resolved—and this is the first announcement of my purpose—to go with my family and make my home among them; to help them, if I may ever so little, to live."

She sank into a chair with these words. Her friends thought she had fainted; but she never again recovered consciousness, and soon passed away. As a memorial to her, the "Helen Heath" settlement was established. Its director and chief resident is now Mrs. Harriet Perkins, who has as associates several young women that she regards as ideal settlement workers. There is not one man among the "Helen Heath" workers, a fact which Mrs. Perkins frankly deplores, and she trusts that providence may send one that way.

One of the chief features at the Helen Heath settlement is a well-selected library, where the whole neighborhood comes weekly to get books. It surprises one to hear the requests that are made for certain books.

"My mudder wants a story of Balzac!" said a foreign-looking boy about 13 years old. I raised my eyes inquiringly to the librarian.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "that mother is always sending for Balzac and Elliot."

"My brudder wants a book about animals; no, not that one; he's had that green cover; yes'm, that'll do."

"My sister wants a book with all talk in it; she don't want no preaching in it," and all of these wishes the librarian conscientiously regards.

Fortunately, she is a cultured young woman of wealth and leisure. She spends the whole of each Saturday at the settlement, helping in the library in the afternoon and superintending a sewing class in the morning.

"You see," this young lady said to me as she drew on her gloves, after a busy day, "the church which my family attend has only people of wealth among its members, and there is really nothing whatever for me to do there. That is why I go out for service."

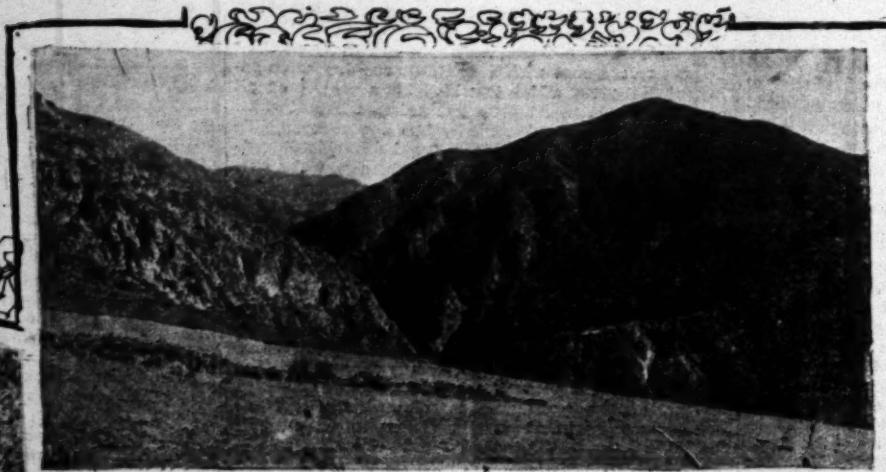
I learned later that she gave more than service to the settlement.

EMMA M. GREENLEAF.

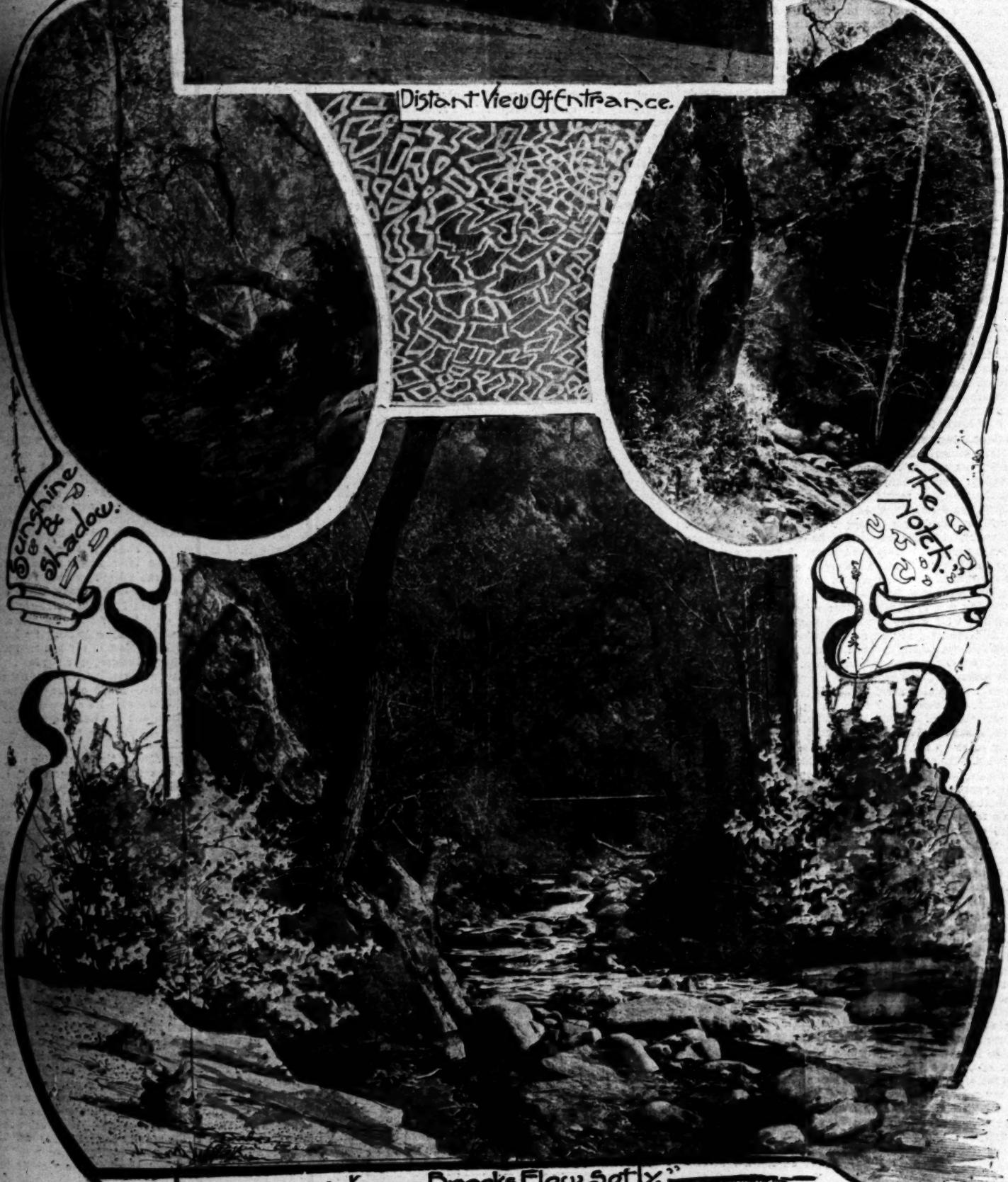
# Picturesque California—Mountain and Dell



# Sweet Sylvan Scenes in Eaton Canyon.



Distant View Of Entrance.



"Where Brooks Flow Softly."



## GADSON.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE was every prospect that the barbecue at Plut'ville had proved a veritable journalistic bonanza, and as editor of the Barbsborough Weekly Round-Up, I galloped homeward over the Pecos Valley trail in a very much rejuvenated frame of mind.

Plut'ville and Barbsborough were rivals for recognition on the map of New Mexico—particularly on the railroad map of said Territory. Both were located well up on the headwaters of the Pecos, at a distance of some thirty miles apart. The former was a relay station on the Wichita and Santa Fé stage line, and boasted a population of 200. This claim it could doubtless substantiate at four stated periods in the year—when the cow-punchers from the adjacent ranges were wont to swoop down on the place in force for the purpose of spending their quarterly wages at its combined saloon and hurdy-gurdy. During the balance of the year its inhabitants were practically limited to the station-keeper, his wife and grown son. The duties of the latter alternated between those of hostler and bartender. He was likewise, ex-officio, a deputy sheriff and backwoods correspondent of the Santa Fé Clarion. In addition to these permanent incumbencies, Plut'ville was possessed of the aforesaid ambition to become a future station on the railroad then heading west through the Territory.

It was this spirit of covetousness on the part of its community that had roused the antagonism of Barbsborough's citizens. In fact, to be strictly honest, it was what had roused all there was of Barbsborough to its present state of existence. For previous to the setting in of the railroad fever the place had been merely known as Barbed-wire Ford, the point where the old Albuquerque trail crossed the Pecos, and consisted of but one primitive building, which in winter was used as a schoolhouse and semi-annually as a church. But the very instant Plut'ville showed its hand and took to advancing such extravagant statements as to its population and the superior advantages the river offered at that point as a railroad crossing, the settlers around Barbed-wire Ford arose in protest. As a result a mass meeting had immediately been called for the purpose of evolving plans for diverting the prospective road from their audacious neighbors and alluring it their way. I happened to be passing up the Pecos Valley at this juncture, and arrived at Barbed-wire in time to attend this conference of enterprising ranchers. During its progress, one particularly-enthusiastic stockman, with a genius equaled only by his magnificent nerve, arose with the unique suggestion that if they only had a newspaper at the Ford their victory would be a foregone conclusion.

"Then," said he, "Plut'ville, with its stage stables, an' gin-mill, an' hurdy-gurdy, might do its worst" (he didn't say "worst," but the expression he did use was essentially synonymous), "for," he continued, "with a schoolhouse an' a church an' a newspaper 'hind of us, the railroad couldn't reach out fast enough a-tryin' t' get t' us 'fore we got t' it."

Now, it's a very commonplace scheme to build up a newspaper with a live town as a basis, but the idea of reversing the rule struck me as being somewhat of an innovation—particularly in a country where the real-estate promoter was as yet unknown. However, no obstacle seemed too great for these aggressive plainsmen to overcome, and notwithstanding its seeming impracticability, the newspaper idea had promptly elicited a demonstration of approval. But when the first wave of enthusiasm had spent itself, and the question as to details came up for consideration, the outlook had visibly paled. There was not a man among them, to their knowledge, who had any more conception of conducting a newspaper than of navigating the milky way. While the deliberating was in progress, however, I was reasoning to myself somewhat as follows:

"Old chap, you're out of a job, and following a hard trail, with barely enough funds left to grubstake you as far as Albuquerque. Your sole immediate possessions are your horse and trapping and a letter of recommendation from your late employer, the editor of the Penasco Miner—as to the value of which document, in a civilized community, you are not a little dubious. Therefore, why not strike for the managing editorship of this embryo publication?" The idea was not long in arousing me to definite action, and while the perplexity of the assemblage was at its height, I arose, presented my Penasco credentials and applied for the berth.

The upshot of the proposition was that sufficient capital was duly voted for the installation of a publishing plant under my supervision, together with a subsidy of some 250 pledged semi-annual subscribers at \$6 each, payable in monthly installments of \$1.

Out of these subscriptions I was to pay the running expenses of the paper, and what was left was to constitute my salary. At the same meeting, a resolution had been adopted changing the name of Barbed-wire Ford to Barbsborough, and rechristening the paper the Barbsborough Weekly Round-Up. It had been further agreed that the place of publication should be the south half of the community church and schoolhouse, wherein the meeting was then in progress.

On the following day I left for Albuquerque for the purpose of purchasing an outfit, and at the expiration of a fortnight was back at the Ford with a somewhat antiquated hand-press, which the Albuquerque Leader had long since outgrown, and the capacity of which varied according to the amount of energy expended upon the hand crank, whence emanated its motive power. This I had transported over the trail in sections, together with a case of type and other accessories, on the backs of half a dozen Mexican burros. In this latter undertaking I had been greatly assisted by my staff, likewise acquired at Albuquerque, and which consisted

of a printer's devil, in the person of a young Navajo buck—and Gadson.

The associating of this last enumerated worthy with the enterprise I had classed as equivalent to a full-fledged scoop. True, he laid no claim whatsoever to being a man of letters, and his executive ability had hitherto been largely limited to the administration of various brace faro banks and kindred institutions. But he was a dead shot with a Colt's 45, running or standing, at 100 paces, added to which his authority on all questions of border etiquette was unimpeachable, which qualifications combined to render him a most formidable backing to the policy laid down for the Weekly Round-Up by its constituents. Moreover, whereas at the out-start I had entertained not a few misgivings regarding the stability of that semi-annual subsidy, all such fears were now entirely obviated. I would intrust the monthly collections entirely to Gadson. Such, in brief, were the circumstances connected with the origin of the Barbsborough Weekly Round-Up.

Throughout the first quarter which ensued the pugnacious little sheet had been the delight of the settlers in the region thereabout, and the consequent ban of the iniquitous Plut'villites. More than once within that period had our somewhat caustic paragraphs impelled the aggrieved subject thereof to ride over the intervening thirty miles in quest of a violent interview with the editor, which favor had always been cheerfully granted—invariably, however, with Gadson as the editorial proxy—and from which controversies he had as invariably emerged triumphant. From the commencement of the second quarter, however, the progress of the paper had proved somewhat less encouraging. To this fact I had attributed three principal causes, to wit, the slowness of the railroad to embrace our ideas as to the proper point for it to cross the Pecos, the wearing off of the original novelty of having a paper in the community, and the consequent dissatisfaction over the current expenses of the publication. The most serious

ing barbecue, being in the nature of a barbecue, I surmised a demonstration without a parallel in the history of the Pecos Valley. Plut'ville would sustain her ends to the extent of attorneying herself. The question as to whether she would be favorable to her aspirations, was quite another thing, and, to say the least, in all events, the material for resurrection in the Round-Up on the part of its editor, was in full length developed. The next step was to ascertain to avail itself of the same. It had been agreed that we must be represented at Plut'ville on the 24th, but who to send as a correspondent was yet to be determined. Within the past few months Gadson had become reasonably adept as a compositor, having turned up the entire paper, but when it came to the same, he was hopelessly out of his element, as the paper was due to appear on the 24th. Following the barbecue, I was in a quandary as to who I should acquire the coveted details. At length a course appeared to be available, which would reduce myself for the time being to the position of correspondent. My plan had been to attend the demonstration, taking with me my Navajo boy, who should dispatch back to Barbsborough with half of the copy, returning at nightfall with the balance of my work, which arrangement would enable Gadson to get the same into type in proper pursuance of this project, we had previously made a greater portion of the edition, reserving only space for the Plut'ville matter, after which I would return to Gadson, mounted my horse, and be pained by my aboriginal aide-de-camp, ready for assignment.

And the affair at Plut'ville had exceeded my sanguine expectations. Before noon I had sent my Navajo courier up the river at a gallop with items that would turn the average yellow-jacket with envy, and before the sun had set on the rising community, I had chronicled a day's work that must certainly have constituted a red-letter day in Satan's operations along the Pecos. Plut'ville, usually outdone herself in barbaric revelry, and a detailed account of the orgies at "Empire City," whose modest name had at length been decided upon to replace its former title—should appear in the paper in the Round-Up, it would be a venturesome deed, that would project itself anywhere in the world.

Hence, as my horse shook the dust of the camp from his hoofs that evening and scampered down the trail to Barbsborough, it is but natural that I should feel elated at the prospect of a new advent of prosperity for the Round-Up and the section it serves. While riding along, I pictured Gadson at my first copy into type—saw him pass with the expression of mingled interest and vexation as if Gadson would never forgive himself for having such a hair-curving combination of sweet, mind, old boy!" I fancied myself saying to him, "return, 'you shall have a turn over at Albuquerque as soon as the back collections are all in."

While thus engrossed, I suddenly rounded a bend in the trail, and a moment later nearly trod on my saddle. It was not the abrupt swerve in the gait, however, that so narrowly missed me, but the apparition by which I was so unexpectedly confronted. For there, on his horse at the side of the trail, with one leg comfortably entwined in the stirrup, was his Texas saddle, sat the subject of my late night's complacently fashioning a brown-paper cigarette.

"The devil!" I remarked, briefly, when my horse had subsided sufficiently to admit of the comment.

"It's out," returned Gadson, quite as composed as if he thoroughly defined the unuttered question of my bewildered mind.

"What's out?" I demanded.

"The paper, of course," was the comforting response.

My only comment was to dumbly survey the prominent feature of the Barbsborough Round-Up.

"You see," intelligently explained the editor, after pausing long enough to ignite the new-made cigarette, "it had to be a bob-tailed coyote, none being the limit were reached in the die of the deal. Remember that coyote of a sheriff up at Plut'ville?"

"Yes," I admitted; "he smelled trouble from me and stampeded before the exercises were half way. I've an item on him right here in my copy."

"Concerning which you're scooped," declared Gadson with the air of a veteran reporter, "news items have already been given to the public in the front page of the Round-Up. Your Injun got back just in time to start in circulating the edition, and, being on this year's meeting, I fetched along a special copy."

Whereupon Gadson handed the paper over to me, glanced at the space reserved for Plut'ville, and the head of which appeared in poster characters in the title: "Plut'ville's Last Bluff," and there were several kindred entries in great print. "The Round-Up turns a trick on her police force. Which calls on us for puerile intentions—Intend a lesson in up-to-date journalism—It's valuable in getting out this special edition," they all said the item, in small pica.

"We were waited on somewhat ungraciously by the highly-accomplished, but ill-advised, sheriff of Plut'ville in the person of the deputy sheriff, who is ambitious but slightly ribald down-river country."

"The visit, unfortunately, was planned contrary to our code of rules, the esteemed police representative putting in an appearance out of office while the editorial force was at breakfast, the editor having a half-hour's delay in his reception. No object of said visit, we regret to say, was in any way consistent with our ideas of good breeding, having been made at the instance of certain shabbily-impudent creditors, whose claims would have been settled long ago but for the parsimony of the sheriff."



"WE SET HIM TO WORK WRITIN' THIS ITEM."

view of our subscribers. The attachment, however, proved to be a week old, which fact convinced us that in service had been purposely and maliciously withheld in order that Plut'ville might surprise us on the eve of our weekly issue, and thus have the howl on us. We, therefore, took occasion to explain our opinions to the editor, and those who presented the same and declare our opinions thereto, together with our determination to go ahead with the regular issuance of the Round-Up. Right here is where the delegate from Plut'ville displayed his lack of discretion by attempting to draw on us, for we had him covered the instant his eyes became to the notion.

"Our usual disposition of such cases, however, we were impelled to modify somewhat, in consideration of our visitor's known adaptability as a scribe, and, instead of puncturing his obnoxious anatomy forthwith, we set him to work writing this item, keeping him continually covered the while. It required numerous suggestions throughout on the part of the editor in charge, together with considerable reference to back numbers of the Round-Up for the proper dictionary, before the editor was finally accepted. Otherwise, we cheerfully would have had this scribe with whatever literary merit the editor may possess. The mechanical part of the work, however, we cannot consistently attribute to him, the credit for same being entirely due to ourselves, seeing as we were forced to handcuff the gent, by way of punishment, with the irons he brought along, after which we set him on, while we set up the job. It had been the editor's intention of the paper to detain its visitor here, but had to hold back this publication until after the Plut'ville crew were all in, but for the reason that our entire valuable space has been appropriated to this somewhat previous article, together with the rare opportunity we had of having the crank power furnished by an editor, the paper has decided upon going to press now."

In conclusion, we wish to formally announce to our readers that on account of our having just received word from up-stream to the effect that the railroad has finally started to cross the valley at Las Vegas, the Barbershop Weekly Round-Up will suspend publication with this issue."

"Gadson," said I, slowly, after contemplating the closing paragraph of the article, "is that straight?"

"Straight as the mane on my mare's neck," returned the worthy, philosophically. "The down stage brought the news from Las Vegas at noon today."

"And the deputy from Plut'ville—what did you do with him?"

"Dashed him to the press while I folded and sent out the edition," was the laconical reply. "Then, seeing as he'd come up to take charge of the premises, when I'd 'cleaned up,' I just left him there and rode down to meet you."

I studied the matter over carefully for a full minute before I again spoke. Then I said:

"Look here, Gadson; you've got the paper out and no mistake. Likewise, you've got your foot in it for regarding it as an officer. And, what's worse, Plut'ville won't turn it that. They're ugly enough down there now to call it kidnaping, or even rustling. Therefore, I am of the opinion that the quicker you get away from these parts the better it'll be for you."

"And what about yourself?" inquired my impulsive chief-of-staff.

"I'm going up and turn that deputy loose," I replied, "and let the Round-Up die a respectable death."

"Then I'll go with you," was the reply, and Gadson vaulted his horse into the trail beside me.

I laid my hand, remonstrating, on his arm. "No, Gadson," I said, firmly; "it will never do. Don't you see that it would simply mean the wiping out of us both? They won't molest me alone, as I had no hand in the detention of the officer. But they would take you to account for it. Therefore, you must get out of the country at once."

"I reckon you're right," he admitted, reluctantly, as he grasped my outstretched hand. "It 'd mean not only me, but the pair of us. The odds 'd be plumb agin a square deal. Guess I'll light out for Albu-

querque."

And Gadson lit.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

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#### SIENKIEWICZ AT HOME.

[London News:] Some of the Polish papers give interesting particulars of the private life of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," etc. He lives in Warsaw, occupying with his daughter and mother-in-law the second story of a tenement-house. He is a widower. The rooms are very simply furnished in old-fashioned style. Many pictures, the gifts of friends, cover the walls. The study of Sienkiewicz is a large, light and airy room, containing a commodious writing-table and many well-filled bookcases. A life-size picture of the deceased wife of Sienkiewicz hangs on one wall, and hunting trophies on the others. Sienkiewicz begins his day between 9 and 10 a.m. He breakfasts on tea and a few slices of ham or roast beef. He then works till 8 p.m., but drinks a cup of coffee with two or three raw eggs in the interval.

Sienkiewicz is not particular as to what he eats, but the table must be prettily laid out and the service elegant. A little white wine mixed with water is the author's general beverage. Often he takes no wine at all. From 3 to 4 p.m., Sienkiewicz receives visitors, but never returns their calls. Only the most intimate friends are honored by his frequenting their houses. When he wishes for entire solitude he goes abroad, where he will meet only strangers. Toward 6 p.m., Sienkiewicz takes a walk, coming home again punctually at 8 o'clock. Supper is then served, one warm dish, cheese, fruit and a glass of tea. From 9 to 12 p.m. work is resumed, generally private correspondence and preliminary studies for his works. He is a very affectionate father; his wife was taken from him very early, leaving a son and a daughter. Sienkiewicz has a passion for "pig sticking," and accepts every invitation to a bear hunt.

## QUEER PETS.

### BIRDS AND BEASTS OF MANY KINDS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

From the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"SIX pet stores where there used to be one," says a San Francisco observer, "and more zoological rascals arriving with every steamer."

Similar reports come from Los Angeles, from New York, Boston, New Orleans, and, indeed, from every seaport town favored with the results of expansion. Our once-monkeyless republic is beginning to swarm with sensational pets, and if our benevolent army contractors persist in saving heathens we will soon assimilate a slice of Siam, where an executioner elephant is now practicing his peculiar attainments by charging into a mob and strangling stumblers before they have time to demand a jury of their peers.

Even now some of our oriental consignments might scatter a meeting of anti-imperialists. A specimen of the *Buceros bicoloris*, or royal hornbill, recently exhibited by a Brooklyn menagerie agent, caused several runaways and utterances in a voice, which an earwitness describes as something between the song of a donkey and the screech of a full-grown locomotive.

#### Croaks of Hunger.

Compared with the vocal efforts of the pairing season, explained the exhibitor, those croaks were only incidental remarks, prompted by the caprices of appetite, but devoid of the fervor that voices the grander passions. The amatory instinct, he added, would assert itself about the middle of April or beginning of May, according to the state of the weather. A good deal may also depend upon the attitude of adjoining States. The Philadelphia Society for the Abatement of Noise might force an injunction, though the agent's have relinquished the fight against factory whistles.

The mere preludes to that music of the future were indeed loud enough to attract investigators from social classes that would scorn to waste time upon ordinary sensations. One of those inquirers represented a security association that has begun to insure window glass.

As an extenuating circumstance, the pet dealer then admitted a conjecture that the great hornbill might be homesick. His home in the Philippines is limited to the southern group of islands, but it is not impossible that the natives of Luzon can now and then hear his symphonies in a south wind night.

The avemono, or kalong, a species of fruit-eating bat, and an undoubtedly local product of Luzon, can claim the championship of voracity, though the recent experience of the Chinese patriots might justify a different conclusion. The kalong does not extend his enterprise to real estate transactions, but in his specialty of banana performances he is hard to beat. The Banter Committee of a newsboys' home used to warn a chubby little glutton that he would soon be unable to eat his own weight in a day, but the Luzon hog bat can perform that feat any day in the year.

#### Great Shrieker.

With his enormous skin wings folded, he shrinks to the size of a half-grown rabbit, and cannot weigh more than two pounds—before breakfast—for after stuffing himself with banana slices and boiled carrots, he wriggles out of the scales to conceal the fact that his weight has increased some 60 per cent. At noon he is ready for another lunch, but reserves his chief efforts for supper, when he eats away more like a hash mill than a creature with a dietary conscience about its inside.

His digestive vigor enables him to take wing again after dark, and thus forgets the excuse of statesmen who palliate land grabs with the necessity of a compact frontier, as when the Commissioners of Guadeloupe Hidalgo demanded 280,000 square miles to extend our southern border to the Rio Grande, and 875,000 more to reach the Pacific on the west, and thus prevent all further disputes. An "arrondized outline" the French of the first empire used to call the results of such modications:

"Your appetite, sir, is surprising!"

"Excuse me; I'm just arrondizing."

But that plea does not hold good in the case of the Philippines, nor of the Philippine pine g'ant bat, when it unfolds its wings and zigzags about the premises like a vision from Dante's cyclorama.

A close relative of the kalong is also found in the West Indies, where it sallies from its hiding places at sundown, in swarms resembling advancing storm clouds, and would be a worse plague than the Egyptian locust if its habitat were not a region of inexhaustible fertility. A Cuban banana gardener, dodging tax collectors by hiding four days in the week, can get more food from an acre of ground than a hard-working Manitoba wheat farmer could possibly raise on twenty acres; but it has been admitted that the enormous harvest could be doubled if it were possible to keep parrots and bats away. As it is, the depredations never stop night or day. In retaliation the platanoero cages and sells all the marauders he can trap, and pities his neighbor who would like to cage a few members of the tobacco trust.

The Filipinos partly recoup their losses by selling predatory monkeys of the species known as Macaques (pronounced Makaks, with the accent on the second syllable)—grayish brown little scamps with side whiskers that hide the motions of their restless eyes. They are tailless or bob-tailed, not nearly as pretty, in fact, as the South American ringtails, but infinitely surpass them in activity and intelligence, the difference being due to the fact that the Brazilian descendants of our tree-climbing ancestors have a vast wilderness nearly all to themselves, while their Philippine cousins have to hustle for a living. Even their half-grown bantling

could graduate in Prof. Fagan's Collegiate Institute for juvenile pickpockets, and will pretend to get interested in a working man's entomological welfare, while their hind hands reach around to investigate the inside facts of his dinner pail.

#### Bald-headed Macaques.

Full-grown specimens come to consider depredation its own reward, and would rather steal copies of Senator Hanna's patriotic pamphlets than not steal at all.

"Poor fellow; lost his tail and nothing but carrots for dinner," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman, patting a bald-headed macaque in the shop of a Brooklyn pet dealer. Master Bobtail seemed to be half asleep, but connoisseurs of the species could have noticed a peculiar twinkle about one of his eyelids. "Poor soul," resumed the altruist, "ten thousand miles away from his friends and would like to find a good home, I can see that by his looks;" but the next moment he could not see it quite as plainly, for the gentleman from Manila had shot out a long-fingered hand and snatched off his spectacles.

Luzon, the birthland of these too foxy four-handers, also produces hill foxes that may be destined to become our favorite parlor pets. At first glance the perritos (little dog) might be mistaken for a dwarf toy terrier; the young ones especially practice puppy tricks enough to mystify foreigners, but their sharpening ears and snouts eventually betray their affinity. A nursing perrita (the courtesies of the female a being extended to Spanish viviñas)—will hide her whelps the best way she can—in the darkest corner of a cracker box, or in the shaft of an old jackboot, and annex dry goods to make their home more homelike, but, in the evident absence of danger, rather encourages their outdoor play.

About a week after their eyes open they will venture forth of their own accord, to have a leaping match after a grasshopper or crippled sparrow, or roll about the floor and paw each other like romping kittens. In default of other pastime they will approach a chimney corner where a young Newfoundland lies snoring on his rug. Crouching down, they wriggle up with cat-like caution, finally letting their leader lift paw to touch the young giant, whose slightest motion sends the adventurers back squeaking into the toe end of their boot.

The perrito is found in the mountains of all the large islands, and probably also in Borneo, where Sir Stamford Raffles saw "tiny, fox-like creatures playing about the rocks and rising on their hind legs to gather wild-growing berries." They are domesticated as easily as squirrels, and can subsist on a purely vegetable diet, but the instincts of the species are apt to assert themselves in the presence of scampering rodents. An old perrito, though hardly half the size of a pug dog, will tackle rats and wear them out by chasing and pawing them all around the room, and then drag them into a hiding place, with a view to benevolent assimilation.

Glass jars with speckled water lizards are exhibited in the windows of many well-to-do Filipinos, and few strangers would suppose that the primitive aquarium serves a meteorological purpose. Those lizards come from the pools of the volcanic highlands and indicate the approach of an earthquake by leaving their perch and wriggling under the mixture of gravel and sand at the bottom of the jar. The habit has been developed by natural selection, alias the survival of the fittest. That water, often strongly impregnated with sulphur, is forced upward by volcanic pressure, and has been known to pollute good-sized lakes and force its denizens to take refuge in the upper valleys of their tributaries. The water lizards (adivinos, i. e., little soothsayers, the Filipinos call them,) have no such expedient, and are obliged to make the best of what means of relief their little pool affords.

By the simple trick of stamping on the floor adivinos can be induced to stop swimming and remain motionless, as if in an attitude of attention, for minutes together. There is probably always a risk of mistaking the rumbling of an approaching earthquake for the boom of a rock avalanche, and what that danger means was illustrated in the Sierras of Ecuador, when the volcano of Sangay belched out torrents of hot water, mingled with fish that seemed to have come from some subterranean lake of the Andes, where they had learned to make a living in the absence of sunlight, only to be evicted en masse, like trust empoyés after a consolidation.

According to the account of Baron Humboldt these victims of a volcanic freak covered the slopes of the foothills with a silver gray film, or wriggled in the depths of mountain gulches, probably trying to console themselves with meditations on Claus Spreckels's axiom about the benefit of wholesale transactions.

In Manila specimens of the speckled prophet lizard can be bought for two reals (about 25 cents,) glass jar and all, and in midsummer would probably survive an ocean voyage. Their speciality would make them useful pets in California earthquake regions; in Cincinnati they might contrive to predict an eruption of sulphurous blue laws.

#### Luzon Ground Owl.

Prophetic instincts are also ascribed to the ground owl, that inhabits the treeless plateaus of Southern Luzon, and whose appearance in daytime is considered an omen of impending trouble. Four or five hen birds generally share the burrow of an old male, but attend to domestic duties, while the head of the family starts out to scrutinize the state of the weather.

When an early tremor shakes down the loose gravel of the little dug-out, the proprietor scrambles out in broad daylight, but even then brings only one of his wives along—perhaps in deference to the polygamy laws of the new government.

The equally barren summit regions of the Coast Range are haunted by a small species of cave baboon, the *Cynocephalus niger*, all in all about the best-behaving variety of our Darwinian relatives. As the owner of a permanent home, it is remarkably cleanly, and, perhaps for the same reason, betrays none of the anarchic tendencies of the vagrant free monkeys. And no other pet of its size can be more cheaply boarded. The absence of a tree fruit obliges it to root for a living, and large troops of the pig-nosed little mountaineers can be seen digging about the rocks in quest of bulbs.

By way of experiment, our political representatives in Northern Luzon should be instructed to ship a consignment of cave baboons. They could possibly be accustomed to a diet of potatoes and water, and set to work in the Hanna coal mines.

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## A Riverside Home.

RS. A. G. S.: Your letter suggests to my mind a most charming home, but if I do not succeed in rendering you any practical assistance, it is because you have failed to state clearly and concisely just where you needed my help. You open by saying: "I would like your advice in color and what kind of material for upholstering chairs which are black wood-work, divan and archway in living-room." You inclose a sample of red-brown velour and wish to know if I would advise the use of it or of green. As your walls are terra-cotta I would most decidedly prefer the green. This, especially as the matting is green. You add that your living-room, which is 17x22, opens into the dining-room; that this again opens into a conservatory with grape vines over the outside and fernery inside. The vista looking through the three rooms must be very pretty indeed. This sort of effect always appeals to my own taste. If there were more women who realized that a background of greenery, flecked with sunlight, was the most restful, as well as one of the most fascinating things in the world, there would be more such vistas. The simplest furnishing, if quiet in tone and not distractingly inharmonious, acquires a distinct charm if it leads up to the green and gold of sunlight and plants. An easy way to obtain this is to inclose an alcove at one side of the room (preferably the south side) with glass and fill it with plants and running vines, ferns, etc. The floor may be of cement or of boards, but if one can afford to do so, it is well to leave a central floor space wide enough to set a small breakfast table here on sunny mornings. There are days, as we all feel, in this climate, when the air, the birds, the sunshine and perfume woo us irresistibly. It is therefore a happy and a healthful thing to breakfast and lunch in the midst of these influences. You also ask what color to use in a shade for large but low brass lamp. If your terra-cotta walls tend rather to a brownish than a pinkish shade use the burnt orange you suggest. If they are pinkish, use rose color. I could not think of anything more beautiful for decoration than just what you tell me you have, that is, the Samoan curios. You wish to know where to set your ebony clock, as you have no mantel. Why not have a small, heavy shelf put up against the wall especially for this clock? You can set a stand with plant under it. Use candlesticks or other pieces on either side of the clock. The only incongruous object in this pretty room is the stove. Either remove it or screen it with a leather screen. The greens I advise you to use as upholstery and portieres will be restful and will bring together your various colors and furnishings harmoniously. Much terra-cotta in a room, if unbroken by a contrasting color, is apt to produce a hot and dry effect. You can readily understand that green would break into this refreshingly. Next you ask: "What color to paint woodwork in spare bedroom. Walls are blue, furniture white and gold. Woodwork at present a dingy kitchen brown." I would paint the woodwork here either a cold blue, toning in with the paper, or ivory white.

## A Nogales Cottage.

"An Interested Reader," at Nogales, Ariz., says: "I have come to you for advice and suggestions regarding the furnishing of a five-room cottage. I have been a reader of the House Beautiful for months. The cottage in question has a living and dining-room connected with a square opening. Both rooms are 14x14 feet. Walls plain white plaster. Each room has a small sleeping-room off of it. My idea was to have the entire color scheme in green of various tones. I have a bedroom set of oak, one white iron bed, a few good pictures, some Royal Worcester and Rookwood bric-a-brac, and books enough for a small bookcase; two pairs of Irish point curtains and a number of sofa pillows. I wanted a Davenport, a Morris chair, and two other easy chairs and a library table. I have a piano, also a dining-room table and one oak rocker. Tell me how to furnish my windows. Would white matting in sleeping-rooms and Japanese rugs in other two rooms do? I wish to go East for materials, so an early reply would be much appreciated."

I would advise your having walls and ceilings of living, dining, and one bedroom, done in a soft, cold green. The other bedroom I would do in delicate blue. This water-color wash over walls and ceiling will be very inexpensive and you will not soon tire of these colors. I like the white matting and Japanese rugs. Over the Irish point curtains in living-room I would hang straight scarf curtains of green linen taffeta. Many houses carry these delicate artistic stuffs for house furnishing. If you buy a green from any of these places, it will not be a commonplace shade; but subdued tints that I so constantly recommend. Avoid olive green or any which has a yellow tone. For my green bedroom I would buy curtains for window, cover for slipper box, cushion, etc., of a green flowered stuff on white ground. Line these curtains so they will not fade, and hang sash curtains underneath of white dimity; use blue and white in the same way in the other bedroom. White dimity at 15 cents a yard will make a pretty spread, with a deep ruffle, for your white iron bed.

Your Davenport would be appropriately covered with green velour or fine corded corduroy, but I would use dull blue in tapestry or velour on Morris chair. Do not put any pinks or reds in this room. Yet, strange to say, you will find no flower more decorative here than red roses. Dull blue, turquoise blue (in a cushion) or creamy yellow will show well. I have suggested this to you with the thought that perhaps you were going to Chicago. Of course in New York there are many places also where you can find artistic stuffs. Do not be so fas-

cinated by the beautiful stuffs found at these places as to purchase the more expensive materials, but, as long as you are going East, you can visit the houses I speak of and take the opportunity to fasten the shades and tones in your mind. You will soon be able to decide just what greens and blues you like best, and if you look them over carefully you will find you can get just as beautiful colors and effects in the cheaper goods. This advice may appear to others superfluous, but, as you have told me just what you have to spend, and as you are determined not to have your house commonplace, I have ventured to make these suggestions. I would gladly tell you of some place nearer home where you could find just what you want, but so far I have been unable to persuade the shops here to carry many of the things I wish to recommend. If you have a chance to pick up a pretty piece of oriental stuff in cotton or silk which will do for your bookcase curtains, do not neglect the opportunity.

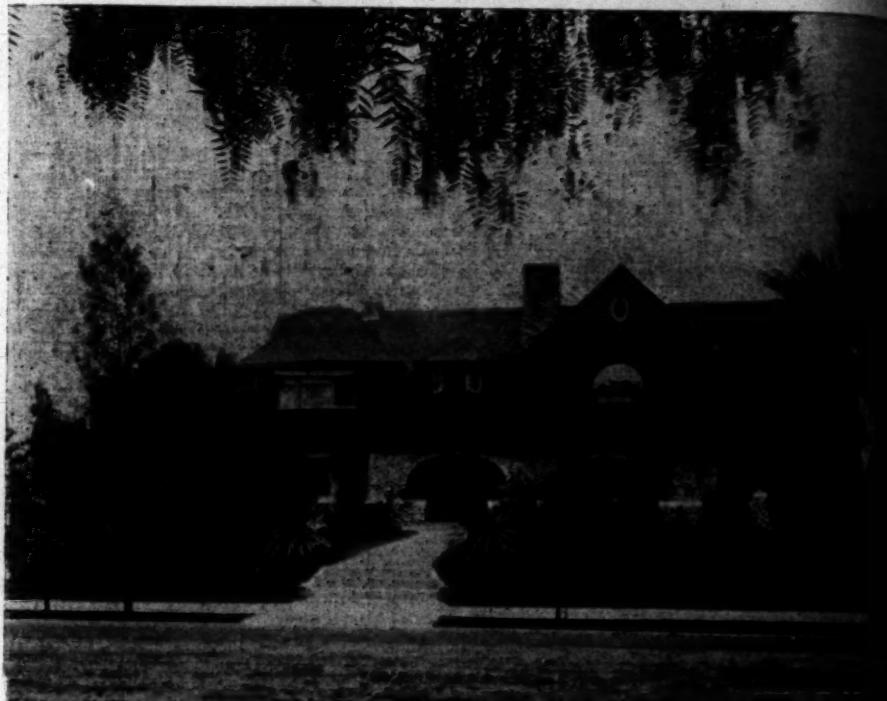
## Prints and Pictures.

R. S., Riverside, asks for a list of good prints and pictures from which she can select. I cannot precisely

of the room. This has a wide gold mat and is all perfectly flat. An engraving, three feet by four, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," in a flat mahogany, hangs over the bookshelf. At hand is a beautiful copy of Carlo Dolci's "Child," and a "Madonna with the Thump." This is not large, and is furnished simply, but I mentioned the subjects, frames and groupings of pictures as an answer to many queries on the subject.

## The Selection of Paper.

E. R. M., Santa Ana, writes: "Would you give me some suggestions as to color and style of paper to use in my house? The rooms which I wish to comprise a hall with south front. This is 14x14, double openings into parlor and dining-room, with red draperies and has green velvet cushion seat. The parlor is 14x14, with large windows, carpet of solid green with border of pink and brown. Mantel of oak, grand piano and furniture of mahogany. This room opens with doors into back parlor. The back parlor has



RESIDENCE OF E. WARNER, PASADENA.



RESIDENCE OF HOMER LAUGHLIN, LOS ANGELES.

fulfill this difficult request, but I will list the pictures that hang on the wall of a room which I think be-speaks refinement of taste. There is a beautiful "Braun" photograph of Mme. Le Brun and child (without the turban.) This is in a finely-carved frame of wood. The color of the wood is a soft, delicious brown, which tones in perfectly with the brown tints of the picture, the outer edges of the carving are lightly inlaid with brass, thus you see this simple picture becomes an object of rare artistic beauty; no mat is used, but the carving encircles the figures closely. Grouped with this is "The Girl with the Muff," a fine engraving of another one of Mme. Le Brun's paintings. This is oval in shape, is about twelve inches long, and is merely inclosed in a band of brass. Another oval picture which corresponds in size to this is a copy of Grenze's celebrated "Broken Picture." This is in a narrow oval frame of ebony. Breaking the little group of one square, and two oval, pictures is a fine Della Robbia plaster cast of an angel's head. On the opposite wall hang two marines in oil, with rococo frames, in gilt. A very rich water color of chrysanthemums, in a blue jar, done in broad style, hangs over a steamer chair at one end

dow across the east end and glass in doors on both sides is furnished as a library with book-cases, desk and library table. This room and dining-room are alike and open by double doors. The dining-room has a bay window across the west end containing a sofa, and is furnished with complete dining-room furniture of golden oak. Carpets are yellowish tan with green black figures."

Perhaps you had better paper your hall and parlor alike, using a plain green in grain, which will go in with the green of seat and carpet. The ceiling will be of cream and gold paper having perhaps a green in figure. Remember that you need not be for this the so-called ceiling and frieze paper sold by dealers. Select a pretty side-wall paper which will make a good ceiling with your plain walls, and as your ceiling is high, paper all the way down to a low-set picture mold. A border is necessary, molding makes the dividing line. Use a tan in grain in library and dining-room. Side walls of velour in golden brown would bring out best in your golden oak furniture.

## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

### In Friend Laboratory.

**R. WILKE**, a traveling man in the employ of Lang, West & Co., gave an excellent illustration for a chemical proposition on a C. H. and D. scale between Indianapolis and this city yesterday morning. Mr. Wilke suffered from a sore throat while in the Hoosier capital and purchased a number of potash tablets, which he poured loose into his vest pocket. He then secured a box of matches, warranted not to ignite unless struck on the box, and placed them in the vest pocket with the tablets.

After these preliminaries he boarded the train. Half-way to this city Mr. Wilke yelled "Fire," and clutched his vest pocket. His clothes were ablaze, and several passengers hastened to his assistance. They were compelled to tear away his shirt and vest, and the potash tablets, burning fiercely, fell to the floor of the car. The skin of one of Mr. Wilke's hands was badly burned and the skin upon his chest was severely blistered. Several of the passengers who had assisted him in putting out the blaze were burned.

As soon as he arrived in this city Mr. Wilke went to his home at Terrace avenue and Hopper street, Camp Avenue, and physicians were summoned who treated his injuries. Mr. Wilke stated that he experienced with the potash tablets, and found that they exploded and burned fiercely when rubbed against the paper with which the sides of the match box are covered. (Cincinnati Enquirer.)

### Whiskers to Save His Life.

Whiskers made by Harrison Ingalls of Seneca in 1864 saved him his life. At that time Ingalls pledged his services to Lincoln, who was elected for a second term never to shave and he has religiously kept his resolve. As a consequence he wore long, flowing whiskers, reaching his waist. He is a millwright by vocation, and was working about a machine the whiskers caught in and drew his head toward the wheels. With presence of mind he severed his beard with a knife he held in his hand. He is now mourning the loss of a beard of two years' growth. (New York Sun.)

### Two Children as Actors.

Two plays were acted yesterday in South Boston by companies of amateurs, one full of rollicking fun, the other marked by dignity and dramatic fervor. Both performances were given by boys and girls who are now pupils in the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

The first play was given by the girls at 11 o'clock, before an audience that crowded the little hall to the doors. The play was "Alice in Wonderland," and it was not really a play, but a succession of scenes from Lewis Carroll's beautiful story of dreamland. In the first scene Alice, with her white stockings and short sleeves, sat asleep in the garden, and in the six following scenes she talked with the caterpillar, went to the Duchess's "t house," sat through the mad tea party, wandered through the Queen's garden, listened to the mock turtle's story, saw the lobster quadrille, and was present at the trial of the knave of hearts. The gryphon, the hatter, the March hare, the dormouse, the Cheshire cat, the white rabbit, and nearly all the important cards in the pack were on the stage costumed with great effectiveness. The play was arranged and the costumes were made in the school.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock came the second play, "Dido, an Epic Tragedy," arranged from the Aeneid. The tragedy was done without one touch of burlesque, with a seriousness and expression that showed a true appreciation of the ancient poem. Though each step and movement had to be planned and measured by the teacher, the boys went through intricate movements without a hitch. (Boston Evening Transcript.)

### How a Phone Eavesdropper Was Caught.

**FARMER WILLIAM G. GEHRUNG** has been fined \$25 by his neighbors for eavesdropping over the independent party-line telephone.

Some time ago the farmers organized a telephone company. When the telephones were put in the party line was employed, and half a dozen 'phones were put in the same line. This arrangement is such that when one telephone bell rings all ring. For weeks the subscribers have been trying to find out who was listening when they talked. Farmer Green and Farmer Brown were engaged in conversation over the line today when they heard another subscriber take down his 'phone. Then they heard the clear tones of a clock striking. Farmers Green and Brown knew the clock, from its peculiar tone, and that it belonged to Farmer Gehrung. (Dresden (O.) Correspondence Philadelphia Record.)

### Married to a Maltese Cat.

**EDITH WAGNER** of Waukesha has been married by a rural Justice of the Peace near Binghamton, N. Y., to her Maltese cat. Her family has just been advised of the extraordinary wedding.

Miss Wagner is a believer in the transmigration of souls. Some years ago she was engaged to be married to a young man named Edward Hamblin, but before the wedding day arrived he died of typhoid fever. On his deathbed Hamblin told his sweetheart that he knew he was going to die, but that he would always be near her. Not long after his death a fine Maltese cat appeared at her home and remained there, and Miss Wagner was convinced that the soul of her dead lover dwelt in this cat. Some time ago she went to New York, and while at Binghamton decided to marry her pet.

She took out a license in due form, giving a name

that served for the cat, but when she tried to arrange for the performance of the ceremony difficulties were encountered. Several ministers positively refused to officiate, and she finally went into the county, where she succeeded in finding a Justice of the Peace who performed some sort of a marriage rite.

Miss Wagner's friends are trying to persuade her to return home. (Milwaukee (Wis.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.)

### Two Strange Recluses.

**WHEN** Miss Mary Mulligan died, on February 22 last, there were parted two aged sisters, who for many long years had displayed an intensity of religious fervor that the unthinking might call fanatical. At her death Mary Mulligan was more than 80 years old; her sister, Catherine, is but little younger. For thirty years neither set foot on the ground, neither left their dilapidated dwelling at Rossville, S. I.

Thirty years ago both suffered so intensely from muscular rheumatism of the feet that they were near death. Being very devout Christians, they summoned a priest, who anointed their feet and prayed over them. The sisters recovered. Nothing could persuade them that a miracle had not been worked for them. They solemnly vowed to never put foot to the ground, for the ground was unconsecrated, and therefore unfit for them to tread. And they kept their vow. For all those years they never stepped from their home, a tumble-down cabin in a large wood. The doors and windows are barred. The Rev. Father McManus, of St. Joseph's Church, has a key to the lonely house; he has been the sisters' only visitor, save their physician, Dr. Samuel Washington, who recently went to see them. Food and fuel were brought to them from the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and other charities.

Mary would lower a basket by a string from an upper window, and the provisions and coal were put in it. The only companions of these women who had in them the spirit of martyrs were a dog and a cat. The cat escaped from the house on a bitter cold night. Of course neither sister would break her vow to search for the cat, which was frozen to death. Two days after Mary's death Miss Catherine called a passing boy and sent him for an undertaker. To him she explained that she had not summoned him before because no one had passed her home, and she could not walk on unconsecrated ground, even though her sister's body lay unburied. She would not go to her sister's burial.

Now that Miss Mary is dead, no one knows how Miss Catherine keeps together soul and body. It cannot be long before she follows her sister sufferer during so many years of self-made martyrdom. (New York Dispatch Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.)

### The Valentine Was a Legacy.

**F**ROM the poverty of a day laborer to a condition of comparative affluence is the experience of George Hawkins, a young man of 23, who was given a home by Aleck Batman of the same place.

The first intimation Hawkins had of his good fortune came Valentine day. As he was hauling ice a letter was handed him, which he refused to open before his companions, fearing it was a comic valentine. When he did, a draft for \$115 dropped out, and a notice from the administrator of the estate of a deceased great-uncle in Kentucky, of whose existence Hawkins had hardly been aware, in which he was informed that he was one of the eight heirs to the entire property, consisting of 1400 acres of valuable coal land in Kentucky.

Hawkins' share will amount to \$15,000 at the very least. Hawkins' brother, Webb, a soldier in the Philippines, will receive an equal share in the estate. (Mattoon (Ill.) Correspondence St. Louis Republic.)

### Legacy to a Horse.

**B**ILL, the old horse which Mrs. Charles C. Goodman drove for eighteen years prior to her death, will not get the \$3000 which his mistress bequeathed to him in her will, but he will never miss the legacy. Judge Bland has relieved Mrs. Goodman's husband, who is executor of the estate, from performing the remarkable bequest, but only upon a promise that "Bill" shall be well taken care of during the rest of his life.

Mrs. Goodman was always a great lover of horses, and Bill was her favorite. He received much of his gentle owner's attention, and grew to expect such delicacies as fruits, celery, salads, sugar and candy on his daily bill of fare.

"Bill" is an intelligent bay horse, aged 22 years. Even in his old age he is seldom passed on the road. (Reading Dispatch Philadelphia North American.)

### Strange Sleepwalking Feat.

**W**ILLIAM NEWTON IRELAND, who with his mother was visiting his uncle, William Ireland, treasurer of the Broadway Theater, at No. 1651 Humboldt street, was not kidnapped on Saturday night. The boy returned to his home early yesterday morning, safe and sound, and in no way injured by his thrilling experience. His mother spent an anxious night, wondering where her son had disappeared and the police were asked to look him up. The only one who was not worried was the young man himself, and he was sound asleep while everyone else was worrying.

William had been left in the house while his mother and her friends visited the Elks' fair. When they returned the boy was not to be found. Part of his clothing lay beside his bed, and it was evident that he was preparing to retire. The police were notified and the neighborhood was searched for any trace of the missing boy, but he could not be found.

In the meantime young Ireland was sound asleep in

the home of Dr. J. N. Thomas, who lives across the street from the Ireland home. The doctor had gone to the door earlier in the evening and had found the boy on the doorstep, sound asleep. He did not know the boy, and fearing to awaken him too suddenly had taken him to a bed and let him sleep undisturbed. William was only partly dressed, and it was evident that he had started on a somnambulistic trip of exploration.

When the boy returned home yesterday morning he was unable to give any account of his strange adventures, as he remembered nothing until he awoke in a strange bed and in a strange house. He was not frightened by his experience, but seemed to enjoy it. This is the first time that he has been known to walk in his sleep. (Denver Republican.)

### Curious Clocks.

**I**N COUTANCES, France, lives M. Le Boullat, a curious man, who devotes his energies to the manufacture of curious clocks. He makes timepieces of straw, of wood, of paper and sometimes of solid gold, inlaid with diamonds. For twenty years he has been working at his "freak" clocks, and has made them of almost every conceivable material.

One of Boullat's clocks is made out of old newspapers. He collected a lot of papers, made them into a pulp, which he mixed with a hardening material, and carved his clock out of the resultant mass. When he got through preparing the paper pulp it was as hard as steel, but very brittle. Nevertheless, by the exercise of great care, he was able to carve out the wheels, posts, teeth, pendulum, etc. The pendulum rod and other large pieces were made by casting the material in a mold. This clock does not keep remarkably correct time, but the wonder is that it goes at all. This newspaper clock is one of M. Boullat's latest triumphs.

Another clock is of wood. He calls it a rustic clock, and it certainly is rustic in appearance. It looks like a collection of logs and sticks held together by wires. On closer inspection one sees that it is a veritable clock constructed on scientific principles. All the parts of this wooden clock are complete, though they are simple, almost primitive in design. The base of the clock is made of two logs of firewood, fastened crosswise. Two upright sticks, solidly connected at top and bottom, serve as a support for the spindles of the wheels. The motor weight is suspended from the drum of a four-armed wheel, which occupies the central part of the timepiece. The mechanism consists of a motor weight, the four-armed wheel and encasement rack, a pendulum and two pulleys, one of which has a crank and handle for winding. A dial and hands complete the clock, all of which is made of wood, except the wheel range of the rack, which is of metal. This clock keeps excellent time, never varying more than two minutes a week, a remarkable thing when one considers the construction.

Several years ago M. Boullat made a clock of straw, which attracted much attention. Frequently the clock-makes receives commissions from rich Frenchmen for the construction of clocks of silver or gold, decorated with precious stones. He has made clocks entirely of gold, with diamond-tipped hands and rubies, garnets, pearls, opals, emeralds and other precious stones to represent the figures on the dial. Some of the clocks are small, but are beautiful works of art. (New York Press.)

### Wedded Great-grandmother's Lover.

**M**ISS DAISY REELEY, aged 18, was married last night to David D. Doehring of Pana, Ill., who was 95 years old last January 10.

The bridegroom is very rich, and the story of his marriage is quite romantic. In his youth, Mr. Doehring was engaged to Miss Reeley's great-grandmother, but they had a misunderstanding, and the engagement was broken off. Mr. Doehring never married, but went into business and accumulated a fortune.

Recently he visited some friends in the vicinity of Miss Reeley's home and met the young girl. Her resemblance to his early sweetheart, her great-grandmother, is so great as to be startling, and old Mr. Doehring fell in love with the girl for her ancestor's sake, and he says that she is his old love come back to cheer him in his old age.

Mrs. Doehring is devoted to her ancient husband, and says that his wealth was not a consideration in her mind. (Litchfield (Ill.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.)

### Jewelry in a Dust Heap.

**Y**ALE UNIVERSITY officials in the Peabody Museum made a discovery last Saturday that nearly took their breath away. In one of the storerooms of the cellar of the museum building, a workman, who had been instructed by one of the managers to clean up things, was at work sweeping away a pile of rubbish.

A professor connected with the museum happened to go into the room and picked out of the dirt a small glittering piece of metal that he ascertained was a gold ornament. He ordered the workman to take every bit of the stuff into his room.

In the pile was \$10,000 worth of gold in Aztec jewelry. How it came to be there no one in the Peabody Museum can explain. No one dreamed there was any such wealth lost in the storerooms of the place.

There is one theory about the affair, and it is this: The late Prof. O. C. Marsh, who for years was at the head of the Peabody Museum, had probably purchased the jewelry in his travels, and when he returned to Yale placed it in this storeroom temporarily. Then he forgot about it. The jewelry is now being exhibited in the museum. (New Haven Correspondence Washington Times.)

# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer

## FICTION.

## The Maker of Lenses.

THE author of this book takes for his text the biblical assurance, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The volume is bound in a white cover, which is decorated with cross and star, and will remind the reader of the author's "White Cross, and Other Stories." The opening chapter leads into a room where workmen enter with hushed steps. No loud voices were allowed there for the perfection of such work as that of the maker of lenses can only be accomplished in silence, which is the atmosphere of highest achievement. The master gave his orders in undertones, while he looked for possible inequality of contour. The maker of lenses had grown gray at his work, but he had no sign of loss of enthusiasm. For many years he had made these lenses and mounted them himself. To him the great astronomers of the world looked for the perfect medium of their passion. There was hardly a portion of the globe so bleak or uninhabited but there was poised upon its plain or peak his mysterious cannon that bombarded the stars, trying to dismantle them of their eternal secret. Thomas Constant swept his hand over the disk; he did not yet touch his handwork; he was judging it by a feeling of warmth. For so sensitive was the glass beneath his pulses that even such passes caused it perilously to expand out of a form whose creation was an art, not a science. No machinery can be made delicate enough; no mathematical formula can be devised accurate enough to conduct the polishing of an object glass. Each flint, when it comes from the Parisian factory, has its own texture, its own idiosyncrasies and individuality, as much as the man who coaxes it into shape."

The reader is further introduced to the astronomer as he studies the mystery of the sky. From star to star he looked through the table, and on from wonder to wonder in the great universe. The infinite pathos of the crowning touch of the master hand is glowingly depicted. The maker of the lenses felt that he had discovered the secret of light as he looked, and fell dead before his lens. The reader is then transferred to the world beyond the grave. There Kepler met the stranger and from his words it flashed across the mind of Thomas Constant that all his studies in the past had been of the planetary worlds and it might have been well to have thought of the Creator of the great system of constellations and planets and stars and comets, the light of millions of worlds. For the first time he saw the need of the limit of human vision, for the light around him was so intense that it surpassed all human ideas of radiance.

There came a time when Thomas Constant discovered the realization of the theory that light is an ever-moving traveler and carries with it a perpetual series of instantaneous photographs thrown off at its source. Thomas Constant then decided to read that ever-open volume by which the past may be revealed for eternity. He made estimates of the rate at which light travels and determined to find those special rays "somewhere on the outskirts of what the world calls the stellar plane." The processes by which the maker of lenses worked out the problem of infinity is intimated, until he was able to see events in the time of Christ. After many efforts "he noticed three shadows, and side by side. Each shadow was cut with the distinctness of an intaglio. Each shadow was that of a cross. Slowly, slowly, Thomas Constant caught the upper rays that streamed upon the figure of the middle cross. With choking heart he saw a face which he knew that he should recognize through all eternity. Majestic beauty dwelt upon the death-smitten brow. But now darkness came down or came up—from who knew where."

The following pages repeat the story of the crucifixion and the resurrection. The book, in the disclosure of a faith that light is momentarily embalming the images of the earth, and the writer, in his delineation, at once scholarly and devout, teaches that the universe holds in its heart those records of mysterious photography, those scrolls and books of life, which keep the history of the ages. The book is one which illustrates inspired thought. It has a typical frontispiece.

[The Light of the World. By Herbert D. Ward. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.]

## A Maid of Toorah.

The personages of this novel, like a number of others which the author has written, tell of the life in the Australian bush. Moya, the belle of Toorah, is introduced on the veranda of one of the log huts of the government houses. The heroine wears Pelham Rigidon's engagement ring, and, in company with her brother Theodore, has come to pay a visit to her future home, a social departure which would have hardly seemed to be in order among conventional circles. While the lovers are in conversation concerning their coming life, a shadow enters their Eden in the character of an aged tramp, who, by some means, secures an immediate private audience of two hours with the young officer. When the police arrive and wish to find the old man, Rigidon denies his presence and for a time diverts their pursuit.

A baffling quandary is forced upon the mind of the loyal-hearted woman, and this mystery carries the reader through many stirring episodes of sheep mustering and convict hunting, lovers' quarrels and other lively forms of activity. The author throws the veil of uncertainty over Moya's affections after the young man is arrested for complicity in the hiding of the escaped convict. The brother, Theodore Bethune, tells Moya that he suspects that Rigidon is secreting his own father, and urges her immediate departure to her home. The woman's deter-

mination to trust the man to whom she had given her heart is well illustrated in the next chapter. Moya was familiar with the country and knew the way to the deserted house in Blind Man's Block. The place had the reputation of being the haunt of hobgoblins and was surrounded by desert wastes of loneliness. She hoped the convict might be there and to persuade him to return and secure Rigidon's release from prison.

The midnight ride was particularly perilous, but, like other heroines of fiction, as in "The Heritage of Rest," Moya took a fleet, saddled horse and went out in the night on her perilous undertaking. She found the convict after a long search. Her eloquence was in vain, her prayers unheeded. The man took her horse and hastened off toward freedom. The loneliness was, however, speedily relieved by the return of the dapple gray, bearing a dying rider. The horse had swerved under a branch at full gallop. This fortunate accident resulted in a last confession, full of import, by which the horse, like the Don Fulano of "John Brent," helps in the good fortune of Rigidon. The prison doors are opened, and the weakness and pride of the prisoner is forgotten in the remembrance of the ordeal which he endured when living under the conviction that the convict was his father. The young officer gains new strength, for the maid's faith restores his happiness and brings him triumphantly out of the quicksands of his destiny. The novelette moves swiftly to its climax and has vividness of style in character drawing.

[The Shadow of a Man.] By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

## A Tale of Social Life.

The second number of the Harper novel series includes in its characterization, Vernon Kent, his mother and sister Virginia, and brother Frank. Young Kent, on returning from college, was resentful at the poor, common street on which he found his mother living, and her humble home life. The chapter leads on to a knowledge of the Kent family. The father, a drug clerk, was dead; the mother had married below her social station. The

Mantle of Elijah," has met with recent success. The Jewess of the council of Jewish women, and in his story of the "Transitional" he describes "within a hundred miles of getting at the secret of the heroine, a Jewish girl who is in love with a Christian." In her letter renouncing her love, he did not rise to the great heights which might have been expected. In the mean time, Mr. Zangwill has had a way undisturbed and is said to have produced a couple of hundred novels. He is described as a man of a recluse, invariably a student. His new home is full of unexpected nooks and corners. His study is rigidly simple, and furnished with books essential to the uses of the student.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

## Marine Pictures.

Frank T. Bullen became known to the public through "Cruise of the Cachalot," and there has been a "Men of the Merchant Service," and this volume, the author has told of his own seafaring life, and his spiritual development and has given an account of his life on the ocean. The book is full of phrases as to be unintelligible to laymen. But a man who has never seen the ocean may be able to cover the inner life of a ship and the character of the officers and men, and discover why nature has power to produce impassioned earnestness of mind and feeling. The book gives a series of pictures from the time the boy went into the service of God, and chose the life of sea. These reminiscences are not presumptuous preaching, but a noble simplicity and each chapter is a scene filled with the spirit of faith.

For the wide number who are either ship officers or from their impressions before the publication of popular publications, there is a special interest in the description which the author gives of his boyhood. He read the Bible and "Paradise Lost," and was a member of the choir, in the Lock Chapel, Harwich, London. There he acquired the habit of prayer, he believes to be "the greatest benefit a man can have."

There was a time when the little cabin boy, overflowing with loneliness—sang to himself the hymns he had learned in the Lock Chapel. "Got any news that Tommy?" called one of the sailors, and the boy sang in earnest. He knew, "When the Clouds Around I View," "Mother Kissed Her Dream," "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" and that the great favorite of the man was John Deum." He learned that while the men in the ship disagreed on many points of religion, none of them doubted that there was a God.

The writer is throughout deeply reverent, and knows the secret altars of the King's temple. When he went ashore in New Zealand he found a little church of his own, where he heard the Bible read as a lesson of hope to men thirsting for it. The author states that he does not know any other book in our splendid library that is so shamefully treated by being read and then cast aside. He considers that men of scholarship, who can perfectly declaim a page of the Bible, are often guilty of this error.

From this experience, the boy saw a new world, his life on shipboard. He desired to live to spread the light of the world. The Bible is the book of his life, and the love of music, and the study of the reading of Job and Isaiah is always associated in his mind with "the cadence of a great organ or the voices of white-robed priests at the dedication of the temple."

The spirit of the book may be gleaned from the following:

"Deep in my heart I cherish the memory of the men whom I have loved and who have loved me. The love of the Father had drawn us together, and I recall our perfect communion of heart I feel how dear He can make His people one to another in the happiness that such lofty love creates."

The book is a record of a life of fifteen years, ships of various orders, in which the author did important work, and many wonderful experiences in unseaworthy ships and storms and difficulties of navigation. This journey to many strange ports is a book of international interest, and should be read as the record of humanitarian zeal. It cannot be an uplifting interpretation of duty to man, but it is a sympathetic sympathy in all work which assists in the lightening and moral improvement. The author states that he has striven to give a real picture of his life at sea, and that he was requested to tell his memories of religious life on shipboard as he had them, and that he has given real experiences.

[With Christ at Sea. By Frank T. Bullen. A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. by Fowler Bros.]

## HISTORY.

## A Prisoner of War.

The author of this book, in a history of fifteen chapters, gives the record of his life as a prisoner of the Filipinos. The young writer, whose face is depicted in the frontispiece, went as quartermaster from San Francisco to Manila in 1898, "unconscious of what was to be his fate to experience what fell to very few Americans during the war." The author, Harry Huber, on January 17, 1899, as represented in the British press, in the dress of English uniform, intended to visit the insurgent capital. When he reached the stations of Malolos, the young man was captured.

## RECENT CRITICISM.

The author of "Children of the Ghetto," "They That Walk in Darkness," "King of Schnorrers" and "The

March 24, 1901.]

American ships. They were taken to the convent of Malolos, which had been converted into a barracks, where they saw some of the Spanish prisoners, who were held by the insurgent government. The interiors of the Spanish prison, the brutality of their captors, the scanty fare, and the cruelty and depravity they were forced to witness, make a narrative which has not one dull page. The various futile plans made for escape during the time in which they were moved from place to place, the long, hard marches and the impressions produced by this intimate insight into the manners of the Spaniards, make chapters of the greatest interest. The number of prisoners was constantly increased by those Spaniards who went beyond the lines, without consular protection, and the writer gives accounts of many of these men and the indignities which they met. The Spaniards never went to work while in confinement to acquire the Spanish language, running races on the number of coins gained from day to day. They also learned some words of the Tagalog from the guards. The money was altogether on a silver and copper basis. A silver coin valued at a cent and a quarter, or eight to ten a peso. These coins were called motas, which were old Spanish coins, so worn that on very few could the stamp be made out, some dated as far back as 1750. These coins were the daily allowance, and great difficulty was experienced in securing the worth of this money in the daily marketing.

*El Independencia*, the journal of Aguinaldo, came to hand, and was filled with attacks on the Americans and calculated to excite bitter rancor.

San Isidro the prisoners consisted of Spaniards and Americans. In addition, there were confined a cell adjoining about one hundred Macabebes. These poor fellows were forced to live on motas apiece, daily. This tribe inhabits a small island in the province of Pampanga, on the shores of the sea. Open hostilities exist between them and the numerous Tagalogs. They are physically superior to the Tagalog, and few of them could speak dialect. In this place the rations of the American prisoners were reduced to four motas and about a pound of black beans a day. They found a way of helping out their meager rations which must lead every American to a reverence for the spirit of her soldiers. They would sing a hymn. One of the boys had a bass voice, the other a tenor. One day they sang "John Brown." Then they took up their mess tins and passed them around to the public outside, with the result of winning twelve motas.

One day they had a great surprise in their musical programme. When they reached the "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" of the chorus the Macabebes prisoners in the adjoining cell joined in, a hundred strong, and the Americans and the Macabebes sang together, "rolling that old hymn over all San Isidro, so that Aguinaldo could have easily heard it at his residence, the convent."

The American prisoners had sung the chorus so frequently that the Macabebes, with their natural gifts of song, had gathered up the melody. As for the words, they supplied them from some dream of freedom of their own, and who shall say that the soul of old John Brown was not "Marching on," for whenever our boys sang, the Macabebes joined in the chorus.

The chapter of fugitive experience, the final rescue of prisoners, the return to Malolos, leads the young soldier to say that he presumes he did not see more of suffering than was exhibited in American prisons during the Civil War; and the great poverty of those who held the American prisoners among the Filipinos is an excuse for most of the hardships of their prison fare.

The book gives a view of life in the Philippines which can but interest the American public, as it is written in a plain and untechnical style, which shows the wisdom and heroic spirit of the soldier.

(Ten Months a Captive Among the Filipinos. Being a Narrative of Adventure and Observation During Imprisonment on the Island of Luzon, P. I. By Albert Smits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2.)

## RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

The Soul's Gifts.

The author calls attention to the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton, and tells the reader that Samson was blinder than his blindness, and "carried a weight heavier than his chains." For men hasten to defeat when the inner light begins to fail. Nature withdraws her gifts from the indifferent, for as talents come unmasked, the graces of heart and mind need mental hospitality. The writer calls attention to one of the great painters who died a member of the Royal Academy. He entered the race with beautiful ideals in his heart and the light that never was on sea or land illuminated his pictures. But he lost his great power by disobeying the highest standards of life and his pictures were never again the same. The book is one of noble thought and aspiration.

(How the Inner Light Failed and How the Inner Light Grew. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Fowler Bros.)

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An Easter Sermon.

In a dainty volume in blue, decorated with clover blossoms, the author has gathered the texts of promise for the life beyond death. The promises of immortality are illustrated by many examples and analogies. The writer calls attention to the carbon in its humiliation and the diamond which is carbon in its glory. "If nature can transform the charcoal into a diamond, do you not believe that Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life, can transform death into a radiant body?"

The paper on which one reads the glowing page is transformed from the rags of the street. The spring comes from the sepulcher of winter, and there is One who holds the keys to the grave.

(Easter With Christ. An Address on the Resurrection. By the Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 30 cents. For sale by Fowler Bros.)

## NEW MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art, in its current number, contains as its frontispiece an illustration of Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria from the bust of E. Onslow Ford. M. H. Spielman contributes a sketch of illustrated biographical interest concerning Her Majesty; Aymer Vallance writes on the "Decoration of the Grand Piano." An important contribution directs attention to the life work of "Sir William B. Richmond," from engravings of his paintings, with examples of his portraiture. The various contributions of the issue are of special artistic interest.

The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine is continuing its interesting series on "Famous Hymn Writers," the current issue being devoted to Sir John Bowring, author of "Watchmen, Tell Us of the Night." The son of this author—E. A. Bowring—who represents the city of Exeter in Parliament, is favorably known for his translations of portions of Goethe, Schiller and Heine. Rev. Richard Butterworth writes an interesting sketch on "Three Flemish Mystics." "The Site of the Garden of Eden," as conceived by Milton, Dante and others, is the subject of the initial contribution.

Donahue's Magazine contains an illustrated sketch on "Cardinal Newman," the author of "Lead Kindly Light" and "The Dream of Gerontius." The magazine has a reproduction in facsimile of the manuscript. The number includes sketches of interest, fiction, poetry, abundant illustrations and book reviews making the issue one of popular value.

An important contribution to the current Gunton's Magazine is Leonora Beck Ellis's "Our Educational Responsibility in Cuba." Booker T. Washington writes a thoughtful article on "The Negro in Business."

The Independent (March 7) contains an interesting sketch by Park Benjamin on "Submarine Warships." "The Survey of the World" is always an interesting portion of this valued publication. The editor calls attention to the coming of Buddhist priests to California, where they are establishing missions.

Cassell's Magazine contains William Le Queux's "The Land of Liberty, San Marino and Its Wonders." "The King's Friends" is a specially interesting contribution showing the portraits of the men of eminence in religion, science and literature, who add to the brilliance of the throne.

The Easter Holidays furnish a sketch by Anna Wentworth Sears, in which child life has its place. Mrs. Cyrus Crowninshield writes of "Cyrus Bell's Easter Warning." Easter flowers and spring fashions fill numerous pages. Clinton Scollard furnishes a "Song for Easter Morning."

The Quiver, which is a magazine of Sunday and general reading, contains a sketch of humanitarian interest on Birmingham's "Palace of Pain." "Religion in Unknown China" is a contribution by P. D. Kinney. The issue has the usual representative fiction. Among the sketches, "Poverty's Own Charities; How the Poor Help Each Other," is a lesson in the sweet uses of adversity.

The Dial devotes a large proportion of the current number to a review of "Recent Poetry," by William Morton Payne. An interesting sketch of "The Life of Phillips Brooks" is contributed by G. A. L. Richards.

Carmen Sylva writes of "A Child of the Forest," and tells the meaning of her name, evolved from the Latin, which is woodsong. Thomas Scott Bacon writes of "The Fight at Port Hudson;" Richard Harding Davis tells of "Christian Dewit, the Soldier and the Man."

The Literary Digest, which is one of the most important of the New York weekly publications, has the usual careful history of the topics of the day, recent sketches in letters and art, reports on science and invention, and notices of the religious world. A department is assigned to foreign topics.

Cassell's Little Folks for March, with its bright frontispiece and charm of illustration, comes with gifts of rhyme and story to make child life happy. Such publications should find their way wherever there are children.

The Independent (March 14) has Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's inquiry, "Is a Christian Theater Possible?" in which the author advocates a school for Christian actors, playwrights and managers. He thinks the histrionic should be used as the channel of wonderful impulse.

Health Culture has a long table of contents, with contributions by many leading physicians. Subjects connected with physical training, the philosophy of eating, and hygienic life add to the value of the publication.

The International Socialist Review, a monthly journal of international Socialist thought, has a varied table of contents devoted to the promulgation of the demands of labor. The initial number is a sketch of "Weissmanism and Its Relation to Socialism."

Harper's Weekly (March 16) contains the initial number of "Cardigan," a novel by Robert W. Chambers. "The Philippine Problem" still enlists the "Voices of the People." A. Maurice Low writes of "Trans-Atlantic Topics."

The American Boy, in the current number, is urged to become practical, to use his eyes for the world around him, and is shown the example of boys who have made their mark in various avenues of success. The reader is also furnished many suggestions of entertainment for his journey.

In Collier's Weekly (March 9) Hall Caine writes an open letter to the American reading public, explaining the story of "Roma," which is appearing as a serial in that paper, in which he states that "the geographical position, religious and historical interest, and artistic charm, and the mystery of eternal life which attaches to her, seem to point to Rome as the seat of the court of appeal in the congress of humanity, which the future will see established." This statement cannot fail to elicit many diverse views.

"Nature in Literature" is to be the subject of the April number of Impressions, to include articles by George Hamlin Fitch, Charles Warren Stoddard, Adeline Knapp, A. L. E. H. and others. The supplement will be a careful reproduction of some beautiful photographs of

nature. May, the fairy month, will be devoted to fairy literature, folk life and the child mind.

Cassell's National Library Series (No. 394) presents Samuel Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets."

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

"The Painters of Florence," by Jul'a Cartwright (Mrs. Ady,) is one of the recent publications of E. P. Dutton. G. W. Dillingham Company announce "The Toltec Savior," by Mrs. John Ellsworth Graham, who is asserted to have spent several years in Mexico, gathering material for the book.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce George Saintsbury's "A History of Criticism," which is said to be a minute and thorough-going history.

"Lying Prophets," by Eden Philpotts, the author of "The Children of the Mist," is announced by Frederick A. Stokes.

New novels by Edith Wharton, Mrs. Schuyler Crownfield, Joseph Conrad, Cyrus T. Brady, Richard Le Gallienne, W. W. Jacobs, Grace Litchfield, Hamilton Drummond, Morley Roberts, and Frankfort Moore are announced. Joseph Conrad writes of "The Inheritors."

The sum of \$40,000 is to go this year to the author of the literary work which the Swedish Academy shall consider the most noteworthy from the idealist point of view.

The Literary Outlook states that the sequel to "Richard Carvel" will soon be placed on the market. By the royalties from the first book and its dramatization, Mr. Churchill ought to feel encouraged to other historical productions.

Alfred Dreyfus, it is asserted, has completed the connection of his book, "Five Years of My Life," which will appear in this country about the first of May. The book is said to be a plainly told story of Dreyfus's imprisonment on Devil's Island.

"The Individual, a Study of Life and Death," by Prof. N. S. Shaler of Harvard College, is one of the recent publications of D. Appleton & Co.

The World's Work, of which Walter H. Page is editor, is a magazine of importance, which contains a section of special interest, "Among the World's Workers."

Another "Elizabeth in a German Garden" seems to have appeared in England, under the title, "Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend." The London Academy speaks of this book in high praise.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will shortly publish "A History of the American People," in one volume, by Francis Newton Thorpe, the well-known historian. Prof. Thorpe's name is familiar to every student of history as the author of a number of exhaustive, scholarly works, such as his "Constitutional History of the American People," as well as through his work as a lecturer on history.

"The Nineteenth Century," by Havelock Ellis, is announced by Small, Maynard & Co.

Apropos of the millennial celebration of Alfred the Great, which will occur this year in England, a life of that English King will be published in the "Saintly Lives" series which E. P. Dutton & Co. issues in this country. It will be the work of the Bishop of Ripon, W. Boyd Carpenter.

A new volume of the Macmillan's "Medieval Towns" series will deal with Rome. Norwood Young will produce this important member of the series, and the pictures, which have been so charming a feature of the previous volumes, will be drawn by Miss Nelly Erichsen.

In connection with Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, the A. Wessels Company will publish early in March "Robert Louis Stevenson; a Life Study in Criticism," by H. B. Baildon, at present lecturer on English literature in the University of Vienna, and who was an old schoolmate of Stevenson.

M. Jules Verne has not responded favorably to a request that he become a candidate for a chair among the "Immortals" of the French Academy. The veteran storyteller is 73, and doesn't often leave his home at Amiens.

A new field in American historical fiction is presented in "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," by Jean N. McIlwraith, a Canadian writer, whose "History of Canada" has been the preparatory work for her forthcoming volume, which will be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Among the interesting announcements of D. Appleton & Co. is the first volume in the Great Peoples series entitled "The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth and Influence," by Martin A. S. Hume, author of the "Calendars of Spanish State Papers."

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce in preparation the work which is to tell in popular form of the expedition sent out by Edward H. Harriman in 1899, in which extensive collections were made all the way from British Columbia to Bering Strait. The work is to be elaborately illustrated, and among the names of its authors, which show the authoritative nature of its contributions, are those of John Burroughs, John Muir, George Bird Grinnell, Charles Keeler, Bernhard E. Fernow, C. Hart Merriam and Henry Gannett.

Cordy Jeaffreson, the author of "The Real Shelley" and "The Real Lord Byron," has just died. He was a conscientious biographer, and always strove for realism, but his books made no deep impression on the reading world.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a change of title on the new novel by Eden Philpott, now being published by that house. "The Good Red Earth," the new title cabled by the author, will be a much more agreeable one to American readers. The old one, first announced, was "Johnnie Fortnight."

Alfred Ayres is the author of "Some Ill-Used Words," a book announced by D. Appleton & Co.

Charles Dickens is not forgotten in England. The current editions of his works are having a great sale, and the anniversary of his birth was commemorated in Westminster Abbey the other day. Flowers were placed upon his tomb, and a member of the Dickens Society made a short address to the people assembled in Poets' Corner.

# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## GOWNS FOR LENTEN WEAR.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FASHIONS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1901.—Every spring has its specialty, and now, in the glory of the crocus and the snowball season, we are wearing embroidered goods, with a zeal and universality that we showed last year for pin tucks and lace applications. This is not because we love pin tucks and lace encrustations less, but it's a case of making welcome old friends returned. Embroidered robes are no novelty to any woman out of her teens. At intervals of five years they always come back to us and always in an improved state over their last phase; and this spring the veilings and ladies' cloths and linens are beautiful almost beyond description.

Hardly less attractive are the honeycomb cloths about which the dressmakers are quite daft. From the point of view of an exact and critical busy bee these goods are woven on the pattern of a very badly-constructed honeycomb, indeed, but for the demands of fashion it is excellent in its diversified, rough and semi-transparent wool surface. A very lucid impression of the appearance of the goods is given in an accompanying sketch, and here the honeycomb pattern is woven in well-mixed threads of wax brown and deep cream. Bands of smooth

typical gown is a soft, rosy mastic, satin-faced pastel cloth. More than half the area of both skirt and waist is covered with overlays of Louise silk, shot with a cloud pattern of exquisitely-mingled rose and silver threads; and this material is made fast to the cloth foundation by a chain stitching along the edges done in silver. A full flounce of cream white Irish lace gives the amplitude at the foot and similar lace, but of a heavier weave and threaded with silver, nearly covers the front of the waist. Narrow bands of Jacquemot red panne finish the neck and waist line.

The companion figures to this opulently-clad damsel typify the latest inspirations in evening dresses. At the left is a costume of the new shade known as orchid green grenadine, garnished with flounces of crisp silk muslin of the same tint, and a black feather trimming that is not only new, but unusually pretty. At the right a cream crêpe de chine gown, relieved by encrustations of heavy black Malta lace, is revealed by the open evening coat of black taffeta, a fluff with lace-edged flounces and scarf ends of accordion-pleated black chiffon.

The song of the shirt must echo through the tender consciences of some of the wealthy women, who are delighted by fitting themselves out with the delicate handmade underwear and linen blouses that the smart shops advertise. A well-cut, machine-sewed shirt waist or corset cover was, a few years ago, splendid enough for the very exacting, but we are becoming the most luxury-

artistically needle-worked instead of fading in splendor in lace.

Tell it not in Gath, but it is the solemn fair average of well-to-do women have bought jackets. Whether all those purchased will be for the purpose of enabling their wearers to smoke a quiet cigarette in the solitude of their own rooms, it is not safe to say; nevertheless, the most popular are the rose silk jackets, shaped, pocketed and fastened like those made for men, are for men's apartments where negligées are displayed; and more, they sell. They are all pretty, for the number are made of a ripe rose-colored fabric that lends a glow to any complexion, and they are as comfortable that they invite even the most delicate woman to confidences, an easy chair and a quiet cigarette.

## A PEERESS TO THE RESCUE.

SHOWED HER FRIENDS THAT THE SISTER OF EARL COULD COOK A GOOD DINNER.

By a Special Contributor.

Lady Mary Sackville, sister of the present Earl of Warr, is counted, on both sides of the Atlantic, as versatile as well as one of the most beautiful women of very fashionable society. Not only is Lady Mary a musician, an artist, and an expert yachtswoman, but she has explored every part of the United States as well as Europe, large districts of Africa, Asia, and South Sea Islands, but, she proved to the amazement of her American friends, that the love of an English earl was far more deeply rooted than the publican millionaires. It happened that on her last visit to the "States" Lady Mary made one in a country-house party. The first evening of the gathering the hostess had planned a brilliant dinner party, hour and a half before the feast was due to be served, the table, the cook, in a huff, dropped the entire culinary government, and left for the city. The hostess' despair verged on hysteria, and, as luck would have it, the cause of her distress came to the ears of the English visitor, who instantly rushed to the kitchen. Tying a large white apron over her tea gown, of which was secured by pins from a ministering kitchen floor, the daughter of a dozen cooks ran down to the basement. The distracted kitchen maid, tearfully protesting her ignorance of the most strange French dishes and unique salads, was at once of responsibility and the titled butler expert cook shouldered himself with all the honors of the situation. Order emerged from the demoralized servants flew about as if on wings, when the butler announced dinner only the last hostess and Lady Mary knew how catastrophic famine had been ably averted. The guests, however, were enlightened when the host rose, glass in hand, at the finale of the delicious meal and toasted the host and blushing cuisiniere.

## NOVELTIES IN NECKWEAR.

FORTUNE FOR THE WOMAN WHO CAN MAKE SOMETHING NEW IN STOCKS OR BERTHES.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Among the strictly business professions none is just now more lucrative than the manufacture of neckwear. The decoration of lace and doilies, sofa pillows and bureau scarfs with hand work and floss flowers threatens to become a fine art since the demand for pretty hand-made berthas, stocks, etc., far exceeds the supply. Hand-made neckwear the well-dressed woman refuses to accept at any price. To her notion there is a sort of sameness about it that falls utterly to please; so entirely foreseen the masculine linen shirt collar, however simple and tailorish her costume may be, the throat must be dressed with care, taste and style. Therefore whatever she ties about her neck must be hand-made, for this more or less shuts out the possibility of wholesale imitation of any particularly ugly signs.

One woman who took advantage of this sentiment, vailing among her sex, earned a tidy \$500 last year by making every variety of little silk laces, lace and berthas of lace and chiffon, and sells them to women who wish to freshen up their old waistbands at little expense and less trouble. She has proved on the transparent lace stock for this by welding pieces of tea-tinted lace together, to form a dog collar, and weaving through openings a fretted band a gold or panne ribbon that ties in a winged bow at the back of the neck.

This woman and her sister manufacturers have remnant counters and pick up invaluable odds and ends, for little or nothing; odds and ends, however, the true artistic fingers can be converted into delightful ornaments for a shirt waist, a reception or a ball gown as the need may be; and one of collar makers, who keeps herself an enormous stock of fashions, is preparing a big stock of flat collar collars, a little later on, with country muslin and bell-mouthed sleeves, the women will adopt, plain flat lace paloos for the neck with the quiet brooches that their mothers wore a half century ago.



FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

brown and cream broadcloth, of spring weight, give just the proper variety to the topography of skirt and waist, and this latter half of the suit opens in front to display a full vest of cream liberty satin, crossed by straps of brown velvet and a scarf of cream-colored, embroidered chiffon. Charming gowns for Lenten wear, in two tones of gray or sympathetic shades of violet, have been made up with embroidered bands and yokes, showing a happy correspondence with the colors of the body material.

From the embroidered and honeycomb woven goods we turn, by force of optical allure, to the smart reception and house gowns of pale pastel cloths, patched and appliqued with silk and lace. To glance at the central figure in the group of three well-dressed maidens pictured with this article, gives a clear impression of what these patched cloths are like. It also gives an excellent notion of the extravagant gait the twentieth-century mode is going. No woman seems content, in this exacting and luxurious age, to wear one or two fabrics at a time; all the wealth of the looms must be lavished on a single suit. In this instance the body of this very

loving race on earth, and the seamstress whose work is all done by hand, receives more orders than she can fill.

The same sort of aristocratic extravagance as that which presides over the American woman's choice of fine linens is now showing in her selection of dainty becoming negligées. The robe de chambre is no longer loaded with lace and is no longer as intricate in its design as a Chinese puzzle, but is simple elegance itself. Loose and flowing as a Sheik's Burnous is the ideal plan on which the beautiful light wool and silk ones are fashioned for summer lounging. Some of them, in fact, are made on the Burnous pattern; and others have long full skirts with a pretty bolero gathering in the amplitude of the garment about the shoulders. A girdle of ribbon, with gilt-tagged ends, usually encircles the wearer's body, at the waist, or just under the arms. Silk flannel and extremely fine albatross cloth, crêpe brillante, and corded wash silks are the goods of which the majority of the true negligées are made; though later on the women will wear really exquisite little white batiste bath robes. These are closely allied to the new lingerie and are

## CAPT. ALICE CHANEY.

## THE FIRST WOMAN TO TAKE COMMAND OF A VESSEL ON THE GREAT LAKES.

[Washington Times:] With every rule and law of navigation at her finger tips, Mrs. Alice C. Chaney of Detroit, claims to be the first woman captain on the Great Lakes. In the pilot-room of the steam yacht Marjorie she has the government license, which permits Capt. Chaney to prefix her name with the title of master and to take command of the vessel.

In addition to this, when orders are given to go ahead, astern, check, back, full speed ahead, and astern, the engineer who will be forced to obey the captain's commands will be Mrs. Chaney's husband, Dr. Willard Chaney, who has a government license as an expert engineer. If a mutiny occurs on board, Capt. Chaney will have the United States government at her back to enforce discipline, and even if the engineer of the Marjorie is ordered to wheel coal aboard the craft, he must obey or else suffer penalty for mutiny, the worst offense known to Marine law.

Several women of the lakes and the seaboard have obtained the title of captain, but when it came down to examining the papers which gave them permission to command a steam craft, the claims have always been exploded. Not so with Mrs. Chaney. A few days ago she appeared before United States Inspector Muller at Detroit and passed an examination for captain's license. She found the compass like an old sailor, and proved that her knowledge of the rules of the road was equal to that of the majority of masters in the freight and passenger trades. In regard to the navigation of the Detroit River, the most congested shipping channel on the Great Lakes, Capt. Chaney showed marked proficiency. She decided without a moment's delay that if, when down the river, thereby having the right-of-way, a signal to an upbound steamer had been misinterpreted, she would immediately blow an alarm whistle. The colored lights for night sailing were explained thoroughly, and all the relations of a captain of a vessel to the officers and crew were correctly outlined. Inspector Muller, in granting the license, said Mrs. Chaney had near the top of the many applicants he had examined during his term of office.

Chaney's command is a neat five-ton steam launch, driven by a steel engine. The steam is furnished by a small cylindrical boiler, and a speed of ten miles an hour can easily be maintained. The Marjorie is licensed to carry twenty people.

Detroit society circles are busy gossiping as to the fitness of Capt. Chaney to the engineer of the Marjorie. Much speculation has been indulged in as to a probable mutiny in the engine-room. It is argued that Capt. Chaney would be acting strictly within the law if the engineers were put in irons. Several of the leading society women in Detroit assert that by purchasing a steam yacht and procuring a master's license they would be enabled to apply the mutiny law to their husbands with some degree of success. A report is going the rounds, however, that the husbands will band together and refuse to accept a berth under the fair rulers of the boats. It is said they will retain Engineer Chaney in adviser. The latter will recommend them to take the chances of wearing manacles. He says a little pressure will have a great effect toward minimizing any sentence that may be imposed by the captains. He is also positive that none of the subordinate officers and men will be ordered to report for coal heaving, as has been hinted at by his friends.

Capt. Chaney will take charge of the Marjorie next summer. In fact, according to law, she will have to be on board before the Marjorie can leave her dock. Were Engineer Chaney to attempt to navigate the craft he would be arrested and heavily fined for breaking the steamboat laws. It will be seen, then, that Capt. Chaney, while on board the Marjorie, at least, is in a position to act with the power and authority of a captain.

## A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

## MRS. FRANK WHITE OF INDIANA GIVEN A LIFE PASS FOR SAVING A TRAIN.

[Indianapolis Dispatch to Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] Mrs. Frank White of Linton was yesterday presented with a life pass over the Southern Indiana Railway for saving a passenger train that was speeding to destruction in the Island City coal mining district.

The ground underneath the main tracks of the road had been undermined. Mrs. White, who lives near the road, discovered that the tracks and ties were held up by a thin crust of earth that would easily drop a car into the pit below. She heard the whistle of an approaching train, and, rushing into her home, secured a red tablecloth and made for the track, reaching there just in time to flag the oncoming passenger train, which was stopped within fifty feet of the danger.

The conductor took her name and reported the circumstances to the company officials, who promptly mailed her the pass and a commendatory letter.

## A WOMAN BLACKSMITH.

## KANSAS GIRL HAS TAKEN HER BROTHER'S PLACE IN HER FATHER'S SHOP.

[Topeka Ledger:] Esther Searle of Cawker City, Kan., is the latest specimen of the new woman. During the two months that her brother was absent, Miss Searle took his place in the blacksmith shop with her father. Father was determined that her father should suffer no inconvenience from the absence of her brother. In consequence, she took hold of whatever there was to do with a heartiness and vim which astonished every one. Her prowess at the anvil became the common theme of conversation in the vicinity.

The Searle smithy became the rendezvous for those who had heard of the girl blacksmith's fame, and curious people from far and wide drifted into the little city to see the prodigy for themselves. Miss Searle seemed to be unconscious that she was the object of so much at-

tention and continued her duties at anvil or hammers just as if she were doing nothing extraordinary.

Long before the return of her brother from his vacation, Miss Searle received the most satisfactory proof of the advantage to be derived from hard manual labor. Her biceps were so developed that she could swing the heaviest hammer in the shop with comparative ease. Her chest measurement had increased two inches in the same period and she was capable of sustaining the hardest and most protracted labor.

At the same time she was as lively as ever and enjoyed her games when out of the shop with all the rest of her girl companions.

These soon found that when the game required any extra endurance or strength Esther Searle had very much the advantage of them, her wrists being as hard as steel in comparison with their own.

The local belles were not slow to perceive the advantage which her training in the smithy had given pretty Esther Searle, who had been rather a delicate girl, and many of them envied her the opportunity which she possessed for taking just such exercise as the swinging of the hammer and other duties necessitated.

The various movements coincide almost exactly with those called for by the most advanced rules of physical culture, calling into play almost all of the most important sets of muscles, including those of the back, the arms, the thighs and the chest.

## CELEBRITIES FROM GARGOYLES.

## HOW AN ENGLISH STONEMASON OF STRONG POLITICAL VIEWS REPAIRED CARVINGS.

[New York Press:] Some of the ornamental water-spouts on old St. Giles's Church, in the Camberwell district of London, were so venerable that they were crumbling away, and a local knight of the chisel was duly called in to carve new ones. Apparently he received no instructions as to what the new figures should be, but was left to use his own judgment, and that was where the powers that be at St. Giles's made a step that added to the gaiety of nations.

The stonemason evidently had strange ideas about the fitness of things. He had also strong political leanings, his opinions indorsing the Liberal party in England rather than the Conservatives. Here he saw an opportunity to glorify his favorite statesmen and humiliate those of whose policy he disapproved, and he did it. One of the gargoyle had been fashioned as an angel's head, and this the artist replaced with the familiar features of Gladstone, endowing the great Premier with a pair of wings. Where had been a dragon of evil mien he placed the face of Mr. Chamberlain, eye-glass and all, not caring to compliment this gentleman, as the picture shows. The enterprising artist completed his work by placing upon various other waterspouts the physiognomies of Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill and John Bright.

The peculiar nature of the stonemason's handiwork was not noticed at first, but when the attention of the vestrymen of St. Giles was finally called to this fearful and wonderful array of gargoyle, they were naturally horrified. They sought for the stonemason, to take him to task, only to learn that, dreading the wrath to come, he had taken passage for New York.

## AUTOMATIC SCULPTURE.

[Detroit Free Press:] In his report on the trade of Southern Italy, Mr. Neville-Rolfe, the British Consul, has an extremely interesting article on automatic sculpture.

## SPRING-STYLE SHOES.



(1.) Carriage shoes of the daintiest texture, buttoning snugly to reveal the contour of the ankle, and mounted on the stateliest French heels. Kid and varnished leather are the materials of which they are made.

(2.) The full-dress shoe for spring and summer use is an Oxford tie of the finest varnished leather and light French kid, with a thin beveled sole.

(3.) Smart morning ties of black patent leather, with military heels, heavy extension soles, and laced with gun-metal-tagged ribbons.

(4.) Sturdy, handsome and delightfully comfortable, driving, golfing and pedestrian shoes, of lusterless kid and varnished leather; they show a pretty foot and neat ankle to the greatest advantage.

## THE PICTURES THAT WEREN'T.

[Philadelphia Record:] A Philadelphia girl, who has just returned from a two-years' tour abroad, is having a great many jokes cracked at her expense by reason of her experiences in the field of amateur photography. She took with her a camera, one of the tripod variety, and 1000 films. All during her travels the camera was her constant companion, and in order to keep tabs on her pictures she jotted down in a note book just what each one was. This little book contained such subjects as "Feeding crocodiles in the Ganges," "Sunrise on the Nile," "A street in Jerusalem," and others of an equally interesting nature. Almost the first thing she did when she reached home was to send her thousand films to a professional photographer to have them developed. The next day she received a message from him asking her to call, and learned that her labor of two years had been wasted. Never once had she removed the cap from the camera, and every film was blank.

## THE EMPRESS AND THE SOUP KITCHENS.

[Sketch:] The German Empress takes the keenest interest in all the institutions that provide for the comfort and relief of the poor. The other day Her Majesty paid a visit to the soup kitchens in Bruderstrasse. Accompanying the Empress was Princess Henry, who also concerns herself largely in all philanthropic institutions. The royal visitors had timed their arrival so as to see the kitchens at the busiest moment. Midday dinner was being served out, and the whole place was a beehive of activity, cooks in their neat white costumes pouring out the steaming soup, servants rushing hither and thither with zeal, while the recipients of the savory soup showed their appreciation of what they received by nearly scalding their throats in their anxiety to lose not a single precious moment.

## ROME'S ARBOR DAY.

A day has been set aside throughout all Italy for the planting of trees by the youth of the public schools. The Minister of Public Instruction forwarded the idea, and the Queen smiled upon it. And now Rome has had its Arbor day, the place selected for the planting by the Roman schools being the land adjoining some old tombs.





# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

### A Flourishing Creamery.

AT THE beginning of this year the Gardena creamery was receiving about three thousand pounds of milk per day. The receipts are now reported to be about five thousand pounds daily. The milk tests show about 4.4 per cent. of butter fat.

### Bank for Kern.

STEPS have been taken by residents of Kern City to establish a bank. It is proposed to have a capitalization of \$50,000, of which \$25,000 will be paid in. Enough stock is said to have been signed to make the bank a certainty.

### Asphalt Works.

THE refining asphalt works at Ventura, which were burned down about six weeks ago, are again in operation. When fully completed, the plant will be much larger than it was before.

### Sugar Beets.

HERE is likely to be a very large crop of sugar beets raised in Southern California this season. At Oxnard there are already planted about five thousand acres. The condition of the ground for planting is more favorable than for any previous season at this time of year. It is estimated that about two hundred and forty thousand tons of beets will be sliced at Oxnard this season, for which over a million dollars will be expended for labor at the factory.

In Orange county beets will be raised this season on about twenty-five thousand acres for Chino. Of this about fifteen thousand acres have been seeded.

The Chase Nursery Company has about five hundred acres of land set to beets at Ethanac, near Perris. Should this experiment prove successful, a larger acreage will be planted next year and a beet-sugar factory will probably be built there.

### Lobster Canning.

THE lobster cannery at Asbury, near Long Beach, is doing a good business. These are not really lobsters, but crawfish, the flavor being about the same. Fifteen hundred pounds of the shell fish were received by the cannery company in one day recently. The lobsters are shipped as far East as Chicago, most of them going to San Francisco. Owing to lack of supply, the company is unable at present to meet all the demand.

### New Planing Mill.

NEW planing mill is to be established at Bakersfield by Albert Albrecht and A. J. Browne. The mill will turn out doors and sashes and all kinds of mill work.

### Building at Riverside.

RIVERSIDE is still enjoying a building boom. About twenty houses are under construction at present and there is not an idle carpenter in town. The houses are mostly six and seven-room residences, ranging in value from \$1000 to \$4000.

### Celery.

CELERY has been successfully raised at Oxnard. J. B. Alboard produced a crop worth \$200 from a little less than one and a half acres of land. The celery was planted early in September last and was ready for market by the first of February. It is said to be fully equal to the Orange county product.

### Corona Water Supply.

ACCORDING to the Riverside Enterprise, it is stated that the Corona Development Company, which is to develop water in the Perris Valley, to be taken to Corona for irrigation purposes, has let the contract for the construction of eight miles of the necessary pipe line to a Los Angeles firm of contractors. The section of pipe included in the contract will run from the Compton wells to the Holcomb ranch, in the Temescal Valley. The contract price is \$40,000. It is also stated that contracts for other sections of the work will be let in a few days and that work will be in active progress all along the line in a short time, as the company is very anxious to get the water on the Corona orchards by the time summer is here.

### A Private Irrigation System.

THE El Paso Herald has the following in regard to a private irrigation system in New Mexico:

"Postmaster Simon Nusbaum and Alphonso Dockweiler of Tesuque, have just completed one of the largest private irrigation systems in New Mexico. The system includes a reservoir 120x80 feet and at present holds twenty feet of water. Three sides of it are mountain walls and the other is a high dam. The reservoir stores part of the flood waters of the Tesuque which would

otherwise flow to waste. A ditch, half a mile long, carries the water to the reservoir. Part of the ditch had to be dug through a solid mountain wall, in which the fossils of a mastodon were found last year. A flume, about eighty feet long and twenty feet high, carries the water across an arroyo. An iron pipe takes the water to the Nusbaum and Dockweiler orchards. While the construction of this irrigation system cost almost \$1000, it will repay its cost many fold."

### Prosperous Pomona.

THE Pomona Review claims for that place a population of nearly seven thousand. The area of fruit-producing lands in the Pomona Valley is estimated at 41,000 acres, the orange groves alone producing over eighteen hundred carloads in a season.

### Yucca Valley.

A YUCAIPE correspondent of the San Bernardino Times-Index sends that paper the following in regard to the Yucca Valley:

"Yucca Valley is a high tableland, situated in the southwestern part of San Bernardino county, at a distance of about thirty miles from the city of San Bernardino. It lies in a southeasterly direction from the city, and has an altitude of 2500 to 5500 feet. Hence the growing of all kinds of grain in the lower part of the valley is found to be a very remunerative industry, while the Upper Yucca Valley turns off some of the choicest varieties of apples, cherries and prunes.

"When all of the young cherry orchards have come into full bearing, the annual output will exceed 100 tons. An average apple crop will exceed 500 tons. There will be thirty acres more planted to apples this spring. Of this amount twenty acres has already been planted. If the cherry and apple orchards are not damaged by frosts this valley will market an enormous crop this season. Never were the prospects more elating. There is said to be between 12,000 and 15,000 acres of grain land in this valley, all of which has been seeded and, according to the general average of hay per acre, the farmers are calculating on harvesting at least 20,000 tons of hay this coming summer. Another inch or two of rain, if it comes anyways soon, will insure enormous hay and grain crops. If the rain comes within ten days, it will be quite enough to guarantee a large crop of hay, grain, fruit and honey and vegetables, as well.

"None of the grain in this valley will suffer for the want of rain for a period of ten days. The great green fields are looking fine and have an unusual good dark green color."

### Santa Barbara Power House.

WORK has been commenced on the fine new power house at Santa Barbara. It is located near the beach and will furnish light and power to Santa Barbara and Montecito. The cost of the building will be about \$2500. The machinery will be of the heaviest kind, and the entire cost of the improvement will be about \$90,000.

### Melons on the Desert.

OUT on the so-called desert, Indio, there are a number of enterprising melon growers whose output this season will be close to twenty-five cars. During the past year a number of artesian wells have been bored, flowing from two and one-half to twenty-five miners' inches. The Southern Pacific are now sinking a twelve-inch hole that is expected to develop a gusher. This is surely an illustration of making the desert to blossom."

### San Diego's Import Business.

THE San Diego Union gives the following particulars of goods landed at that place from oriental steamers during the month of January, and shipped to inland cities, where the duty is paid:

	No.	Packages.	Estimated Value.
Atlanta	541	\$ 2,828	\$ 2,084
Baltimore	290	1,312	1,140
Boston	325	1,486	1,284
Chicago	2,853	18,790	13,104
Cincinnati	90	435	361
Cleveland	205	887	798
Galveston	235	983	904
Indianapolis	131	556	506
Kansas City	306	1,238	1,161
Los Angeles	6,017	20,198	6,217
Louisville	683	3,006	2,671
Nashville	153	665	595
New Orleans	581	3,085	2,396
New York	17,316	87,446	69,371
Philadelphia	773	3,313	2,994
Pittsburgh	565	2,420	1,979
Providence	188	879	746
San Antonio	243	1,152	968
San Francisco	354	3,790	1,698
Savannah	107	473	418
St. Joseph	385	177	1,496
Total	33,341	\$156,654	\$112,919

### Navajo Blankets.

ONE of the unexpected results of the Alaska mining boom has been to cause a great demand for the Navajo blankets, which keep in the warmth—or keep out the cold—better than the ordinary blanket of commerce. A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

"It is estimated that at least 1,000,000 sheep are owned by the Navajos, who maintain them principally for the wool, which they make into blankets. The methods employed, both in preparing the material and in the

construction of their fabrics, are exact. The wool, after being rudely carded, is on a spindle somewhat resembling a boy's larger, the stem measuring about six inches. The lower point has previous been subjected to a process which answers even more to a metal tip. In spinning the wool the Navajo attaches the thread near the top of the spindle, the former in the left hand. Then taking the object of the implement between her right thumb and finger, she stands it vertically in the center of a bowl, and, giving it a whirr as a boy proceeds to draw out her thread in the usual manner thus prepared, though by no means that spun by more modern processes, for a particular purpose for which it is intended is not better.

"When a certain quantity of the wool has been spun out the spindle is twirled in the opposite direction of rewinding the thread more evenly.

"The prevalent colors used by the Navajo textiles are black, red, blue and yellow. These are procured in a variety of ways, mainly the juices of certain indigenous plants, the brighter shades, such as scarlet and crimson, obtained by macerating strips of Spanish and other dyed goods. Ordinary indigo, Spanish, is likewise extensively used. Where black is used the natural wool of the black sheep flower peculiar to the arid districts of the Southwest produces the vivid yellow to which the wool is partial.

"The looms on which the blankets are made are generally simple, consisting merely of two beams pended against a vertical surface, the warp being stretched horizontally from one to the other. Between the two slats cross and recross, opening the way for the shuttle. This latter is merely a short stick on which the woolen thread is wound. In working the shuttle sits on the ground, and, as the blanket is woven, it about the lower beam.

"The patterns generally affected in these are regular geometrical figures, such as diamonds, varied stripings. Of late, however, others have been introduced by the white men, incorporated in their wares. One of the last specimens of Navajo blankets known is owned by Agent Bleyer of the district in question, the specimens being some that weigh fifty pounds. The value of a Navajo blanket is generally according to its weight. This, until within the last year, was at the rate of \$1 per pound, but as the price has advanced to double the figure, the weight of a blanket is about twenty pounds at the current quotation, would place the average at \$40. The demand for Navajo blankets has been far exceeded by the miners of the Yukon and districts far beyond the output, their importation the extreme cold of the north being unique among other fabrics known. In addition to their great value they are practically indestructible, many of them having been owned and constantly used by Indians for centuries."

### To Improve Our Water Supply.

GEORGE J. MITCHELL read a paper before the Institute at Etiwanda on "How Shall We Improve Our Water Supply?" Following are the chief graphs of Mr. Mitchell's paper:

"I have said that I was no prophet of evil, and by laying before you the lines along which work to reestablish better conditions.

"These lines are as follows:

"First—Condemnation of all private reservations.

"I find that about one-third of the area is in private hands, hence this condemnation is as the government can do little in our favor as reservations are made homogeneous in this way."

"Second—Transference of reservations to the Department.

"This would place our reservations under the direction of Mr. Pinchot, by far the ablest man in the country for that purpose.

"Third—Cutting and maintaining trails.

"This, the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles has already set out to do under a promise, or perhaps, that the government would spend in this after dollar with us.

"The chamber for this purpose has asked me \$2000, but I am sorry to say has not received encouragement from horticulturists.

"Fourth—Immediate replanting with hardy pines.

"Fifth—Absolute exclusion of cattle and sheep. I am sorry to state that a late decision of Wellborn of the United States District Court effect that the rules of the department require the reservations cattle and sheep are used. This decision on the part of Judge Wellborn is particularly unfortunate. It is entirely in the nature and most disastrous to our interests. The sheepman in California has today, on this decision, a perfect right to enter on these lands with his sheep. You can see the necessary action in this matter, as sheep are the main enemies we have in the forest reservations. Congress is necessary.

"Sixth—Closing of reservations for a time, than only open under most stringent regulation.

"Seventh—Government to detail necessary patrol reservation and make the closing fact.

"Gentlemen, if these suggestions are promptly by our legislators, we can in a few months much of the harm that has been done."

## CARE OF THE BODY.

### VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

#### Deep Breathing.

UNDER the heading, "The Secret of Long Life," a spiritualistic publication of Chicago, called the *Progressive Thinker*, publishes an article by J. F. Parsons of Chicago, in which he bases all physical, mental and spiritual welfare and progress upon the cultivation of breathing as it is said now to be taught to several hundred pupils in Chicago by a certain "magi" from Paris.

All sorts of complicated directions are given by this writer in regard to the methods to be pursued in breathing, such as the position of the hands, and feet, and spine and the condition of the mind. He says:

"In walking we should close the fists, since an open hand is liable to absorb all the vibration that is afloat in the atmosphere. That is the cause of sensitive ladies being depleted after mingling with a crowd. I would suggest to such sensitive ladies, when on the crowded streets and compelled to be seated in a car with a gross man, to lock themselves up by crossing the right arm over the left and closing and pressing the first fingers with the thumb, and hold the thought that, I am strong and my shell extends four feet from me, and no man can break through my shell or atmosphere.

Truth is life. Correct breathing is the most important step toward consciousness of life. To gain the greatest benefits from breathing it is necessary to be able to breathe the individual breath. The purpose and result of such rhythmical breathing is to attract, retain and distribute *Ga-Llama* (*Ga*-centralizing, *Llama*-life principle,) which is contained in the oxygen of the air we breathe, and manifests its greatest effects during the day period, from sunrise to sunset."

Of course, these Spiritualists and Theosophists and others of that class must necessarily complicate and drag up a simple and practical subject with a mass of meaningless "six-bit words"—what the street arabs would vulgarly call "rot." The practice of deep breathing is, undoubtedly, one of the most important and beneficial things that could be named for the acquirement and preservation of health. We have it on good authority that "the breath is the life." It is also undoubtedly true that only a very small proportion of people, especially those who are engaged in sedentary occupations, know how to breathe correctly, although it seems a simple thing enough. Most of us, unless we work hard with our muscles, or play golf and polo, rarely fill the lower part of the lungs with air. It is, however, not necessary to consider yourself an "egg" or to worry about "Ga-Llama." Just go ahead, and inhale and exhale as much pure air as you can several times a day, taking care to use the abdomen as well as the lungs.

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#### Another Consumption Cure.

THE regular weekly cure for consumption has turned up this time in Brooklyn, where a physician claims to be able to cure the dreaded disease by the use of distillates of coal tar, which are administered in three different ways—either by the mouth, hypodermically or in vapor form. The doctor claims that it is impossible for tubercular bacilli to exist in the human system when they come in contact with this substance. At the same time he refuses to give the exact formula of the compound at present.

A consumptive who desired to try all the new remedies that are brought out would be kept pretty busy nowadays.

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#### Corsets.

THE following striking testimony to the disadvantages of corsets for women was mentioned by a physician who recently addressed the Friday Morning Club in this city:

"In a class of thirty-five in an eastern college, nineteen wore no corsets. Eighteen took honors, of whom thirteen did not wear corsets. Of seven chosen for class-day parts, four wore no corsets. Of seven chosen for commencement parts, seven wore no corsets. If a circumstance of this kind can make such a difference during only one short period of life, how much must it make during the whole life of women?"

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#### Water Drinking.

MUCH attention is being paid just now by physicians and hygienists to the importance of drinking sufficient pure water. When we consider how large a proportion of the human body consists of water, it is not difficult to understand why the assimilation of a sufficient quantity should be so important. In an address delivered before a State medical association in the East, Dr. C. T. Dresem said he was certain that many diseases would be prevented and that others considered incurable would be greatly benefited by the free consumption of water. He added that from his observations he believed that not 6 per cent. of our population drink a sufficient quantity of water to carry on physiological secretion and excretion, and that less than 2 per cent. drink water as it should be drunk. Dr. Tremes said:

"When we realize fully that water is the only natural solvent and eliminator, and that the human system might quite properly be likened to the waterworks and sewerage system of a great city, we can begin to comprehend what prolonged deficiency might be."

"Physiology has told us much, but we have fallen asleep, and the good ship health, laden with precious fruit, noiselessly puts to sea and leaves us dreaming. The fault lies with us, we medical men; we do not en-

deavor to impress, either upon our patients or the public, the importance which the subject demands. Man is given to think that he should satisfy hunger by food and likewise thirst with water, and so he does in his natural state, but we forget that environment is a strong and powerful agent, and sometimes makes habit—and habit changes man's desires, and with this comes unnatural man."

"I will illustrate: Follow the little one at the age of 3, during the livelong day, and observe the many interruptions of mother or nurse by the cry for water. All day long the young animal drinks and drinks and drinks, seeming never to be satisfied; follow him at the age of 8 to the school—there see what happens. If he wants water during the study hour, and wants it often, he is usually requested by his teacher not to want it quite so often, and if he does, in all probability he will incur the teacher's displeasure, if not absolute disfavor. So he goes through his school life, actually taught as it were, to curb this most natural and healthful desire. The same individual, when adult life is reached, becomes a banker or a clerk, we will say, and after the morning meal he goes hurriedly to his place of business (and in this day and age everything has a tendency to business, not even have any of the professions escaped,) and there he sits and drills as hard, if not harder, than any day laborer on the streets, and if thirst should come he pushes it aside and continues in the mad rush of competition until the business hour is closed. Thus nature is thwarted in her every effort to keep him well and strong. As time goes on he develops one of the many so-called chronic diseases; it may be rheumatism or it may be gout; if he is a clerk, then it is rheumatism; if a banker, then gout; nevertheless, it has for its origin the same cause and the same results; faulty digestion, faulty assimilation, and faulty elimination, followed by faulty organization. Great harm has come to hydrotherapy through charlatans, but not an inconsiderable amount has resulted, I regret to say, by well-meaning and reputable members of our own profession. It was but a few years ago, at one of our national medical association meetings that a member of the association, an ex-president of the same and professor in one of our schools of medicine today, read a paper on this subject. He was an enthusiast, and advised the drinking of large quantities of water at any and all times; in fact, he even urged the drinking of large quantities of water during meals. He had forgotten that physiology teaches (if it teaches anything at all) that the saliva plays one of the chief roles in the digestion of the starchy foods, and that large quantities of water taken during meals would not only dilute the gastric juices, but also encourage the bolting of food. Every one knows, or should know, at least, that water should never be taken nearer to the meal hour than thirty minutes. I make it a rule to tell all my patients to wait at least one-half hour after having drunk water, before taking their meals. Furthermore, I direct them that during their meals it is best not to drink more than one cupful of fluid, and even then that is best drunk after the meal is finished. Again I tell them to wait at least an hour and a half or more after eating before water drinking is resumed; at the expiration of that time I advise them to drink freely every few minutes until four to six glassfuls have been drunk, repeating this after each meal, except the evening meal, from one to two glassfuls being quite sufficient at that time, for the reason, if more is drunk diuresis will interfere with sleep.

"Much harm comes from drinking water too hot or too cold. In nearly all healthful localities there are usually to be found springs, the temperature of which ranges from about 54 deg. to 60 deg. Fahr. This is man's natural drink, and any deviation from such, if long persisted in, cannot fail to work great injury. Three pints of cold water drunk within thirty minutes, at a temperature of 45 deg., has had the effect upon me of lowering the pulse from eighty to fifty beats per minute, and the same amount of warm water taken in the same way has increased it to as high as ninety-seven. I point this out to show the very powerful influence that this agent has in regulating heart action.

"The taking of water internally is not alone useful as a solvent and eliminator in the processes of life and death, but maintains that degree of tension in the tissues which is absolutely necessary for the circulation of the lymph stream. The effect of cold water will not only lessen the frequency of the pulse, but improves its quality and arterial tone, whilst warm water, on the contrary, produces relaxation and increased pulse rate. This influence is undoubtedly brought about through the vasomotor nervous system. If hot water is used by enemas there is not a drug in the whole pharmacopoeia which is a safer and quicker diuretic. If you doubt this, first irrigate the colon with large quantities of hot water, and after it has been ejected fully, inject again with about one pint or less of water at a temperature of 115 to 120 deg. Fahr., and observe the result. Complete absorption takes place in about twenty minutes and urination is freely induced. Irrigation given in this way provokes diuresis in two ways—by the stimulating effect of heat on the circulation, kidneys, and by direct absorption. In case of shock from all causes and profound toxemia, malarial or otherwise, how indispensable this agent should prove to be when coupled with other well-known measures. These are only a few hints, but sufficiently suggestive."

#### The Man With the Knife.

AS A SET-OFF to the wonderful progress that has been made in surgery of late years, comes the growing inclination on the part of physicians to resort to the use of the knife upon the slightest provocation. Operating has, indeed, become a sort of a fad with many doctors, and especially is this true of the troubles with which women are frequently afflicted. On this subject, J. R. Stevenson writes as follows in *Woman's Physical Development*, an eastern hygienic publication:

"The 'knife doctors'—surgeons. Strange, abnormal, preposterous products of modern thought towards special-

ization, as applied to the practice of medicine—once the so-called 'science of healing.'

"I arraign them here because the majority of their victims are women.

"Oh ye brooders of nature; most wonderful of her creatures, conservators of her greatest mystery; ye life-making, fruitful children of the Always Creating—august Maternity, pay heed to it!

"Medicine used to be a sea of empirical canons, and each practitioner came with soothing lotions, with unpleasant decoctions to assist those who travelled in pain. Life they had no power over, but pain they endeavored to assuage. Health, which is without pain, was no part of their study; they were wholly occupied with discovering, compounding and administering pain killers—artifices that by violent reactions so deadened nerves as to make pain undistinguishable. Causes were hardly ever the object of their ministrations; effects were what they strove to ameliorate.

"This was in the days of least harm in the profession. Then came departments, the branching of schools, specialization, and surgery, and the surgeon came to the fore.

"These were the logical outgrowth of the foundations of the science. It was built on the theory of removing effects; what surer, quicker way than with the knife?

"Hence the twentieth century ogre. The proud professional man whose knowledge of the location of the anatomical elements is marvelous, a man who has studied the body as a machine and who knows how to cut to reach every organ or nerve.

"His school has thrust him forth; his ambition is a fortune. Assurance, cruelty and the knife are his stock in trade.

"How many victims of his go painfully to early graves assisted by his destructive science? How many wrecks drag weary limbs pitifully toward their final resting place?

"The modern civilized woman is the victim most frequently sacrificed. Her complicated, delicately-adjusted physical and mental mechanism is so often deranged by her own acts; and once deranged, ill-health, the symptom of derangement, appears. Medicine is invoked. Doses, pills and lotions have no effect. There is inflammation, impurity; some condition the body is trying to free itself from, which it would throw off if causes were sought and removed and the proper steps taken for repairing the affected parts.

"But this is not convenient. Knowledge of these matters is painfully scarce; and, moreover, the doctor is near at hand. He has a diagnosis. He can tell to a hair's breadth what is the matter. He has mastered, in his short medical course, the mysteries of the living being. He recommends the knife. Out with the ovaries, extirpate the womb, remove the appendix, cut away a section of the intestines, he says in his cocksure way. The fee is high, but painlessness—health—will result. He knows, or ought to know, health could never be wrenched back into the mutilated body, minus some important organ. But he is an enthusiast. He can defy nature. The victim is ignorant, and clutches at the iridescent ray of hope flashed before the mind, and the deed is done.

"The cruel knife cuts sinews and muscle, deft fingers tear out some important organ, whose only fault was that it signalled to the nerves an abnormal condition—cried out against a method of eating or living that was unnatural, unhealthy. Nevermore health, nevermore peace for the victim. And the doctor takes his fee, cleans his instrument and awaits another opportunity.

"The writer knows of a case in which a young, promising woman, operated on for some functional irregularity, died from the effects of the cutting, and the only thing the operation demonstrated was that the organs removed were in a perfectly normal condition! There are thousands similar every year.

"There is one famous 'knife doctor' in this city, who conducts a sanitarium and makes a specialty of women's diseases, who has been known to boast that he removes a barrel of ovaries every year, to the vast increase of his wealth and renown!

"Great king ogre this! Most conscienceless criminal, unmatched, of the century! Sending out to quick death, or to a few years of unspeakable misery, his thousands of victims!

"Never a 'disease,' so-called, did his sharp knife cure; never cause of pain did it cut away. Year after year it has cut away the hopes of health and of life from those who have applied to him, in confidence, as a healer. Isn't it cruel?

"Would you think an educated man, one with conscience, could pursue such a shocking and palpably monstrous calling? But he does. Law, money, position and questionable professional glory keep him at it, day and night, in blood—human blood—cutting, cutting, cutting!

"Oh, women! leave off your social glibberish, your discussion of gowns and scandal, your music and fancy work—whatever silly, useless fad you have—long enough to learn something about your divinely-fashioned bodies. 'Know yourself,' and teach your children, your friends, the importance of such knowledge. Stop the supply of victims for these rapacious, heartless, monstrous, malignant, 'scientific' Ogres of the Knife!"

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#### Testing Food Values.

PROF. ATWOOD has been conducting a series of experiments to ascertain the muscular energy contained in foods of different compositions. Such experiments as this are doubtless interesting, from a scientific point of view, but are of comparatively little practical value. The attempt to regulate a man's diet strictly by weight has never succeeded, nor is it likely to do so. The human animal needs variety in his menu, and then again, what agrees with one man does not always agree with another, or perhaps not even with the same man at another time. So long as the food is clean and wholesome, the chief point is as to the quantity eaten, rather than as to what kind of food it is. A great majority of people, especially those who lead sedentary lives, eat far more than is necessary.

## ETHICS OF OUTCASTS.

## SOCIAL MANNERS PRACTICED AMONG TRAMPS AND CRIMINALS.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

Author of "The Powers That Prey," "This World of Graft," "Tramping with Tramps," Etc.

THE under world is hospitable to a newcomer if the newcomer is prepared to take the place that the under world thinks fits him. There are very definite social distinctions in outcast life, and a man is expected to respect them. The "gay cat" in Hoboland—the man who will work at a pinch—must knuckle down to the man who won't work. Inability sincerely to struggle for an existence in a respectable and respected way is the badge of aristocracy in trampdom. Willingness to leave money alone that can be successfully stolen is the sign of the "tenderfoot" in the professional criminal environment.

The "newly arrived" in the tramp's as well as the crook's world are "sized up" and socially placed according to their understanding of these two theories of life. The man who is prepared to soil his hands with toil while he is tramping is respected by the "perfection," if he is recognized as a genuine workingman looking for a job. The man who is prepared to soil his hands with toil merely because he does not understand how to keep his hands clean is neither respected nor wanted on the "road." It is a common belief that he does more to jeopardize the interest of the fraternity than any other traveler of the "turf." The man who can seem and act like a "blown-in-the-glass stiff"—the real thing—is welcome among both crooks and hobos. He gets his particular place in the social arrangement according to his reputation as a skilled "operative," but his position in general as an accepted and qualified member of outcast society is good as long as he remains true to outcast principles, theories and customs.

The "professionals" in both the tramp and criminal worlds have generally accepted me into their society with very few questions asked. Inquisitiveness about a man's private affairs unless he volunteers information concerning them is not popular anywhere in the under world, and I have made it my rule to say as little as possible about myself and business, and to stick to what I say no matter what happens. In Hoboland I am plain "Cigarette, the tramp," nothing more and nothing less. As a class, the tramps in this country—and it must be remembered that a large number of these men used to be criminals in the strict sense of the word—have treated me as far as it lay in their power, as a pal, and I have very few criticisms to make of their "hang-out" hospitality or general good fellowship.

## Honor Among Thieves.

The professional thief, although naturally a much

more reserved and uncommunicative person than the tramp, has accorded me practically the same friendliness that I have found in Hoboland. He has often been put to it to make up his mind as to my standing and position in his class, and there are a number of his fellow-craftsmen who are still wondering what my particular "graft" is; but we can get along together socially with very few mean words exchanged, and, up to date, without any blows being landed successfully. I have tried to express my opinion pugnaciously to two thieves of my acquaintance, and they endeavored to express theirs with similar force, but on neither occasion was I able to do any more than feebly indicate my meaning, and the same is true of the two men. If we should meet again, the chances are even that we could talk and discuss without recourse to violence.

## Threatened With Death.

There is one professional thief that I know who has publicly declared that my "light" is to go out the next time we meet in a place where he can get at me in the way that he wants to, but he is the only man in the under world, so far as I know, who holds any such grudge against me. He got angry with me because I once turned policeman in order to see how the under world looks from that official's point of view, and helped to land him (the thief) in the penitentiary during the process. I was out in Ohio at the time, following up circuses that were being transported over a certain railway company's lines. I carried with me a little black book of photographs of notorious pickpockets and general thieves of the Middle West. It was my duty to commit to memory as many of the faces in the book as I could, and to look out for the originals on my route of travel. One day I arrived in a town where "Buffalo Bill's Show" was being exhibited, and a pickpocket had been captured, and was locked up in the local "calaboose," so I went to the lock-up to get a view of him. Unfortunately for him, it so happened that it was his "mug" in my book that I had given considerable attention to a few days before, and I recognized him the instant the officers brought him out for our inspection. The discovery of his identity pleased me so much that nothing would do but I must run to everybody in the room and show them the man's picture. The thief watched my movements very closely, and after he had been unmistakably identified, and was about to be led back to his cell, he turned on me the most vindictive-looking eyes I have ever seen, and gave me the worst "roasting" it has been my privilege to receive. To the best of my knowledge I am not afflicted with consumption, but thieves pay very little attention to facts when roasting an enemy.

"You mean little consumptive duffer, you," said the pickpocket, "you're a nice one to go around knockin' against guns. You've only been dead about two weeks yourself. Wait till I get out of this, an' I'll put your light out forever; take my tip on that." He is now doing five years in a big penitentiary. If we should meet

again on a dark night in a secluded place, he would doubtless become very dim.

## The Function of the Outsider.

The men who know nothing about my business or the police business generally take me for an "outsider" when we meet in the under world. An "outsider" is one who "pipes off" a place before the men who are to do the work. He continues the "piping off"—watching out for the men while the men are at work. He is called an "outsider" because his duties keep him mainly in the under world, and he is moderately good in keeping my eyes open to things, and when certain men have some selves of this fact they have put me down as a "rubber" and gets the "lay of the land." "mob" goes to work. I have also received instructions as a good "shover of the queer" (men) they were given to the wrong man, and were withdrawn. A few nights ago a certain man in a tenderloin district in New York City picked a profitable companion for a crusade against a bunch of men who go to sleep in Rainey's. I was sure that between us we ought to make a tune and fame, but we failed to agree about the and the certain party carried his search for a "side partner" farther.

Another set of men think I look more like a pickpocket—and treat me as such on the road. The other day, in London, two men asked me directly after they had "flagged" me with the like whether I was after the same purse of money they wanted. They had seen me and two others "split up" in what was to them a suspicious and dangerously near an old gentleman who was trying to "nick," and one of the said to me in disguised Yankee tones referring to the old man: "He's a mark, all right, but there ain't none for all of us. Are you after it, or are we?"

I merely replied, "Gee's again," smiled, and the old gentleman made his escape unobserved.

## Author's Identity Unknown.

There are a few persons among the outcasts of the upper world's point of view, that know about me and have talked with me concerning them, but of no good "gun" or tramp who is personally known with me that connects me in any way with me that I have said in print in regard to him. I have told to me every now and then from tramps and others who say that they do or do not subscribe to me which I have made, but I have never met my correspondents. To show how well some of press themselves, I print here a letter that was not so very long ago from Juneau, Alaska. It follows:

"October 8, 1900.—My Dear Sir: Correspondents are with the necessities of the 'powers that be' and will understand my subscribing to this letter."



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name which has so often helped a police officer with the law with a blank warrant. I write merely to you the congratulations of an experienced author on your story in one of the recent magazines. I forgot for the moment, but Howard Slifer is the name of the hero. It is, I think, authoritative criticism of a police system which in creating of a local reputation, sacrificed the liberties of many, many persons—most of whom are eminently deserving of such a fate, but are entitled to their freedom for the time I was, at one time, myself desperately jeopardized by the general animus of a single police officer and by the desire of some other ignorant and unscrupulous detectives to make a reputation, and the infinite willingness on the part of otherwise intelligent reporters to accept as true the startling efforts of imagination supplied them by the police department in the history of the case. Had it not been that I was sufficiently supplied with money I would have had access to the mass of plausible evidence and artificial identification (by outside citizens of impressionable character whom the police talked into a firm belief that I was the culprit.) As it was I succeeded, after a bitter legal battle, in which the ordinary criminal prosecutor could never have engaged—the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and the securing of long-winded witness whom the police and Pinkertons had given up, in demonstrating to a reluctant prosecutor that I could not be the man they sought.

“Now and since this personal experience I have so frequently met with similar cases of such flagrancy that it seems inconceivable that the newspapers, i.e., the *“big press”* do not make a sensation by reversing the present system of apotheosizing the extremely mediocre man of a detective. A good “gun” asks nothing but a big break, but I wish in all fairness that your story might be included in the judge’s instructions to every criminal jury. Sincerely,

JOHN DOE.

It is a matter of wonder to a number of persons that any who does not belong in a criminal life or profit by criminal practices should be able to pose as the “crime article.” When with criminals I make it my business to talk and act as the criminals do, and practice as made me moderately sure of myself. It is impossible for one who is only intermittently on the road, as I am, to keep track of all the latest slang, and it is also difficult to be able to talk intelligently about the newest tricks and “dodges,” but I have seldom been called a “guy out” by the hobos, and the “guns” have never yet called me a “back number.” Some men are in doubt for a while whether I am a detective or one of their own kind, but it does not take long to quiet their suspicions. Once convinced that they are dealing with me they take to be a pal, they are as entertaining human beings in their way as any that I happen to know.

[Copyright, 1901, by Josiah Flynt Willard.]

## AUTOGRAHS CHEAP.

## PEN CRAFTSMAN UNDERTAKES TO COPY ANY MAN'S SCRRAWL EXACTLY.

[*Kansas City Star:*] There is no particular reason why autograph hunters should go to the trouble of seeking out each celebrity who roams the country to get his signature for their albums. A man came to town yesterday who can imitate any signature that was ever made and he has the signatures of almost everybody of importance committed to memory so that he can sit down and chat with you and reel off perfect signatures by the yard to illustrate his remarks. This pen expert is Philip A. Paulscraft, who comes to Kansas City in advance of the Royal Lilliputians before their appearance at the Grand Operahouse next week. His pen craft is merely a fad or a side issue from his regular business of telling stories about the “marvelous Lilliputians.” He pursues it as a pleasure and makes it entertaining to others. He could fill an album with the scrawls of the famous actors of the day so that you could not tell it from a valuable original and, truth to tell, he could write your check for \$100,000, if you had that much in the bank, and cash it, too. He argues that the pen is not only mightier than the sword, but that it is mightier than the jury, for it is his pleasure to believe that no jury can take the word of any handwriting expert as to the author of a given signature, and he argues, with some reason, that he could easily confuse experts who saw a name written so that they could not testify positively to the signature a moment afterward.

A few weeks ago Mr. Paulscraft was in a town in

Pennsylvania heralding the theatrical value of the Lilliputians, when he happened in at the village drug store, where a crowd was discussing the famous Molineaux trial. Molineaux had been convicted on the testimony of handwriting experts, and the druggist, who was also the manager of the local theater, was saying he would like to see any person imitate his signature and not be detected.

“Do you mean to say that your signature cannot be imitated?” asked Paulscraft, breaking into the crowd.

“That’s what I say,” returned the druggist, “and I’ll bet money that it can’t be successfully done.”

Paulscraft asked him to write his name on a piece of paper, and, after looking at it a moment, offered to bet the druggist that he could imitate it off hand in such a manner as to collect a check from the druggist’s best friend. The druggist was willing to see the experiment tried, so he gave Paulscraft a blank check and told him to fill it out. Paulscraft studied the signature a moment and then wrote a check for \$10, signed the druggist’s name, went across the street to the village bank and got the money. When he showed the druggist what he had accomplished the loser paid a small bet quite cheerfully and Paulscraft compelled him to go to the bank with him and have the transaction explained before trouble could be made for him. The cashier of the bank was much confused and begged that the incident be kept secret.

“There should never be a conviction in any court on the sole evidence of handwriting experts,” said Mr. Paulscraft today. “There is nothing in this world that cannot be imitated and no man can take a lot of signatures from a hat and swear positively that any certain man wrote them. I find it very easy to imitate any signature and there are hundreds in the country who find it just as easy. Clever criminals can do more with a pen than one would easily believe and it seems to me that it would be very easy for any man to convict another man of his crime.

“For instance, suppose I wanted to poison a man and of course wished to escape detection. Perhaps I had no scruples about having another suffer for my crime. I carefully watch the man whom I intend to make my victim and by mixing with his companions I finally learn that a certain man has at one time threatened his life. I get hold of a piece of this last man’s writing and, after studying it carefully, I address a package of poisoned candy or something to my enemy in the other man’s handwriting. When the enemy is dead and the police begin to investigate the case, I read in the paper that they have captured the man who sent the poison, by means of the handwriting on the package containing the poison. Later, handwriting experts compel him to write for them and they compare it with the address on the package. They swear that the writing is the same, and my unfortunate victim is convicted in court.

“For my part, I do not know whether Molineaux is guilty, but I think I could make a jury hesitate about convicting him on the evidence of handwriting experts alone.”

Paulscraft does not know just how he came to have the peculiar talent for imitating signatures that affords him so much pleasure and amusement. He was an accountant for years in the dry goods business and at one time worked for Mr. Emery of the firm of Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co., when he was a member of a New York dry goods house. Mr. Paulscraft believes that his attention to the signatures came about while he was an accountant, but he is not sure, for it seems to him that he always had the faculty of imitating any writing he ever saw. But before taking up the Molineaux case or any other having to do with signatures, Mr. Paulscraft is determined to spend his time for the remainder of the season in getting just such stories as this into the newspapers.

## A WASHABLE GLACE KID.

[*Pittsburgh Dispatch:*] Foremost among the important innovations into the glove world in recent years is the introduction of the washable glace kid glove. To have succeeded in preparing a kid which would be impervious to moisture and remain soft and pliable is a triumph which crowns years of experiment and many disappointments. At last the secret has been discovered by a patient Frenchman; and the “Marvel” washable glace kid glove has been given to the world as the result of persistent and intelligent effort. Aside from the superior fit and finish of this glove, which betrays its excellent quality at a glance, it can be washed as simply and effectually as a cotton glove. In fact, more easily, since it requires but a gentle sponging with soap and water to restore it to its original freshness. Neither

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fee, for it's  
purity, it's

richness, it's fine flavor, it's de-  
liciousness—Hawaiian Blend  
comes out on top every time. It's  
really worth more but we're satis-  
fied with large sales and small  
profits. One Pound Package 35c. Imported, Roasted and  
Packed by Newmark Bros., Los Angeles.

## What Flour Do You Use

In your bread making? Thereupon depends your success or failure. There's no question but what you get the best bread and the most wholesome bread when you use

## CAPITOL FLOUR.....

This flour is the richest in gluten and endorsed by cooks, physi-  
cians, hygienists and scientists.  
Every sack guaranteed.

CAPITOL MILLING CO.

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Bishop's Orangeate,

Bishop's Grapefruitate.

The twin California delicacies not  
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America. Every Eastern visitor  
should take home a supply. Every  
Los Angeles housewife now en-  
tertaining Eastern friends should  
serve these famous California deli-  
cacies. The Grapefruitate is es-  
pecially fine for breakfast. The  
Orangeate for any time.

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